THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded by Benj. Franklin

APRIL 23, 1910 5cts. THE COPY

More Than a Million and a Half Circulation Weekly

The Original, Time-Tried and Reliable
Straight Side Auto Tire

Half-Section of the Bothersome Old-Style Clincher Type Auto Tire of the same rated size

Half-Section of the Trouble-Proof GOODYEAR Straight Side Auto Tire

Always smaller

Always larger than its rated size

The Straight Side Tire offers so many distinct advantages over the clincher or hooked-foot type that Goodyear Detachable Auto Tires have steadily forged ahead on **Merit Alone.** Makers of ***practically every good automobile manufactured*** (44 in all) have contracted for Goodyear Tires to be used on their 1910 cars. We briefly state below some of the exclusive advantages to be found **only** in these **Better Tires** because Longest Lived, Nearest Trouble-Proof and Quickest Repaired of them all.

GOODYEAR TIRES

Note these special Goodyear features which can be secured in **no other Tires** until our broad, basic patents expire:

Goodyear Straight Side Tires **will not Creep or Come Off the Rim in Use,** even though tire be ridden for long distances absolutely flat, as is sometimes necessary. No Tire Bolts are needed. Ask how our patented Piano Wire Tape overcomes this. Hooked-foot or clincher type tires, held in place with several bolts, come off in use, as evidenced by hundreds of fatal accidents. They were all right for bicycles but are unsuited for automobile use.

Goodyear Straight Side Tires **will not Rim Cut** under the same severe conditions, no matter how rough or rugged the road surface may be. The broad, rounding rim surface, possible only with the **Straight Side Tire,** does away with all sharp edges. **There is nothing to cut the tire.**

Note the half-section on the left. See the sharp edge of rim flange. **The entire load of the automobile is carried on these sharp edges.**

Unless the Hooked-foot tire is kept inflated to the limit it will Rim Cut.

Each Size in Goodyear Straight Side Tires **is Oversize.** This straight side construction makes it possible to make Goodyear Tires **larger than any Clincher or Hooked-foot Tire sold for the same size,** without danger of tire coming off in use. So each Goodyear Detachable (Straight Side) tire is **larger** than its rating. In Goodyear Tires alone you get **Extra Size** as well as **Extra Quality.**

Goodyear Straight Side Tires **are Easiest Removed or Replaced** in case of need. There is a big space between the toes (or feet). The side walls push inward easily so that detachable rim unlocks without trouble. In Hooked-foot or clincher tires the bead binds or "freezes" in the channel, and often must be pried loose. The toes must touch in the center as a precaution against coming off. They must be pried until they **overlap** before a Quick Detachable Rim can be unlocked. It is a big job both to loosen a clincher tire and to unlock the detachable rim when it finally **is** loosened.

Goodyear Straight Side Tires are the **Best Tires Procurable,** irrespective of price or any other consideration, as continually demonstrated by the severest practical tests. And as conclusively evidenced by contracts—from practically every maker of a high class car in the United States.

Our valuable book "How to Select an Auto Tire" gives the whys and wherefores of every statement we have made. If you intend buying a car or already own one, this book will show you how to **decrease tire upkeep amazingly.** No matter what tires you use. Ask for it. IT'S FREE.

Weight of car carried on hook of rim. Sharp edges make rim cutting certain unless tire is pumped up hard continuously.

The Beaded Hook "freezes" tight in this pocket, making it necessary to pry it loose before Quick Detachable Rim can be unlocked

Feet almost meet, must overlap when pushed inward

Feet are wide apart, push inward easily to permit unlocking the Quick Detachable Rim

Big, broad, rounding rim surface; will not rim cut, even tho' ridden deflated

Tapes of piano wire contract with inflation and make creeping or coming off the rim impossible

The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Co., Factory and Main Office, Seneca St. AKRON, OHIO

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FRANKLIN AUTOMOBILES are built in three chassis sizes, four- and six-cylinder, with bodies covering the whole range of touring cars, runabouts, close-coupled cars, limousines, landaulets and town cars.

The features which distinguish the Franklin automobile are light weight, air cooling, full-elliptic springs, large wheels, large tires, wood chassis frame. These features give the Franklin its superiority in comfort, reliability and economy—the prime qualities on which the merit of every automobile is finally determined.

You settle the tire question when you select your automobile.

If the automobile you buy is hard on tires or the tires are too small you will have tire trouble. Having trouble or no trouble is a result of both tire equipment and automobile construction.

With a rigid automobile or one with excessive weight in the axles the tires are bound to give out sooner than they ought to, no matter how large tires are used. The Franklin, light and resilient, is easy on tires, and the tires used are so large that heavy loads and fast driving do not weaken them. So well is the Franklin designed and so well tired is it that it is the only automobile in which tire trouble is not a factor.

On the average automobile the tires are overworked and overloaded; they blow out and go to pieces. On the Franklin the tires are not overworked or overloaded; they give four times the mileage of the ordinary tire equipment on the average automobile.

Reliable tire equipment does more than save tire expense. It saves on the whole automobile; it adds to the pleasure of motoring. You are not hindered or annoyed.

Comfort the greatest essential.

In the beauty of its body and its proper proportion of size, power and weight the Franklin meets the most exacting requirements. In the foremost requirement of all, that of comfort, the Franklin is the leader. It is the easiest riding of all automobiles; you go farthest in a day and make the fastest time.

Its full-elliptic springs have double the elasticity and shock-absorbing ability of semi-elliptic springs. Its wood chassis frame, lighter and stronger than the pressed steel frame commonly used, absorbs instead of transmitting vibration. The Franklin is easy for its passengers and easy on itself.

Four or six cylinders a question of horse power.

For small horse power the advantage is with the four. If you want thirty horse power or more the six, if properly designed, will serve you best.

A properly designed six-cylinder automobile is lighter per horse power than a four. The gain in horse power in the Franklin forty-two horse power six, as compared to the four, is thirty per cent greater than the increase in weight. Hill climbing and road ability are greatly increased; the upkeep is much less than the upkeep of a four-cylinder of equal power.

In four-cylinder construction as power is increased the weight of the fly wheel and of all other parts of the automobile has to increase more than the power in order to secure strength sufficient to withstand the shock of the heavy explosions. Weight cuts down the ability. A heavy fly wheel is hard on both the mechanism and the tires.

The Franklin owner does not have to pay any attention to cooling.

Water cooling requires constant attention, but the Franklin owner can forget, and does, that there is such a thing as a cooling system. It is so simple and effective that it causes no concern whatever.

Franklin air cooling, with no mechanism at all, is superior to water cooling because it produces as good results without the mechanism and without the liability of the water system to get out of order or overheat.

The Franklin touring cars.

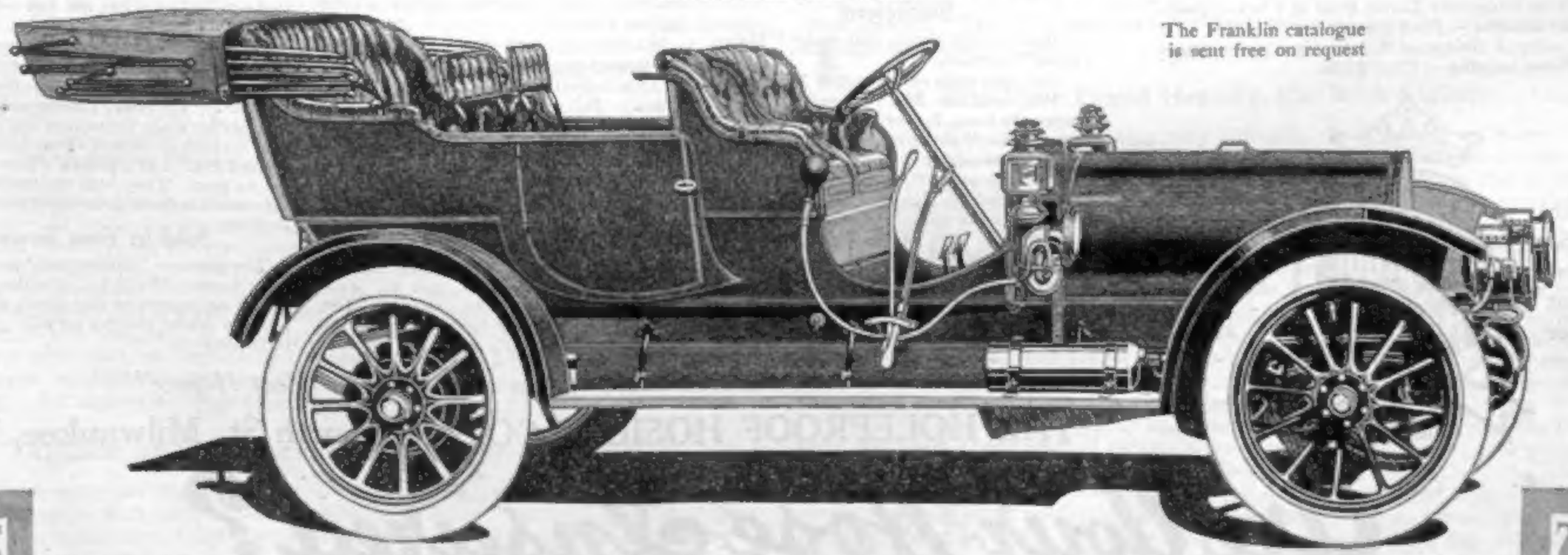
Three in number, they meet all requirements. They are powerful and able, light but strong. Model H, 42 horse power, seating seven passengers, is the leader of all six-cylinder automobiles. Model D, 28 horse power, seating five passengers, is the ideal city and family touring car. Model G, 18 horse power, is the only high-grade small touring car made in America. For business or pleasure it is the handiest vehicle imaginable.

The charm of rapid motion, the delight of winding roads, the fascination of graceful speed on hills, the exhilaration of responsive power, the joys of long trips—all of this finds highest expression in the Franklin. There are ease and security with no thought of tire or other trouble.

H H FRANKLIN MANUFACTURING COMPANY Syracuse N Y

Licensed under Selden Patent

The Franklin catalogue is sent free on request



THE ORIGINAL GUARANTEED HOSIERY—

Backed by 32 Years of Experience

If there's a mistaken idea about Holeproof Hose, please let us correct it.

"Holeproof" are not bulky or coarse in the least. No softer hose than "Holeproof" can be made. They are the long-sought result after 32 years of hose-making experience—the original guaranteed hose.

Don't judge "Holeproof" by vastly inferior makes—hose created and made just to compete **in the stores** with "Holeproof."

No other hosiery ever attempted to compete with "Holeproof" on the foot, for that's where the difference appears.

You must **wear** genuine "Holeproof" to **know** this—so don't accept imitation makes with a name like "Holeproof's" and the same guarantee.

No One Can Buy Finer Hose Than These

Our famous 25c hose have never been equaled at the price. But our 50c hose (Holeproof Lustre Hose, Mercerized) and our 75c hose (Holeproof Silk Hose) are the very finest hose to be had regardless of what hose cost.

All that you pay over these prices is waste. You can't get hose any better. Although made in the lightest weights and with the softest yarns, we still guarantee the wear.

Six pairs of Holeproof Lustre Hose in a box—**guaranteed six months**—Price $3.00.

Three pairs of Holeproof Silk Sox in a box—**guaranteed three months**—Price $2.00.

Six Pair Wear Six Months Without Holes or You Get New Hose Free

Holeproof TRADE MARK Hosiery

Reg. U. S. Patent Office, 1906.

FAMOUS Holeproof Hosiery FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

All the Newest Summer Colors Now on Show

Simply Guaranteed Hose Not Sufficient

Here are the things that make "Holeproof" superior.

Our yarn costs an average of 70c per lb.

We could use **30c** yarn and still guarantee the hose, for we could **then** replace at a profit all of the hose that wore out.

But they couldn't be soft and attractive like "Holeproof."

Our yarn is Egyptian and Sea Island cotton—made with three very fine strands.

Two-ply yarn of the same weight is never so pliable—never so soft.

The "Holeproof" Process

Our methods are also expensive. A single dyeing apparatus cost us $5,000.00.

We operate a group of costly foreign machines simply to better, slightly, a little half-inch stitch.

We test every inch of yarn that comes in and inspect every pair of hose that goes out.

This inspection alone costs us $33,000 a year. But it's part of our marvelous process—it benefits you more than us, for every pair you buy is a **good** pair.

Unusual Hose at the Usual Cost

Six pairs of Men's "Holeproof" **guaranteed** for **six months** cost $1.50. The extra light weights cost $2. The mercerized—finished like silk—cost $3. One color or the newest colors assorted. The weights are the very lightest—made for the warmest summer's wear.

We sterilize each pair twice in the making, so the colors are fast—the hose sanitary.

We don't know where else you can get hose like these, though you pay twice what we ask for "Holeproof." Don't you want to try the **real "Holeproof"?**

They are made for women and children, too. Six pairs of women's hose cost $2 (mercerized $3). The children's hose cost $2 for six pairs. They bear the trademark on the toe as it is shown in the illustration. Insist on that.

Sold in Your Town

The genuine "Holeproof" are sold in your town. We'll tell you the dealers' names on request or ship direct where we have no dealer, charges prepaid on receipt of remittance.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy"

THE HOLEPROOF HOSIERY CO., 436 Fourth St., Milwaukee, Wis.

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Are Your Hose Insured?

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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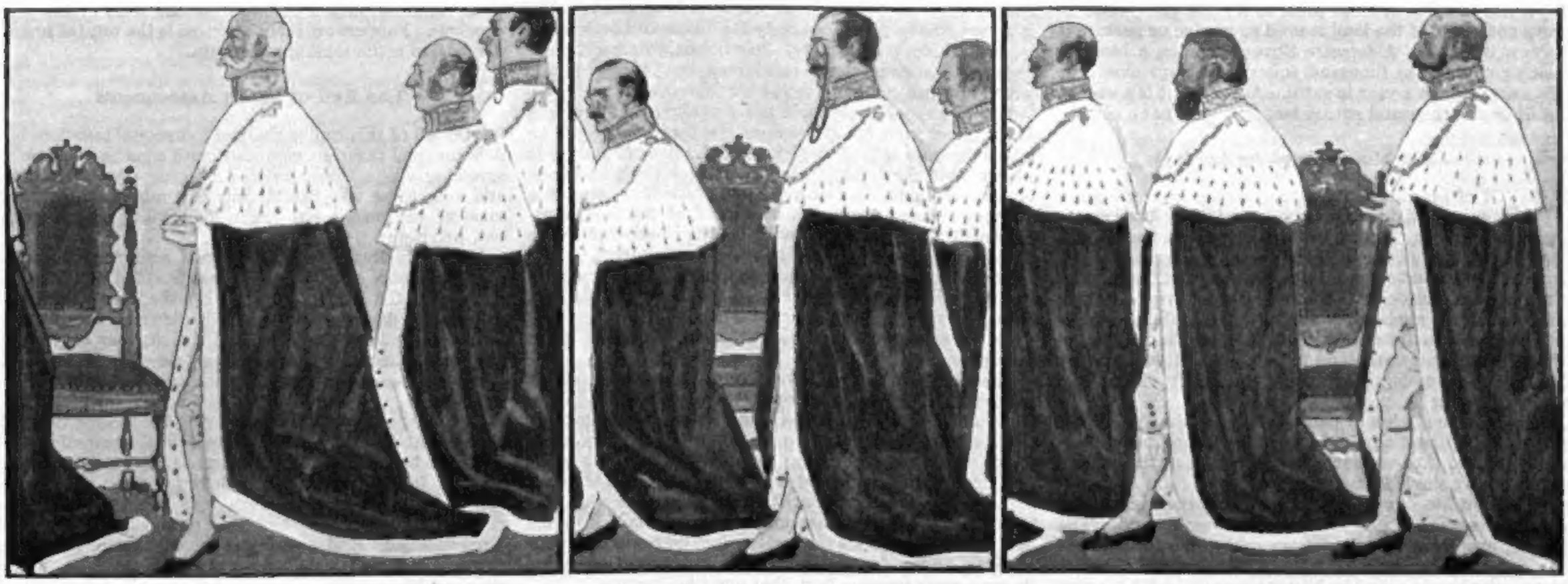
THE LORDS AND THE LAND

The Question Which Has Turned England Upside Down



By ROBERT SHACKLETON

DECORATIONS BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THE crisis that England is facing, a crisis of seriousness, of gravity, of deep moment, has been caused mainly by its system of taxation. That the House of Lords will be altered in form and reduced in power, not only temporarily but permanently, seems assured, for the majority of the people have come to the conclusion that the Lords, through their great privileges, are responsible for much of the unprosperity that has come upon the country, or at least are the principal beneficiaries of the system under which it has come.

It would be very unfair to blame them for the entire present condition; and yet, had it not been for their long-continued, long-established privileges, had it not been for the heavy inequalities of taxation in favor of their great wealth, it is probable that the nation would have been so strong that the condition could not have come.

Last year the Liberal party leaders made an attack upon the Lords and upon their land—a slight attack, so far as revenue for some years to come was concerned, but enough to put the Lords fiercely on the defensive. By the challenge of the Commons and the resistance of the Lords the land question, important and vital though it long has been, was made to appear of still greater import; and with the land question set thus before the nation there came with it, on account of the opposition of the Lords, the question of reducing their power.

The Lords are the head of the Unionist party, a name now used in place of the old-time familiar Conservative, in the hope that it would be more popular with the masses. But, somehow, Unionists are opposed by Liberals as keenly as Conservatives ever were.

There has been a really extraordinary condition in regard to the taxation of land; or, rather—and herein lies the gist of the matter—its non-taxation. So preposterous is the system that it could not have continued to exist had it not been for the long and gradual adjustment of the nation to it; the gradual assimilating and balancing of interests; the immense vitality of the English as a race; the prosperity that has come through commerce and colonial expansion; the tremendous power of the peerage and the awe in which they have so long successfully held the rest of the nation; and the instinctive opposition, so profoundly ingrained in the English, to any change of what has become established, and especially to any interference with vested rights of property. But at long intervals even England rises.

Taxation on Valuations of Two Hundred Years Ago

THE most important class of men in England are the great landowners. No other class compares with them in wealth, distinction, power. And the greatest of these landowners are members of the peerage and hereditary legislators of Great Britain, its Upper House of Parliament.

Yet in England land is not taxed! Only the rental value is taxed—a very different matter, especially because the tax does not fall principally upon the owners.

The bitterly contested Budget of last year provided for the putting in of the thin edge of a land-taxation wedge. And, worse than this in the eyes of the peerage, it provided for a revaluation of the land of the nation, and in land valuation the peer saw the handwriting on the wall. The Englishman bows to prescriptive practice. Whatever is, is right; whatever has been, is better; whatever has been for a long time, is best of all. Under ordinary circumstances, if you had reminded an Englishman that there had not been a valuation of land since the reign of William and Mary, over two hundred years ago, he would merely have wondered why they ever made a valuation then, for they had been getting along very well without a new one since the Domesday record of William the Conqueror.

Under William and Mary they put a small tax on land, based on that new valuation, but before long the Government needed ready money for its wars, and landowners were given the privilege of forever freeing their land from taxation by making a single money payment equaling some years of tax. Practically all the land was thus freed from taxation. The little that has never been redeemed is, in its contribution to the national revenues, negligible.

The Poor Taxed Heavily, the Rich Lightly

THE rental taxation is something very different. It is known as "rates," and is collected by local authorities; and lest it be thought that innocent-sounding rates on rentals of land and houses are mild in results, I should mention that in England and Wales alone, in the last fiscal year, rates were collected to the total of three hundred million dollars.

Rates are paid by the tenant. If land stands idle, producing no income, there are no rates. If it is occupied by the owner himself he pays on constructive rental value. Small proprietors find the tax very severe, while large proprietors find that they are asked, when asked for anything at all, for sums astonishingly light. Such parts of the domain of great proprietors as are not occupied by tenants are rarely set down as of anything approaching their actual value, and the rented portions have their rates paid by the people who live on them. What is termed the inhabited-house duty—a tax of the central government—also falls directly upon the tenant.

It was the panic-stricken fear of any change in land taxation that led the Lords to their hasty and unprecedented refusal, a few months ago, to agree to the money bill, the Budget, that had passed the Commons.

It had long been held to be wrought into the very fabric of English government that the Upper House could neither originate a revenue bill itself nor alter or reject a revenue bill that had passed the Commons; and there had come from this the custom of considering such a bill to be a law, without waiting for its solemn sanction by the peers; and, in the case of this Budget, revenue and tax collectors were busy in collecting under its provisions for months—only to find, when the Lords threw it out, that they had

collected great sums under a law that was not a law! In no country but England could such a comic-opera condition come to pass with such perfect gravity.

That the Budget concerned not only an innovation in land taxation but also changes in the taxation on incomes, on succession, on beer, on tobacco and on tea, made the confusion extreme. But land taxation and privileges continued to be the center of concern and of argument.

It is a saying in England, so true that it is not a mere jest with words, that the House of Lords is really the House of Landlords.

Closely bound up with the peers are the other great landowners, and in addition the Established Church and a host of men, many of them of great prominence, who either are dependents of the peers or have interests inextricably intertwined with the interests of the peerage. The power of the Lords has countless and unseen ramifications.

The great peer, owning miles of territory, owning towns, and villages, and farmland, and forest, comes under the provisions, as does every Englishman, of the income tax, which is meant to apply to every income, whether from land, or business, or profession.

But if the landowner merely holds his land, whether for a rise in value or from pride in a great possession, he pays nothing! If the land is used as garden or pasture it pays a trifle. On Aldersgate Street, London, a business block covering ten thousand square feet pays over four thousand dollars a year in rates. Adjoining it is a vacant lot of twelve thousand square feet that pays not a cent.

Land Monopolized by Lords

MUCH of the charm of England comes from the great stretches of field and common, of pasturage and woodland, unbroken by houses, with only here and there a village compactly built. And the villages are not closely built from the continuance, as on the Continent, of the custom that originally arose from the necessity of living together as a protection against marauding bands; these English villages are usually closely built because the landowner would not permit more land to be used. Often the great landowner—usually titled—owns the entire village and all surrounding it.

Recently, in a town of poor coalminers, the men raised a sum to buy land and build a reading-room and recreation hall, and then were met by the refusal of the owning duke to sell a single foot.

There is a little town called Alnwick, in the heart of the great possessions of the Duke of Northumberland. The people, overcrowded, asked more space for cottages, but the duke would not heed. They also wanted a better water supply and asked to buy some acres of his tax-free land for a reservoir, whereupon the duke demanded two thousand dollars an acre, asserting that it possessed that much of potential building value.

But, to look at Alnwick from a more attractive viewpoint, there is, near the town, a plot of land to be used forever by the Alnwick folk in common for pasturage or gardening, because King John, seven hundred years ago, gave it to the villagers as a reward for his having been extricated by them from a bog into which his horse had floundered as he traveled by.

Another titled landlord, owning land on which he paid rates of fifty cents an acre, demanded twelve thousand five hundred dollars an acre when the adjoining city wanted to buy of him.

The dazzling glitter of great rank should not blind us to the fact that men of title are just as sordid, just as anxious for money as other folk—and often more so.

The area of Great Britain and Ireland is seventy-seven million acres. The population is forty-five million. One million are landowners—about one million and fifty thousand, to be precise. Five hundred thousand own in patches of less than an acre.

That is one side; here is the other.

Over fifty-two million acres belong to men, principally the nobility, who own more than a thousand acres each. The Duke of Sutherland is believed to own one million three hundred and fifty-eight thousand acres.

According to the best figures obtainable, twenty-eight dukes own four million acres. Thirty-three marquises own one million five hundred thousand acres. One hundred and ninety-four earls own five million eight hundred and fifty thousand acres. Two hundred and seventy viscounts and barons own three million eight hundred thousand acres. In all, five hundred and twenty-five peers, members of the House of Lords, own about fifteen million acres—over one-fifth of the land of the kingdom.

Or, taking just Northumberland, Sussex, Buckinghamshire, Hertfordshire, Wiltshire, Suffolk, Leicestershire and Nottinghamshire, eighty-five peers own one-quarter of the land of these counties.

As the land is held under a system which guarantees special taxation privileges to the owners of great tracts, it is seen what a privileged body the House of Lords really is; and what a potent body, when not only its wealth and its legislative strength are considered, but the vast power which law and custom give it over its tenants.

How many of the people are actually tenants of the Lords is not known—it is one of the things in regard to which ignorance is desired and maintained. But it is known that the total is tremendous, for the possessions of the peers include not only glorious and solitary stretches of moor and mountain, but also much of the finest agricultural land of England, much that is closely built over with houses, and even a great part of London itself.

The Duke of Norfolk owns the most important part of the famous manufacturing city of Sheffield, and his land there is covered with factories and homes.

In London some half-dozen titled folk have great possessions.

The Duke of Norfolk owns heavily along the ancient Strand; the Duke of Bedford owns a great tract in the Thackerian district of Russell and Bloomsbury Squares; the Duke of Westminster owns some hundreds of acres in the vicinity of the Abbey; other men of title own other portions. A country member of Parliament, one hundred and twenty years ago, bought a piece of land in what was then the outskirts of London, so that he might keep his own cow and have his own milk when he came to attend sessions, and a descendant, a recently-created viscount, draws a great revenue from that one-time pasture.

London's Ducal Inn-Owners

SUCH things put the titled folk in a new light. So many of the hotels of London are owned by dukes that an American, learning this, may find difficulty in deciding which duke to patronize. I decided in favor of the Duke of Bedford. I presume that neither he nor his fellow hotel-owners would deign, out of their haughtiness, to answer questions regarding terms or elevator service, but, of course, it is the Americans who should really be the haughty ones, contributing as they do to the upkeep of the dukes and the maintenance of their families.

To the landlordism of the nobility should be added that of the Church, with which it is closely affiliated in interest. In England and Wales the Church owns a million acres, out of the revenues of which it pays its own expenses.

A system is tested by its fairness or unfairness, but also by its results. And on the results of unequal taxation, so light for the rich and heavy for those not rich, we see that at length there have come unmistakable signs of growing and deep-based distress and dissatisfaction and depression.

In such a matter it would not be wise to trust to the statements of orators of either side, inflamed as they are by the fierceness of conflict; but the latest official Government returns show that the area of land under cultivation is steadily and largely decreasing, and that the totals of the various agricultural crops raised in Great Britain are also steadily decreasing, in spite of the fact that improved methods of agriculture are making a better average yield an acre for acres that are tilled.

All this is grave enough, though it might to some extent be considered offset if there were increased prosperity in business and manufacturing; but the contrary is decidedly the case. In the manufacture of textile fabrics, always a vital factor in England's prosperity, there were no more people employed last year than were employed fifteen years ago, and this in spite of an increase of six million in population. And this year, in the great mill districts, the situation is gloomy and discouraging. The total of national exports for the last fiscal year showed a falling off of nearly three hundred million dollars from the total of the year previous. Paupers are increasing; so is the total of unemployed; so is the total of emigrants.

The Evil of Secret Assessments

NOT all of this can be charged to unequal taxation, but unequal taxation, combined with a general system of special privilege, is responsible for a great proportion of it; and even those who would deny this admit that a great mass of the people put the responsibility on the peers and privilege.

It was the desire to make the great landowners begin to pay their share of national expense that led to the introduction in the Budget of what is called the "unearned increment" clause, under which landowners were to pay as a tax, on land leased or sold, twenty per cent of its increased value over what it was set down as being worth under the valuation system which the Budget also provided for.

But, the peers say, they are paying the income tax, and they ought to pay nothing more. But, assuredly, that does not touch them in respect to land that is standing still; it touches them very lightly for their huge park-kept estates; it touches them with seriousness only in regard to property for which they receive an income from rents or leases. And even this is a matter entirely between the peer and the tax inquisitor; I should say between the peer and his conscience, were it not that the conscience of neither peer nor commoner can be implicitly relied upon in the matter of taxes. It is a matter between the peer and his assessor—and around the assessment the utmost secrecy is thrown. The public is not permitted to know anything of what income is declared or what assessment is made. And although income-tax inquisitors are harsh toward ordinary and untitled folk, no one thinks of it as possible that they are ever harsh or prying toward the mighty—officials cannot make themselves disagreeable to the heads of all officialdom, dignified as those heads are by the grandeur of title and wealth.

The secrecy regarding a man's income and his assessment that is ordained out of kindness toward the man of ordinary means is extended to the great owners of the soil; and that the peers, who ought to pay so much, really escape paying much that they ought to pay is firmly believed.

(Continued on Page 49)

THE EASIEST PROFITS

With the Production Engineer—By James H. Collins

DECORATION BY F. L. FITHIAN

A FOUNDRY in Ohio had been so busy for two years that, despite overtime work, it was constantly behind orders from a month to six weeks. Conservative advance estimates of the business that was being done placed the volume at half a million dollars, easily, and when the next annual accounting was made the gross output exceeded that amount. Yet it was learned that the profits for twelve months had been less than twenty thousand dollars. This discrepancy was so surprising that the concern called in a firm of production engineers to make a study of the business and find out where the profits had gone. Investigation showed that most of the loss came from congestion in the moulding shop, where castings were turned out.

This foundry makes a wide assortment of machine parts for other manufacturers. Its business was secured chiefly on bids. The latter were based upon rough estimates. With no accurate cost system for following each order through the plant it was necessary to use averages calculated from last year's general cost of labor, materials, and so forth. The prices at which work was secured usually afforded a fair margin of profit. But that margin was frittered away in the processes, and for lack of a cost system which would show actual expense on each job it was impossible to locate the leakage. As each job came in it was numbered and sent through the plant in the order of its number. Thus, a lot of small castings would be followed by some very heavy ones, and those in turn by a dozen miscellaneous parts intended for a certain machine, all handled together under the same job number. As a result, the moulders worked on a hodge-podge of stuff, big and little being cast side by side, and there was loss through confusion. The production engineers laid out a system by which orders for several days were classified according to size. That made it possible to work the men on about the same-sized castings each day, giving the facility that comes in handling uniform work, simplifying the handling of flasks, pouring molten metal, and so forth. This immediately relieved the congestion that had put the foundry behind its orders. Overtime work became unnecessary. Quality of output improved. Most important of all, it was possible to keep accurate cost records on each job, giving a surer basis for bidding.

For several weeks after this system was installed the engineers supervised its workings. The first definite information it yielded sent them to the management with suggestions about a certain kind of castings.

"You are losing money on them; raise your prices."

"Oh, we wouldn't dare ask higher prices for those," was the reply. "Our competitors crowd us too closely. It would put us out of business."

"Well, then, go out of business," said the engineers. "This work will put you into bankruptcy eventually, for you are losing money on all you turn out."

Why There Were Flaws in the Castings

INVESTIGATION in the sales department demonstrated that contracts during the past two or three years had been made below actual cost of production, a condition brought about by lack of knowledge of true costs, coupled with timidity in the sales end. By sharp tactics customers had scared salesmen into meeting purely fictitious bids alleged to have been received from competitors. When prices on these castings were eventually raised little business was lost, showing that the competition had been largely imaginary, as a good deal of competition always is. At the end of a year this foundry was turning out three-quarters of a million dollars' worth of work. The plant had not been enlarged, nor was overtime labor necessary. Yet profits under the new system had been brought up to more than a hundred thousand dollars a year.

Some months after the system was running smoothly the production engineers were called in again. The foundry's percentage of defective castings had suddenly begun to assume alarming proportions. In the finishing-rooms many flaws were revealed despite most careful inspection of work turned out in the moulding department, while some of the costly machine parts sold to customers under guarantees of quality were coming back almost daily, showing failures. For two weeks the engineers studied the establishment's whole routine, yet did not find anything that seemed to be out of the ordinary. The character of work was just as good as ever—better, in fact. Inspection of raw castings was very thorough, every piece that revealed the slightest defect being set aside as soon as it left the flask.

The engineers were puzzled. Finally a young chap on their staff, lately out of college, was told to stay at this foundry until he ran the trouble down, and he made it a point not only to work with the men in various departments, but to come down an hour or so before the whistle blew in the morning. One day he asked the superintendent a question:

"Mr. Walker, why did that moulder over there take some castings from this pile before he started work and place them on that pile?"

"Did he do that?" asked the superintendent, surprised.

"Yes—and other men did the same thing."

The trouble was cleared up immediately. Several moulders, coming in early, had adopted the trick of lifting rejected castings off piles set out to be weighed and deducted from their day's work, reducing the defective pieces charged against their wages. Those defective castings had gone into piles of work inspected and passed, and a number had been shipped to customers. This is a typical instance of the production engineer's work in simplifying routine and saving profits.

The business doctor has long been familiar to the general public as a man called in when something is obviously wrong in a factory or mercantile house. Very often his service went no further than clearing up some specific trouble. Usually his chief interest was in accounting methods, and he departed after installing a card system of bookkeeping. But the production engineer takes the whole business as his province. He tests flue gases and coal, installs systems in the boiler-room and saves cost. In the engine-room he saves on lubricating oil. In the factory he tests materials, synchronizes processes, ferrets out costs, trains employees to better methods. At the executive end he takes routine work off the shoulders of the management, and at the same time gives them more facts about their business from day to day. The old-fashioned business doctor might be compared to the physician who is called in a hurry once or twice a year when some member of the family is sick, whereas the production engineer is like the Herr Doctor, common in Germany, who visits the family at least once a month, spends part of the evening chatting with its various members, and makes quiet studies that enable him to keep the family in pretty good health.

One of the best-known production engineers in this country began applying card systems to business years ago, when cards were hardly known outside of libraries. At the outset he adapted his cards chiefly to accounting. But soon he became interested in extending their usefulness. Making card-system payrolls, for instance, led naturally to recording miscellaneous data about labor and its costs on cards with different contours. That led, in turn, to gathering information about materials, processes, and so forth. By and by he woke up to the realization that the thing most needed in business is information—facts about men and management, materials and methods. Ninety per cent of the concerns he investigated were operating on guesswork. So he began gathering business facts for others, interpreting them, carrying out improvements indicated by them. Today he has a large organization.

In the Interior Department at Washington an inquiry or other bit of routine business was referred to so many persons, with offices so arranged in a large building, that before it was finally disposed of it had traveled, perhaps, several miles, criss-crossing back and forth in a most confusing fashion. Production engineers studied those operations exactly as though they were factory processes; platting the routes taken by business, moving some departments nearer together and cutting others out of certain routine. When they finished the detail had been amazingly simplified and shortened. This same Government department has one hundred and four district land offices scattered over the United States. The records of each office were kept in a set of twenty-one different books, weighing upward of a hundred pounds. When the production engineers finished with that detail each office kept all its records in a single loose-leaf volume, so that there were only a hundred and four books as compared with nearly twenty-two hundred. These engineers are factory experts, and after making a typical factory study of the Interior Department, treating its business largely as a product, they made suggestions by which its operating expenses will eventually be cut down not less than half a million dollars yearly.

What Was Done for a Pottery

A PROSPEROUS company in the East, making fine store fixtures, had developed its business along quality lines. When a merchant wanted a store fitted up men were sent to make careful measurements, and the fixtures were built to original designs, like a fine residence. Costly woods and ornamental metalwork were employed, and very often a handsome installation which would never be duplicated elsewhere. This high character paid—the company's reputation had been built upon it. When production engineers studied that business, however, they saved the management thousands of dollars yearly by drawing up standards for doors, drawers, panes of glass, handles, knobs, screws and other parts. No matter what these might carry in the way of ornament or of what materials they were made, they conformed to a standard table of dimensions, saving cost of manufacture and also enabling the merchant who bought fixtures to order repairs without trouble.

An old pottery, established more than half a century, had hundreds of designs in finished goods stored in its warehouse. An order for one hundred dozen pieces of a certain design was received, and the shipping clerks hunted it up in the warehouse. Maybe they found only half enough goods to fill the order, so it had to wait while the plant turned out the other half. At the same time, perhaps, five hundred dozen extra pieces of this particular design would be made up for stock and stored in the warehouse in readiness for future orders. After several months, however, the shipping department, searching for that design again, would fail to find these extra goods, and another order was delayed while the plant made still more of them. This situation was put up to production engineers as a genuine puzzle, and they solved it very simply by installing a modern record of stock which facilitated orders by making it possible to make up goods before they ran short, and which reduced the amount of stock on hand by showing the frequency of orders for all designs. One very important item of saving was that effected by discarding designs that had not been called for in years.

In locating a disappearing margin of profit in a large foundry it was found that all castings turned out were figured by weight, and bids made on that basis. Weight is no guide to cost in such products, for two different castings containing just the same quantity of metal may

be of such unlike character that the labor cost of one may have actually been twice that of the other. This foundry was operating under a cost system that made it dangerous to raise the quality of its products, for its high-grade castings were being turned out below cost, and sufficient increase in the sort of patronage that should have been most desirable would have sent it into bankruptcy. The difficulty was met with a simple cost system that kept time, wage and material records on each job. In a few months the old margin of profit was not only restored, but increased, for the foundry secured more profitable contracts by being able to bid with absolute knowledge of costs, and thus had decided advantages over competitors.

These are typical accomplishments of the production engineer. Yet they are merely details. His study of a business extends to every department and function, and his conclusions are embodied in a complete report, usually a large, typewritten book with blue prints, forms and diagrams, each department having its separate chapter, with suggestions for economies. Such a report was prepared for a Government bureau at Washington. It contained so many suggestions for saving time, work and expense that the bureau chief had to ask Congress for a special appropriation to put the more important suggestions into operation. While he was waiting for his appropriation, however, he saved two hundred thousand dollars a year by carrying out some of the minor suggestions.

In another case the production engineers went through a large mill, making their report, and when it was submitted they called the president's attention to a little detail of accounting reform, the loss-and-gain account.

"Shortly you are going to be very much interested in this account," said they, and the president found it true.

Up to that time his plant had been operated wholly on information derived from an annual inventory, as is the case with many other concerns. This mill turns out several different kinds of goods. Going in the dark from one year's end to another, the president might be under the impression that he was making more money than last year, only to find that he had made less. Even if he gained in profits it was never definitely known which kinds of goods had earned the extra money, while if a loss was shown he could not certainly put his finger on the item that caused it. The year is too large a unit upon which to transact business in these times—there are only twenty or thirty of such units in the average business man's life at most. When the production engineers gave him a loss-and-gain account he had definite knowledge of each class of goods from day to day. Reports came from every quarter of the mill, were tabulated, and he could compare a given day's output with that of any other day, not merely in quantity, but from the standpoints of labor, raw materials, time consumed in processes, and so forth. If he wanted it this information could be presented to him in such ways that he alone knew the whole story.

At the outset this system was regarded with suspicion by foremen. Those exact reports, calling for detailed statements of each minute of time, every ounce of materials and every item of completed work, seemed a sort of spy system. But when results began to come in to the president and go back to the foremen in the shape of orders and suggestions the latter became as interested in the loss-and-gain account as himself.

In the old days, after an annual inventory, if there was a gain in profits the president would, perhaps, increase each foreman's salary, going largely by the number of years Tom and John and Bill had been with the mill. If there was a loss he called them all together and gave them a lecture on the importance of economy, diligence and other abstract virtues, and sent them back to work to find the cause of trouble and correct it. They had no means of finding it, naturally—he couldn't find it himself.

But the loss-and-gain account changed all that. It showed definitely that on this batch of goods, made last week, the cost of manufacture had been three cents per hundred higher than the cost of identically the same quantity and kind a month before. The foreman responsible for those goods could be called in and given a chance to explain matters.

"Why, Mr. Smith, that low cost last month was on account of the way our enamel worked. We never had such a fine lot of enamel. Everything seemed to run like a dollar clock. But this month we're having trouble. The last job didn't go through as smooth."

"Well, now, suppose you experiment a little with your enamel. Send down to Biggs' laboratories and get a chemical analysis. If we can get that kind of enameling right along it will mean a good deal to us in the way of contracts."

This gave the foreman something definite to work upon. Under the old inventory system there were a thousand or more ratholes down which that three cents a hundred might have disappeared and nobody have been able to locate it. But the loss-and-gain account showed precisely the rathole to be investigated, and usually the foreman succeeded in plugging it up and trapping the rat. If he set a standard of quality or economy he was held to it. But the president knew how great an advance such new standards meant, and knew who was entitled to credit. Soon there was a different spirit in that plant, because the men knew they were now working on accurate information and that credit for good work or blame for bad would fall exactly where it belonged. The engineers had planned a loss-and-gain account, but what developed

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Doctor Merrill's Miracle

By RUPERT HUGHES

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

THE young doctor had been jilted, and didn't like it. The first case he had lost since he came to Carthage was his own. He could find no anodyne for a broken heart, no splints for a compound fracture of his trust in humanity. He woke each morning to another day of useless existence—for what was the use of existing without Her? Each morning he dawdled down the boarding-house stairs to his soggy oatmeal with its gritty sugar and its blue cream—and they tasted like life.

But one morning—just before he reached his cold and woolen omelette—he was called to the door and seized in the bone-cracking grasp of a young giant from an outlying farm. John Bogen hardly released the doctor long enough to fetch his equipment, and then haled him to a springless wagon and lashed the horses to a gallop.

The old furrow-plodders were just shedding their winter coats in spots and they had a moth-eaten look. They did not realize that they were racing with a stork and they made the worst possible going of it. The débutant in the ranks of fatherhood suffered acutely from stage-fright, but stood up to beat the horses better, and, between cracks of the whip, yelled to his jouncing passenger that he had tried in vain to get three other physicians and finally in desperation had come to him as a last resort.

Doctor Merrill hung to the careening seat for dear life and, above the rattle of his teeth and the clatter of the rut-tortured wheels, heard only enough to humiliate him a little further.

When he had safely added one more to the modest census of Carthage he felt like apologizing to the little purple protestant. It seemed a dubious favor to bring anybody into a world where in time he would fall in love with some girl who, having no heart of her own, would break his.

The idiotic young father was excited beyond offering to drive the now useless physician back to town, and Merrill preferred his own feet to another voyage in that wagon. He picked his way through lanes and vistas whose beauty would have almost moved him to poetry a week ago, for spring was playing the midwife to every tree and bush and meadow, and the air seemed to be filled with the inarticulate chuckles of happy babies. But all seasons are winter to a cast-off lover.

Eventually the road, as it entered the town, led him past what was generally admitted to be the handsomest place in Carthage.

Merrill had seen it often enough, but had taken little note of it beyond a resentment of the fact that the people who owned it—they were known as "the rich Rolstons"—had called in every doctor in town, except him, to prescribe for their only child, a bedridden sufferer these six months from some baffling ailment.

Cicely Tansey Singing Like a Seraph on a Sunny Cloud

It was a homey establishment, the Rolston place, neither town house nor country house, and of no special architecture. Humble as it would have looked in a city, it seemed a bit too splendid for Carthage. It was the characteristic mid-Western residence of its period, a red-brick house with a mansard roof and a square frame porch in front of a double center door.

In its youth the type was thought handsome, and it is less ugly now than the most of the Queen Anne spatterwork that displaced it. There is a dignity in smooth walls, big windows, big rooms, high ceilings, and simple masses that time handles ruthfully.

Nobody criticises a pair of old slippers or a faded armchair, and this school of architecture soothes and disarms rather than defies criticism.

But now there was a gloom about the big house. It was this that made it attractive to Merrill. He slackened his pace to a slow walk, for today it gave him comfort instead of pique.

The father and mother, whom he remembered seeing so often on the porch, nodding back and forth in their rockers, were there as usual, bundled up to breathe the new spring air. As usual, they seemed neither to heed each other nor any passer-by; their thoughts, no doubt, absorbed by their one child, wasted and imprisoned in some room upstairs.

A great tree bowed across the walk and the breeze made it dodder with senility. The shrubs set here and there had a cemeterial regularity on the cemeterial lawn. An old man at work digging flower-beds in the soft ground seemed a sexton rather than a gardener. Even the dog was a morose and decrepit animal, reclining on the porch and staring into space with the saddest of eyes. Merrill realized that he had never seen the dog at play, never heard it bark. If it ever wagged its tail it was like waving the plume on a hearse.

Young Merrill took a melancholy joy in the general gloom. It suited his mood as weeds suit a fresh grief, as elegies delight young poets and tear-compelling pickles enrapture girls. He loved it because it was bitter. It seemed so much worthier than all this imbecile hysteria of springtime frolic in the air, in the leaves, in the people, in the very dust that went pirouetting in tiny whirlwinds down the streets for no particular reason.

As he neared his office he lifted his hat with magnificent coldness to Miss Cicely Tansey. And she, too, was giggling to herself as if she were the very muse of spring. Everybody seemed to be idiotically happy about something, except the Rolston place and himself. Cicely Tansey was a nice enough girl, no doubt—and looking unusually well today, he thought parenthetically—but she was the boon companion of Enid Layton, and it was Enid Layton who had jilted him, broken her engagement because he had been called away from a party to save a life, and she would have had to go home alone if Ralph Wickham hadn't beaued her. And they were engaged before they parted at the gate!

The more Merrill thought of her treachery the more he thought he hated Enid Layton. He was through with loving her—he was sure of that—but he wondered why he could not stop thinking of her. If only he could stop meeting her! But there was no avoiding these ordeals by confrontation.

In a town the size of Carthage the inhabitants pass each other incessantly, unless they are sick abed. When Enid Layton was not lolling about, tittering at Ralph Wickham's inanities, she was pretty sure to be in the company of Cicely Tansey, and the portion of their talk that Doctor Merrill heard as he passed was practically always: "And he said to me," or "And I said to him."

He wondered if they never thought of anything but Him-and-Me topics.

By-and-by he noticed that Cicely Tansey was smiling rather pleasantly to him when they met; and sometimes as his eyeball ran to the corner to peek at the indifferent Enid, his glance would find Cicely Tansey's eyes stealing a glance at him. And now he began to think a good deal of Cicely Tansey.

Day by day his estimates of her passed from "not so bad-looking" to "rather good color"; from "nice eyes" to "sweet expression"; from "regular features" to "beautiful profile"; and on up the thermometer via "good-hearted, good-looking, pretty, charming, exquisite, fascinating, most beautiful girl in town" to "most ravishing creature in the world."

II

IT WAS difficult, during the efflorescence of these symptoms, not to stop for a word or two, to walk part-way home with her, to see her all the way home, to take her to a party, finally to go "buggy-ridin'."

As the local druggist, Mr. Coakley, commented one day: "In small towns, Doc, you'll find that folks is slow marriers, but quick engagers."

Before the young farmer's brand-new baby was able to sit up like a full water-bottle Doctor Merrill and Cicely Tansey were affianced. And she took an interest in his profession that delighted him. It contrasted with Enid Layton's resentment toward his career as altruism contrasts with selfishness.

In fact, Doctor Merrill found that, while Cicely and Enid had been whatever is the feminine equivalent for "chums"—if there is any feminine equivalent—Cicely differed from Enid in nearly every point of opinion and character.

Cicely would listen for hours to Doctor Merrill's accounts of his problems, ask the most intelligent questions, show the liveliest interest.

It was a long time dawning on the young doctor that his sweetheart's curiosity was less academic than personal. It was not the malady so much as the patient and the patient's home life and personal affairs that kept her alert.

Cicely Tansey, however unconsciously, was using him as a sort of glorious gossip and—whether ingenuously or ingeniously he could not tell—pumping him of the most intimate family secrets in town.

The realization horrified him, and he blamed her for a dangerous creature. This, of course, made her all the more fascinating.

Then he ceased to blame her and blamed himself not only for what Carthage calls a blabmouth, but for a traitor to his professional ethics.

He tried to avoid talking to her of his patients. Cicely would not give up the fat subject. At length he told her flatly that he must not discuss such matters with her. She did not storm and upbraid him as Enid would have done. She just snuggled closer, rolled her wonderful orbs his way and sighed:

"You're right, dear. I wouldn't interfere with your duty for worlds. I'll be just your sweetheart, and soothe you when you're worn out and comfort you in your dark hours of trial. But I'll never ask a single question."

It is a promise that women have given before. Fairy stories and histories are full of it, but there is no recorded case of the promise being kept. The men, however, always believe it. Perhaps the women believe it, too, when they make it. But Cicely Tansey was no revolutionist. She could not be the first woman to annihilate curiosity. She continued as before to show an intense interest in Doctor Merrill's patients. And he learned from one or two hair-raising incidents that she could disseminate gossip as well as acquire it.

He realized again how dangerous it is for a man to love, how more than dangerous for a physician. But even the best of doctors were once young and human, and Doctor Merrill was as yet hardly anything else.

The fascinations of Cicely Tansey more and more enmeshed him. She would have seemed winsome and pretty and many things attractive in any city. In the small parish, against the limited competition of Carthage, her charms were multiplied by their rarity till "winsome" became "bewitching," and "pretty" "divine," and "attractive" "irresistible."

She had a demure, domestic, hearth-rug, armchair, fancy-stitching sort of appeal that suggested home and a center-table with a lamp and magazines on it.

When Doctor Merrill thought of her he thought of her as his helpmeet, his cozy housewife. She was willing, too.

"I'm homesick for the home we're to have," she said.

"If only I could get a little more money!"

"But your practice is growing wonderfully. You're on the go all the time."

"But nobody pays," he growled. "I save them from the grave, and when I present my bill they're out of

"I Guess a Doctor Has No Right to Love Anybody"

danger and my work is ancient history. Besides, I don't seem to get the best people."

"But you're so young, dearie," she pleaded, defending him lovably against himself. "And you've been here so short a time."

"If I could only get a chance to do one big piece of work I'd show 'em who's who in Carthage," he rumbled. It was not the technical language of Galen or Lister, but she grasped his meaning.

Suddenly she dug her exquisitely-tended nails into his wincing arm and cried:

"I've got it!"

"What have you got?"

"The very idea!—an inspiration! The Rolstons are the richest folks in Carthage, and their daughter has been ill for months and months. Nobody knows what's the matter with her. If only you ——"

"Yes, I know. But they'd never call me in, and if they did I'd fail. Why, they've had every doctor for miles around!"

"They're all old fogies but you."

He kissed her for that, but he shook his head.

"And they've had big specialists here from St. Louis and Chicago. If none of them could cure her I'd only fail."

"You couldn't fail, my love!" she murmured with a gaze of idolatry.

He kissed her and hugged her again, and as he set his arms hard about her delicate body his lips tightened with resolution. Somehow, her blind belief in him gave him belief in himself, as a little shining bugle thrills an army to prodigies of valor.

"If I could see her I might cure her," he pondered aloud. "I might!"

"You would!" she insisted.

"It would be a glorious thing—to succeed where big fellows failed. It would be the making of me." He spoke with the exalted hunger of a poet, a sculptor or a general for fame and victory. The little woman grew closer to the ground.

"It would be the making of a lot of money," she said. "They're rich. They'd pay anything."

"It would establish me as the best doctor in town," Doctor Merrill dreamed, coming a little farther from the clouds.

"In the state," she added, rising a little to his spirit.

But he was fluttering quite to earth and he said:

"I could move into a fine office and ——"

"And you could rent that house on Fourth Street for me."

"For us," he had the decency to say, coming down from the tall timbers to the little violet that inspired the great idea.

But now he was, indeed, on the ground again, and his dream went soaring away like a little red toy balloon, leaving only the broken string in his clutch.

"They'd never call me in," he groaned, "not in a thousand years."

"They've got to," said Cicely, with a bob of her head that was more fetching than convincing.

"I can't go and ask them to give me a whack at the child," he protested. "It would be unprofessional."

"I'll manage it."

"Why, you don't know them even to bow to."

"No, but they go to the Presbyterian church."

"But you're a United Presbyterian—and the two churches don't speak."

"I'll go over and dally with the Presbyterians. They're having a revival and they'd just love to save a United from the burning."

"But the Rolstons don't take any interest in the revival, I'm sure."

"No, but it's an introduction. Once I get into the church I'll get close to them. Maybe I'll stray into their pew by mistake Sunday morning and find the place in the hymnbook for Mrs. Rolston. Then she'll say to herself, 'She's a nice girl!' and she'll speak to me after the benediction. And I'll say: 'How is your dear daughter?' And she'll think she's met me somewhere before, and she'll say: 'Oh, nothing seems to do her any good.' And I'll say: 'It's just too bad! You've tried everybody, I suppose?' And she'll say: 'Everybody.' And I'll say: 'Couldn't even Doctor Merrill do anything for her?' And she'll say: 'Who's Doctor Merrill?' And I'll say: 'Oh, haven't you heard of him—the new physician who has made such a sensation, performed cures that some people think are simply mee-raculous? But, of course, it's only because he is a young man and has the very latest methods; and you really ought to try him, and I'm sure he would do your daughter worlds of good.' And she'll say ——"

"I see," said Doctor Merrill. "It might work."

III

IF CICELY TANSEY had any scruples against using religion as a cloak for politics she justified herself by the belief that she was not the first in the world to intrigue under a steeple and by the belief that it was evil done that good might come of it—the sick would be healed, and the healer would get a home. Having played at prophecy she set to work to make it good.

The event arrived with surprising fidelity to Cicely's scheme. She was welcomed at an evening meeting by the Presbyterians—just then especially greedy to save souls, particularly to save souls from the prodigal offshoot. The next Sunday morning one of the ushers beckoned to her and, like a sort of spiritual floorwalker, preceded her down the aisle. She reached the empty Rolston pew, slipped in and sank shyly in the farther corner, leaving the usher to pause far down near the pulpit, majestically indicate a vacant pew to an imaginary follower, and then look about in a bewilderment that kept several young people giggling all through the long prayer.

In due time Mr. and Mrs. Rolston appeared. They were surprised to find a stranger ensconced in their pew. But they did not evict her. Indeed, they exchanged glances and shook their sad white heads with a regret that said in almost so many words:

"Our daughter would be pretty and rosy like that and here in church with us if she could only be made well."

When the pastor announced the hymn the old people groped through the book with trembling fingers, their spectacles almost clashing as they tried to help each other and only interfered. Long before they had found the

number a slim, white, smooth young hand passed an open book across their withered hands, and a gentle voice said:

"Won't you take this?"

Then she found the place for herself in another book; and when the organ prelude was over, and the choir was well under way, and the old couple were making certain sad squeals and grunts which they meant rather as religion than vocalism, suddenly they heard alongside a silvery thread of girlish song. Stealing a glance askance they saw Cicely Tansey looking her best in her Sunday clothes and singing like a seraph on a sunny cloud.

Again, as they realized how fair she was, slender, erect, wide-eyed, with a round breastful of song pouring from her red lips, the old couple stopped singing and, when the hymn was ended, sank back to their cushions, miserably covetous.

"Can our Dora ever be like that again? Will she ever stand here with us—and sing?"

Mrs. Rolston whispered it to her husband. And he only cast his eyes upward as if the sole hope were from there.

The sermon was about the raising of the daughter of Jairus, and the preacher made it almost intolerable with his insistence that such miracles might be every-day experience if only souls could be found with faith as large as a mustard-seed. The old couple blamed themselves for their daughter's helplessness upon her bed, and they tried to have faith as one might try to make his heart beat faster by just determining that it should.

When the service was over and they turned to leave the church Cicely, who had thought that the preacher would never have done, waited in vain to have them speak to her. Then she made bold to ask after the ailing daughter and with crafty carelessness to insinuate Doctor Merrill's name and fame into their minds.

So well did she play her part that the mother went all a-flutter. The sermon had made her hungry for a miracle and she wanted no delay. She proposed to her husband that they stop at Doctor Merrill's office and take him in their carriage immediately to the bedside.

Cicely could hardly believe the runaway success of her plan, and she was upset by the knowledge that Doctor Merrill would not be at his office. He would be loitering near the curb, waiting to walk home with her.

She followed the Rolstons down the steps, then gathered herself together and volunteered a statement:

"If you'll excuse me, I think that's Doctor Merrill standing there now."

"He's very young, isn't he?" the mother said with a little sickening of hope.

"That's why he's so successful!" Cicely explained with a desperate boldness. "It's his youth and his courage and his—his new methods."

"I wonder how we can meet him?" said Mrs. Rolston. Then she turned to Cicely. "Do you know him, my dear?"

"S-lightly," Cicely faltered.

"Would you mind?"

"Not at all!"

As all three moved upon the unsuspecting young man Cicely was heliographing wild messages to dissemble by working her eyebrows. But Merrill advanced with only lovelight in his eyes. Fortunately, both the Rolstons were shortsighted and never dreamed of suspecting the pretty young girl as a sort of drummer for the young doctor.

"Oh, Doctor Merrill," said Cicely with her coldest tone, "will you come here a moment?" As if he were not already coming his fastest! She made the presentation in the best Carthage form:

"Mr. and Mrs. Rolston, Doctor Merrill. Doctor Merrill, Mr. and Mrs. Rolston."

"Pleased to meet you," said Merrill, befuddled by Cicely's manner. The old hands of the Rolstons took his and clung to it as if it were a rope of rescue. Mrs. Rolston drew him aside to the grass of the lawn while the congregation jostled by.

"This young lady has been telling us that you are a very clever doctor."

He flushed with guilt. They took it for modesty.

Before he quite got his bearings he was in the carriage, the old Rolston horse was stumbling on the way and the old Rolston dog following like a pall-bearer.

Merrill cast a hungry look back at Cicely, but she was beaming with triumph and waving him good-by and good luck.

IV

HE SAT on the back seat with Mrs. Rolston, and Mr. Rolston sat with the old driver, but he twisted around and the two parents recited antiphonally the story of their daughter's change from a beautiful, joyous, hale and vivacious girl to a wan, living corpse that had lain in her bed for half a year, unable to move her limbs.

Knowing Carthage, Doctor Merrill knew that "limbs" did not include the arms, for, in Carthage, if one must refer to such things one refers to "the arms and limbs."

"I'll Never Ask a Single Question"

By the time they had reached the solemn old house they had succeeded chiefly in reducing the doctor to a state of profound uneasiness and distrust of his own resources.

The parents had plainly given their lives to the attendance upon their only child, their stricken dove. The sick-room was as luxurious as a sick-room could be. The wall-paper was a riot of trellised roses. The windows were many and blazing with the noon sun, tempered by swaying curtains like whipped cream.

A woman, evidently a nurse, who had evidently been reading, closed her book and rose respectfully:

"This is Doctor Merrill, dear—and Miss Lang."

The bed was a noble structure of an old wood, and on the pillows a young woman's head turned drearily to greet the incomer.

The eyes, wide with languor, widened farther as if with amazement. Doctor Merrill supposed that this was because he was so much younger than the other members of the vain procession through that room. Sick people were constantly greeting him with a look of disappointment and distrust on account of his immaturity. It was one of his great handicaps. But it flashed across him that Miss Rolston was not exactly disappointed.

Still, her eyes were so dreary and her voice so faint that he could hardly be sure.

The parents had called their daughter's ailment "creeping paralysis," and they could not image the slow climb of death with such philosophy as Socrates revealed while he watched the hemlock annul him from the feet upward.

Doctor Merrill expected to meet some form of motor paralysis. He had dismissed any idea that it was of cerebral origin, because paralysis of such origin generally affects one side of the body and follows an apoplectic or epileptic attack. The case, as he had extracted it from the parents, showed no such history.

The girl, in a doleful whisper, which he must bend close to hear, said that she could not remember just how the trouble began. All she knew was that she found herself, one day, unable to move her feet or her knees.

When the doctor prepared to make an examination the father left the room, the mother went to the farthest window and the nurse stood half-averted. The physician forgot his youth in the solemn, impersonal intensity of his research, but the girl could not forget, and she hid her face in the hollow of her arm.

Doctor Merrill found no sign of atrophy in the muscles. This banished the theory of peripheral paralysis from a mishap to any of the nerve trunks. There was left the theory of spinal origin. The fact that the legs were involved tended to support this. The absence of atrophy in the muscles was neither proof nor disproof.

"I should like to confirm my diagnosis with further tests," he said. "I will come back with electrical apparatus."

This was partly an excuse to be absent and think; to consult his books and to brush up his memory of what he had learned in school and met in his hospital apprenticeship. Mrs. Rolston insisted on his taking the carriage to and from his office. In the driver's opinion he spent an unconscionable time finding his machinery, and he showed small inclination to chat.

When he returned, the electric shocks he sent along the nerve wires produced the normal reactions. Sometimes this was the case with true paralysis; yet he preferred some other diagnosis. But what?

All his tests deepened his confusion and as fast as one symptom suggested a theory another contradicted it. Merrill felt chagrin and failure, and he longed to get away from the hungry espionage of the parents, the critical cynicism of the nurse, and the unresponsive presence of the girl, who kept her eyes closed and blushed to her lashes.

To confess his ignorance was bad medicine and bad business. At every turn he was met with a blank wall. The girl had all the look of health save its roseate glow, and that lack could be due to seclusion and immobility. Her muscles were too mellow, even for a young woman of indolent habit, but here again the lack of use was explanation enough. The flesh was wholesome, the skin fine, the muscles palpably sound, the nerves carried electric impulses without reluctance.

He could see no reason why the girl should be helpless. He could see no reason why those shapely legs should not have carried her about the house, through the town, through the violet-spangled woods; why her exquisite feet might not have fluttered in the dance; why she might not have raced with Atalanta.

Yet here she lay, here she had lain, in a torpor, answering the thrill of youth no more than the dead logs in the woods answered the call of spring.

What was he to do? In his murky ignorance he suddenly felt more respect for the physicians of the town. He realized why they had retired in defeat and confusion. He wondered no longer why the experts from the cities had gone back to their trains with purses fatter, but with humbled pride. Still, hope springs eternal in the doctor's breast as elsewhere and Merrill felt that, somehow, or somewhere, he would find a cause and, finding that, devise a remedy.

He took refuge again in evasion and, forcing a smile of confidence, promised good results from a course of treatment which he would prescribe. One of the first steps was to encourage that faint spark of interest which seemed to darkle in the ashes of her soul.

With that brisk cheerfulness which is known as a good sick-room manner he said:

"Instead of lying cooped up in that bed all day we'll have her by the window for an hour or two at first. This spring air will be a tonic in itself. You might roll that big armchair up, Miss Lang."

The transshipping of the meager frame from bed to chair involved no great exertion, and he asked Miss Lang to lift the feet. He raised the body from the bed and stepped back. As he did, his heel caught in the rug; he lost his balance and toppled.

In spite of his violent effort his burden escaped his hands, and her feet slid from the nurse's grasp. It was a short fall and no harm was done, but it confused him to be so awkward, so inexpert. He flushed and bent to pick the girl up; then he paused as he crouched, for her posture on the rug amazed him. She lay frightened and helpless, but her knees were flexed as if they had unconsciously relaxed to break the fall.

A thought sank into his heart like the plunge of a knife: If she were truly paralyzed no such primeval impulse could have flashed along those useless nerves; her legs would have flopped like a doll's. And yet it was just possible that the twist of her body and the shock of the impact might have jarred her into that position of defense. It was just possible. The idea that had brushed his mind with its wing did not linger.

He raised the girl to the chair, dispelled the alarm of the parents and trundled the chair to the window.

"Well, Doctor ——" the father asked tremblingly.

"I think I can cure her," he said in a rash impulse.

"Oh, you can!" the mother cried. "When? When?"

"Eventually," he said, with a return to caution.

He prescribed a tonic of equal parts of cinchona and gentian, with a trace of strychnia. It could not hurt and it was bitter enough to be convincingly uncomfortable. He was about to disguise its acridity, but on some fleeting whim left it raw.

"I'll come tomorrow," he said and, taking the limp, cool hand, looked deep into the wide eyes and said: "We are going to get well—with each other's help."

Her eyes seemed to point with a little will-o'-the-wisp of light and again he felt that curious, that uneasy idea that she was interested less in herself than in him. But the light vanished and she lowered her lashes till he was gone.

V

HE LEFT the house, feeling an irony in the almost affectionate manner of the father and mother, and turned back to town. He would call upon Cicely Tansey. She at least was hale and unquestionably alive.

He was wakened from a troubled reverie by the appalling clatter of a wagon. He looked back to see John Bogen, Senior, uncomfortably Sundayed up, standing in his rattle-box and lashing his amazed plow-horses to a secular run.

"Hey, Doc!" the fellow yelled. "You're the very man I want to see. Hop in and come home with me, for the Lord's sake. Baby's dying, I guess."

He got in and endured another bone-racking gallopade into the country. The child's voice was audible from afar and its face was scarlet with pain of which it made no secret. But John Bogen, Junior, was suffering from a distress which the doctor greeted almost with delight. Its cause was primitively simple and only the least practiced of parents would have fetched a doctor for it. It was worth the journey, however, to find an ailment he could end at once. It gave him new confidence in himself, though it was a plain question of infantile physiology, and not a riddle in the hyper-occult physio-psychology of a maturing woman. In a few minutes the new Bogen was beaming like a little moon after an eclipse. The new mother was so grateful that she tried to kiss the doctor, but he dodged. This time the new father remembered to offer him a ride back

"If you'll drive slow," said Merrill, and Bogen promised. But slow riding in that wagon was slow torture.

On the way between fresh-plowed fields where the flowers had been topsyturvied with the weeds there were a few shabby farmhouses. One of these was but a hollow and blackened shell.

"When was the fire?" said Merrill.

"Last night."

"Anybody hurt?"

"Nope. Funny, too. It cured old Mrs. Merklin."

"Cu-cured o-old Miss-zz M-Mer-k-k-lin!" said Merrill, the words glugging out of him.

"Yep. Folks thought she wouldn't never move again. Laid there in her bed two years, a hopeless paralettic. Paralyzed? Gosh, she was ossified! Yesterday evenin', though, Pop Merklin had to go to town. Took his daughter with him. On the way back, late, as they made that rise of ground yonder they thought the sun was settin' again. Come to find out it was their own shanty afire. Flames bustin' out of every winder to beat all hemlock.

"They run as fast as they could Roof fell in while they was quite a piece off and they gave up Maw Merklin for good and lost. They wa'n't expectin' to find any more of her than a few cinders. But there she was—a-settin' out by the gate with her nightgown flappin' in the wind.

"Pop Merklin thought she was a ghost fust off, but she says, proud as a child's just learned to walk: 'Hello, Pop!' He halts a safe distance away and says kind of cautious: 'That you, Maw? How'd you ever git out here?' 'Clumb through the winder; how'd you s'pose?' says she. And he says, 'How'd you ever manage to do it?' And says she: 'Well, I just nachelly had to!'

"When Pop Merklin reelized that she'd been playin' possum all these years and him doin' housework and payin' drugstore bills and doctors and things, he felt like givin' her a larrupin' with his hoss-whip. If his daughter hadn't been there he'd 'a' done it, like as not But old man Merklin's so all-fired mad at her he can't git glad she's cured."

Bogen laughed till the clatter of his diaphragm drowned the wagon, but Doctor Merrill was solemn with thought. The miracle was not in the least improbable.

An old doctor in his home town had vitalized an obstinate pseudo-paralytic of several years' lying by taking her and her bed out into the yard and setting the bed, mattress and all, on fire.

It flashed across Doctor Merrill's mind that Miss Dora Rolston was nothing more nor less than a malingerer. Her condition was the result of a tremendous perversity, a magnificent patience wasted on an idiotic ambition, the fanatic stubbornness of a balky mule that would rather be flayed alive than budge.

He saw through it all. No wonder he had been mystified. In his hospital practice he had met enough cases of the most uncomfortable shamming for the most inconceivable excuses, and had vowed to distrust everything but the mechanical responses to material tests. And now he had allowed a silly girl to make a fool of him. It was her wide-eyed stare of innocence that had deceived him. As if that wide-eyed stare were not the first disguise of the liar!

Delilah had undoubtedly used it on Samson, and Sapphira must have been adept at it.

He grew angrier and angrier as he thought of how he had been duped. There was some pleasure in being fooled in good company. Metropolitan experts with their larger experience had also been convinced by this amazing actress of this extraordinary rôle.

Then Merrill lost the stay even of that consolation. Perhaps they had fathomed her pretense, had poohpoohed her misery and ordered her to get up and walk She had declined to confess, had refused to rise, had refuted their theories by remaining supine

But why had the parents lied to him? To lie to a doctor seemed so much worse than immoral; it was foolish.

VI

HIS outraged pride was still raging when he escaped from John Bogen's wagon; still raging when he rang the doorbell of the Tansey home. Cicely came rushing to him and dragged him into the parlor with a complete antithesis of paralysis. She bombarded him with these questions:

"Oh, did you see her? What does she look like? Can't she really move? What is honestly the matter with her? Do you think you can cure her?"

Instantly he found himself forbidden to answer, forbidden by a dozen reasons. It was simply impossible for him to describe what he had seen, what he had decided. He had been taken into the family's very citadel, not as a blindfolded enemy, but as an ally, a savior. His duty was unquestionably to protect his clients, to protect even his shameless patient from public shame.

He shielded himself from Cicely's cannonade with a quiet:

"I can't tell—just yet."

When she pressed him further, he said: "I'd rather not."

She threw him into confusion with an enfilade from the flank.

"Is it worse than you thought? Is it something so horrible that you can't tell me? Do you think I'm too young to know? If I'm going to be a doctor's wife I must understand these things, mustn't I?"

This put him in a perplexity, but he clung to silence at all costs. Then she tried reproach:

"If it hadn't been for me you'd never have been called in."

"Nevertheless, I wish you'd change the subject."

"Oh, well, if I'm not to be of any use to you!" She was pouting. It seemed the merest robbery to take away from her the patient she looked on as her very own.

In the late, long hours of Sunday afternoons people grow peevish in small towns, and the visit the doctor had looked for as an escape from his trouble became the increase of it. The lovers parted in a tiff. Cicely was human, too, and threatened to be as dangerous to his career by her interest as Enid Layton had been by her indifference.

VII

THWARTED at every turn Merrill walked back to the boarding-house with its pitiful Sunday evening supper. He had missed the big midday dinner with ice cream and he felt peculiarly ill used and lonely

He was glad of one thing—that he had not betrayed his patient's case. It came over him suddenly that the same justification extended to the parents. The poor old dotards had, perhaps, not understood or not believed the doctors who had called their only beloved a cheap and miserable swindler. Her remaining immobile was in itself a seeming disproof.

Or, even if they had understood and believed, they might have felt it their duty to shelter their child's obstinacy from exposure even to the new physician. If they had lied to him it was the least odious of falsehoods. He rather liked them for it.

But his tenderness toward them only embittered him toward the daughter who could sentence them to such pitiable distress just for the gloomy delight of a cruel whim.

He resolved that he would cure the girl in spite of herself; he would expose her to them and to herself, end her mulish martyrdom. The scheme of setting her bed on fire fascinated him.

But not for long. A retired physician might carry it out, but a new doctor would never get far. If he attempted it he would be driven from the house, run out of town.

Merrill had seen apparent paralytics brought to the hospital where he began as an intern, and he had seen the old cynic at the head of the faculty perform miracles by resort to "firing." The head of a hammer heated in boiling water and laid on the flesh had brought the malingerers up standing, and sent the mute paralytics to howling and marching under orders.

Merrill resolved to try this with Dora Rolston. Then again he recoiled from the cure. It was well enough for some lazy brute from the slums, but he revolted at the thought of submitting this well-born, well-reared lady, this exquisite creature, this pretty young woman to such contemptuous outrage. For she was very pretty indeed, now that he thought of it.

Those deep, sad eyes of hers—how they would quail before him. She would, perhaps, leap screaming from her bed. But she would fall back at once and forbid him to come near her again. Besides, even if her motionlessness were mere hysteria, who could tell what caused and continued the hysteria? Some further underlying ailment might exist and must be sought.

He must devise some subtler way than the ordeal by fire. He smoked several pipes over the problem and discarded every plan as fast as he invented it. At last he went to bed schemeless and fell asleep, convinced of the girl's unworthiness and wondering only how he might force her into the open.

VIII

LATE in the dark hours a nightmare came upon him. He dreamed that he had fallen in a catalepsy and had been taken for dead. He witnessed his own funeral, with all the details that his experience could supply. He saw

(Continued on Page 41)

She Stood Erect, Amazed, Enchanted

THE EARLY BIRD

By Montague Glass
ILLUSTRATED BY G. C. WIDNEY

With Morris Perlmutter in the Rôle of the Glowworm

NO, SIREE, sir," Abe Potash exclaimed, as he drew a check to the order of his attorney for a hundred and fifty dollars; "I would positively go it alone from now on till I die. Noblestone, I got my stomach full with Pincus Vesell, already, and if Andrew Carnegie would come and tell me he wants to go with me as partners together in the cloak and suit business, I would say 'No,' so sick and tired of partners I am."

For the twentieth time he examined the dissolution agreement that had ended the firm of Vesell & Potash, and then he sighed heavily and placed it in his pocket.

"Cost me enough, Noblestone, I could assure you," he said.

"A hundred and fifty ain't much, Potash, for a big lawyer like Feldman," Noblestone commented.

Abe flipped his fingers in a gesture of deprecation.

"That is the least, Noblestone," he rejoined. "First and last I bet yer I am out five thousand dollars on Vesell. That feller got an idee that there ain't nothing to the cloak and suit business but auction pinocle and taking out-of-town customers to the theayter. Hard work is something which he don't know nothing about at all. He should of been in the brokering business."

"The brokering business ain't such a cinch, neither," Noblestone retorted with some show of indignation. "A feller what's in the brokering business has got his troubles too, Potash. Here I've been trying to find an opening for a bright young feller with five thousand dollars cash, y'understand, and also there ain't a better designer in the business, y'understand, and I couldn't do a thing with the proposition. Always everybody turns him down. Either they got a partner, or they're like yourself, Potash, they just got through with one which done 'em up good."

"If you think Pincus Vesell done me up good, Noblestone," Potash said, "you are mistaken. I got better judgment as to let a lowlife like him get into me, Noblestone. I lost money by him, y'understand, but at the same time he didn't make nothing, neither. Vesell is one of them fellers what you hear about which is nobody's enemy but his own."

"The way he talks to me, Potash," Noblestone replied, "he ain't such a good friend to you, neither."

"He hates me worser as poison," Abe declared fervently, "but that ain't neither here nor there, Noblestone. I'm content he should be my enemy. He's the kind of feller what, if we would part friends, he would come back every week and touch me for five dollars yet. The feller ain't got no money and he ain't got no judgment, neither."

"But here is a young feller which he got lots of common-sense and five thousand dollars cash," Noblestone went on. "Only one thing which he ain't."

Abe nodded.

"I seen lots of them fellers in my time, Noblestone," he said. "Everything about 'em is all right excepting one thing, and that's always a killer."

"Well, this one thing ain't a killer at all," Noblestone rejoined. "He knows the cloak and suit business from A to Z, and he's a first-class, A-number-one feller for the inside, Potash; but he ain't no salesman."

"I Should of Ordered an Umbrella Instead of a Glass of Water Already"

"So long as he's good on the inside, Noblestone," Abe said, "it don't do no harm if he ain't a salesman, because there's lots of fellers in the cloak and suit business which calls themselves drummers, y'understand. Every week regular they turn in an expense account as big as a doctor's bill already, and not only they ain't salesmen, Noblestone, but they don't know enough about the inside work to get a job as assistant shipping clerk already."

"Well, Harry Federmann ain't that kind, Potash," Noblestone went on. "He's been a cutter and a designer and everything you could think of in the cloak and suit business. Also the feller's got good backing. He's married to old man Zudrowsky's daughter and certainly them people would give him a whole lot of help."

"What people do you mean?" Abe asked.

"Zudrowsky & Cohen," Noblestone answered. "Do you know 'em, Potash?"

Abe laughed raucously.

"Do I know 'em?" he said. "A question! Them people got a reputation among the trade which you wouldn't believe at all. Yes, Noblestone, if I would take it another partner, y'understand, I would as lief get a feller what's got the backing of a couple of them cutthroats up in Sing Sing, so much do I think of Zudrowsky & Cohen."

"All I got to say to that, Potash, is that you don't know them people; otherwise you wouldn't talk that way."

"Maybe I don't know 'em as good as some concerns know 'em, Noblestone, but that's because I was pretty lucky. Leon Sammet tells me he wouldn't trust that combination with the wrapping paper on a C. O. D. shipment of two dollars."

Noblestone rose to his feet and assumed an attitude of what he believed to be injured dignity.

"I hear enough from you, Potash," he said, "and some day you will be sorry you talk that way about a concern like Zudrowsky & Cohen. If you couldn't say nothing good about 'em you should shut up your mouth."

"I could say one thing good about 'em, Noblestone," Abe retorted, as the business broker opened the store door. "They ain't ashamed of a couple of good old-time names like Zudrowsky and Cohen."

This was an allusion to the circumstance that "Philip Noblestone" had once been "Pesach Edelstein," and the resounding bang with which the broker closed the door behind him was gratifying evidence to Abe that his parting shot had found its target.

"I Don't Want to Buy No Blue-White Diamond Ring Neither"

"Well, Noblestone," Zudrowsky cried, as the broker entered the showroom of Zudrowsky & Cohen, "what did he say?"

"He says he wouldn't consider it at all," Noblestone answered. "He ain't in no condition to talk about it, anyway, because he feels too sore about his old partner, Pincus Vesell, who done him up to the tune of ten thousand dollars."

In Noblestone's scheme of ethics, to multiply a fact by two was to speak the truth unadorned.

"S'enough, Noblestone," Zudrowsky cried. "If Potash lost so much money as all that, I wouldn't consider him at all. One thing you got to remember, Noblestone. Me, I am putting up five thousand dollars for Harry Federmann, and what that feller don't know about business, Noblestone, you could take it from me, would make even you a millionaire, if you would got it in your head."

Noblestone felt keenly the doubtfulness of Zudrowsky's compliment, but for lack of a suitable rejoinder he contented himself by nodding gravely.

"So I wouldn't want him to tie up with a feller like Potash what gets done up so easy for ten thousand dollars," Zudrowsky went on. "What I would like, Noblestone, is that Harry should go as partners together with some decent, respectable feller which got it good experience in the cloak business and wouldn't be careless with my five thousand dollars. I don't got to tell you, Noblestone, if I would let Harry get his hands on it, I might as well kiss myself good-by with that five thousand dollars."

Noblestone waggled his head from side to side and made inarticulate expressions of sympathy through his nose.

"How could you marry off your daughter to a *Schafskopf* like Federmann?" he asked.

"It was a love match, Noblestone," Zudrowsky explained. "She falls in love with him and he falls in love with her. So naturally he ain't no business man, y'understand; because you know as well as I do, Noblestone, a business man ain't got no time to fool away on such nonsense."

"Sure, I know," Noblestone agreed. "But what makes Federmann so dumb? He's been in the cloak and suit business all his life, ain't he?"

"What's that got to do with it?" Zudrowsky exclaimed. "Cohen and me got these here fixtures for fifteen years already, and you could more expect them tables and racks they should know the cloak and suit business as Harry Federmann. They ain't neither of 'em got the brains, Noblestone, and that's what I want you to get for Harry—some young feller with brains, even though he ain't got no money."

"Believe me, Mr. Zudrowsky," Noblestone replied, "it ain't such an easy matter these times to find a young feller with brains what ain't got no money, Mr. Zudrowsky, and they don't need no partners neither. And anyhow, Mr. Zudrowsky, what is five thousand dollars for an inducement to a business man? When I would go around and tell my clients I got a young feller with only five thousand dollars they laugh at me. In the cloak and suit business five thousand dollars goes no ways."

"It don't go no ways if you are going to open up as a new beginner, Noblestone," Zudrowsky replied; "but if you've got a going concern, y'understand, five thousand dollars is always five thousand dollars. There's lots of business men what is short of money all the time, Noblestone. Couldn't you find it maybe a young feller which is already established in business, y'understand, and what needs *doch* a little money?"

Noblestone slapped his thigh.

"I got it!" he said. "I'll go around and see Sam Feder of the Kosciusko Bank."

Half an hour later Noblestone sat in the first vice-president's office at the Kosciusko Bank and requested that executive officer to favor him with the names of a few good business men who would appreciate a partner with five thousand dollars.

"I'll tell you the truth, Noblestone," Mr. Feder said, "we turn down so many people here every day that it's a pretty hard thing for me to remember any particular name. Most of 'em is good for nothing either for your purpose or for ours, Noblestone. The idee they got about business is that they should sell goods at any price. In figuring the cost of the output they reckon labor, so much, material, so much, and they don't take no account of

rent, light, power, insurance, and so forth. The consequence is they lose money all the time, and they put their competitors in bad, too, because they make 'em meet their fool prices. The whole trade is cut up by them fellers and sooner as recommend one for a partner for your client, I'd advise him to take his money and play the ponies with it."

Here a boy entered and handed Mr. Feder a card.

"Tell him to come right in," Feder said, and then he turned to Noblestone. "You got to excuse me for a few minutes, Noblestone, and I'll see you just as soon as I get through."

As Noblestone left the first vice-president's office he encountered Feder's visitor, who wore the air of furtive apprehension characteristic of a man making his initial visit to a pawnshop. Noblestone waited on the bench outside for, perhaps, ten minutes, when Mr. Feder's visitor emerged, a trifle red in the face.

"That's my terms, Mr. Perlmutter," Feder said.

"Well, if I would got to accept such a proposition like that, Mr. Feder," the visitor declared, "I would sooner bust up first. That's all I got to say."

He jammed his hat down and made for the door.

"Now, Mr. Noblestone, I am ready for you," Feder cried, but his summons fell on deaf ears, for Noblestone was in quick pursuit of the vanishing Perlmutter. Noblestone overtook him at the corner and touched his elbow.

"How do you do, Mr. Perlmutter?" he exclaimed.

Perlmutter stopped short and wheeled around.

"Huh?" he said.

"This is Mr. Sol Perlmutter, ain't it?" Noblestone asked.

"No, it ain't," Perlmutter replied. "My name is Mawruss Perlmutter, and the pair of real gold eyeglasses which you just picked up and would let me have as a bargain for fifty cents ain't no use to me neither."

"I ain't picked up no eyeglasses," Noblestone said.

"No?" Morris Perlmutter rejoined. "Well, I don't want to buy no blue-white diamond ring neither, so if it's all the same to you I got business to attend to."

"So do I," Noblestone went on, "and this is what it is. Also, my name is there, too."

He showed Morris a card which read as follows:

TELEPHONE CONNECTION

REAL ESTATE AND INSURANCE
IN ALL ITS BRANCHES

PHILIP NOBLESTONE
BUSINESS BROKER

"GET A PARTNER"

666 EAST HOUSTON STREET NEW YORK

"Don't discount them good accounts, Mr. Perlmutter," he added; "it ain't necessary."

"Who told you I want to discount some accounts?" Morris asked.

"If I see a feller in a dentist's chair," Noblestone answered, "I don't need to be told he's got the toothache."

After this, Morris was easily persuaded to accept Noblestone's invitation to drink a cup of coffee, and they retired immediately to a neighboring bakery.

"Yes, Mr. Noblestone," Morris said, consulting the card, "I give you right about Feder. That feller is worser as a dentist. He's a bloodsucker. Fifteen hundred dollars gilt-edged accounts I offer him as security for twelve hundred, and when I get through with paying DeWitt C. Feinholtz, his son-in-law, what is the bank's lawyer, there wouldn't be enough left from that twelve hundred dollars to pay off my operators."

"That's the way it is when a feller's short of money," Noblestone said. "Now, if you would got it a partner with backing, y'understand, you wouldn't never got to be short again."

With this introductory sentence Noblestone launched out upon a series of persuasive arguments, which only ended when Morris Perlmutter had promised to lunch with Zudrowsky, Harry Federmann and Noblestone at Wasserbauer's café and restaurant the following afternoon at one o'clock.

For the remainder of the day Philip Noblestone interviewed as much of the cloak and suit trade as he could cover, with respect to Morris Perlmutter's antecedents, and the result was entirely satisfactory. He ascertained that Morris had worked his way up from shipping-clerk, through the various grades, until he had reached the comparative eminence of head cutter, and his only failing was that he had embarked in business with less capital than experience. At first he had met with moderate success, but a dull season in the cloak trade had temporarily embarrassed him, and the consensus of opinion among his competitors was that he had a growing business but was overextended.

Thus, when Noblestone repaired to the office of Zudrowsky & Cohen at closing time that afternoon, he fairly outdid himself extolling Morris Perlmutter's merits, and he painted so high-colored a picture that Zudrowsky deprecated the business broker's enthusiasm.

"Say, lookyhere, Noblestone!" he said. "Too much is enough. All I want is a partner for my son-in-law which would got common-sense and a little judgment. That's all. I don't expect no miracles, y'understand, and the way I understand it from you, this feller Morris Perlmutter is got a business head like Andrew Carnegie already and a shape like John Drew."

"I never mentioned his name because I don't know that feller at all," Noblestone protested. "But Perlmutter is a fine business man, and he's a swell dresser, too."

"A feller what goes to a bank looking for accommodations," Zudrowsky replied, "naturally don't put on his oldest clothes, y'understand. But, anyhow, Noblestone, if you would be around here at half-past twelve tomorrow, I will see that Harry gets here, too, and we will go down to Wasserbauer's and meet the feller."

It was precisely one o'clock the following day when Morris Perlmutter seated himself at a table in the rear of Wasserbauer's café and restaurant.

"Yes, sir, right away!" Louis the waiter cried, as he deposited a plate of dill pickles on the adjoining table, at which sat a stout, middle-aged person with a napkin tucked in his neck.

"*Koenigsberger Klops* is good today," Louis said.

"Pushing the stickers, Louis. Ain't it?" Abe Potash said. "You couldn't get me to eat chopped meat which customers left on their plates last week already. I never believe in buying seconds, Louis. Give me a piece of roast beef, well done, and a baked potato."

"Right away, Mr. Potash," Louis said, as he passed on to Perlmutter's table. "Now, sir, what could I do for you?"

"Me, I am waiting here for somebody," Morris replied. "Bring me a glass of water and we will give our order later."

"Right away!" said Louis, and hustled off to fill Abe Potash's order, whereat Abe selected a dill pickle to beguile the tedium of waiting. He grasped it firmly between his thumb and finger and neatly bisected it with his teeth. Simultaneously the pickle squirted sideways, and about a quarter of a pint of the acid juice struck Morris Perlmutter in the right eye.

"Excuse me," Abe cried. "Excuse me."

"'Sallright," Morris replied. "I seen what you was doing, and I should of ordered an umbrella instead of a glass of water already."

Abe laughed uproariously.

"Dill pickles is uncertain, like Paris fashions," he commented. "You could never tell what they would do next."

"I bet yer," Morris replied. "Last year people was buying silks like they was crazy, y'understand, and this year you would think silks was poisons—a buyer wouldn't touch 'em at all—and that's the way it goes."

"She Falls in Love With Him and He Falls in Love With Her"

Abe rose with the napkin tucked in his neck and, carrying the dish of dill pickles with him, he sat down at Morris' table, to which Louis brought the roast beef a moment later.

"I seen you was in the cloak and suit business as soon as I looked at you," Abe said. "I guess I'll eat here till your friends come."

"Go ahead," Morris replied. "It's already quarter past one, and if them fellers don't come soon I'm going to eat."

"What's the use waiting?" Abe said. "Eat anyhow. This roast beef is fine. Try some of it on me."

"Why should I stick you for my lunch?" Morris rejoined. "I see them suckers ain't going to show up at all, so I guess I'll take a sandwich and a cup of coffee."

He motioned to Louis.

"Right away!" Louis cried. "Yes, sir, we got some nice *Koenigsberger Klops* today *mit Kartoffel Klösse*."

"What d'ye take this gentleman for anyway, Louis?" Abe said. "A garbage can? Give him a nice slice of roast beef, well done, and a baked potato. Also bring two cups of coffee and give it the checks to me."

By a quarter to two, Abe and Morris had passed from business matters to family affairs, and after they had exchanged cigars and the conversation had reached a stage where Morris had just accepted an invitation to dine at Abe's house, Noblestone and Zudrowsky entered with Harry Federmann bringing up in the rear. Harry was evidently in disfavor and his weak, blond face wore the look of a whipped child. He had been so busy billing and cooing uptown that he had forgotten his engagement.

"Hallo, Mr. Perlmutter," Noblestone cried, and then he caught sight of Morris' companion and the remains of their generous meal. "I thought you was going to take lunch with us."

"Do I got to starve, Mr. Who's This?—I lost your card—just because I was fool enough to take up your proposition yesterday? I should of known better."

"But this here young feller, Mr. Federmann, got detained uptown," Zudrowsky explained. "His wife got took suddenly sick."

"Why, she may have to have an operation," Noblestone cried in an outburst of imaginative enthusiasm.

"You should tell your troubles to a doctor," Abe said, rising from the table. "And besides, Noblestone, Mr. Perlmutter don't want no partner just now."

"But," Perlmutter began—"but, Mr. Potash ——"

"That is to say," Abe interrupted, "he don't want no partner which he ain't a good salesman, y'understand?"

Perlmutter nodded emphatically.

"Me, I am a good salesman, Noblestone, as you know," Abe went on modestly, "and so therefore we fixed it up that we would go as partners together, providing, after we looked each other up, everything is all right."

He glanced inquiringly at Perlmutter, who nodded again.

"And if everything is all right," Perlmutter added, "we will start up under the firm name of Perlmutter & Potash."

"Potash & Perlmutter," Abe corrected, "and you shouldn't have no hard feelings neither, Noblestone, because there's an old saying and a true one, Noblestone, that a bird should be early, y'understand; otherwise it don't get no worms."

"A Bird Should Be Early, Y'understand, Otherwise it Don't Get No Worms"

Insurgency in the Northwest

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

MINNESOTA Republicans are insurgent, but they are calm about it. With them it is more of a state of mind than an active demonstration of hostility to the Administration, although there are plenty of radicals there who erupt language intended to shrivel and scorch. Nor need there be any fear that Minnesota Republicans do not hold views about Speaker Cannon and Senator Aldrich and the two isms compounded out of their proper names into issues of insurgency that are on all fours with the views held by the insurgent Republicans in the other states near by.

Senator Knute Nelson

Minnesota is, its people claim, a low-tariff state. Senator Knute Nelson, when he was in the House of Representatives, voted for the Mills bill, a Democratic, low-tariff measure, although he was a Republican, representing a Republican constituency, and there was no protest at home. Consequently, when Senator Nelson declared against the Payne-Aldrich bill, and worked and voted against it, demanding genuine revision downward, and when he was followed by Senator Clapp, and by all but one of the eight Republican Minnesota Representatives, who also worked and voted against the bill, all were held to be in harmony with the predominant sentiment in the state, and all are candidates again for reëlection, with the exception of Senator Nelson, whose term does not expire until 1913.

The position of the bulk of the Republicans in Minnesota is that they were promised downward revision and were cheated out of it. They hold that Cannon and Aldrich and their followers did the cheating, and that is the reason they are so bitterly opposed to Cannonism and Aldrichism, combined, of course, with the firm belief that Cannon and Aldrich represent in Congress those special interests that are held to have been fostered by the Dingley tariff and not injured any by the Payne-Aldrich tariff. So far as President Taft is concerned they think he lacked the political sagacity to cope with Aldrich and Cannon in the closing days of the tariff-making, and hasn't shown any political sagacity since. They do not berate him for this. There is no aspersion and no complaint. They are all sorry they have been so disappointed in the man selected by Colonel Roosevelt to follow him in office, and though holding Taft to be a man of the highest honesty and integrity they regret he allowed himself to be deceived and manipulated, and that he has seen fit to continue in alliance with Cannon and Aldrich, instead of forcing those statesman to do what he wants. In other words, instead of making them work for him he is working with them.

The Standpatters Far From Powerless

THAT is the general feeling. It prevails among more than a majority of the Republicans of the state. There are, however, many old-line Republican regulars who decry the insurgent sentiment, say it is not so strong as pictured by the newspapers, and are standpatters in every place you find them. In speaking of the votes of the Republicans of Minnesota, in Congress, on the tariff bill, one of these men who is a leading standpatter said: "I have claimed and still claim that, in a few years, Jim Tawney, who voted for the Payne-Aldrich bill, will be the only one of that outfit who will not be apologizing for his vote."

These men still have considerable power. They were strong enough, shortly after Congress adjourned, to kill a plan to hold a big reception for the Minnesota insurgents. It was decided to welcome the insurgent Senators and Representatives home with a banquet and other exercises to their glory. Preparations were under way, and several of the newspapers were supporting the idea, when the old-line politicians went to work. They did not want a reception and they threw cold water on the plan. There was considerable communication between the insurgents and these old-line leaders, and the opposition became so great that the plan was abandoned. The reception was not held. That did not mean that the people of Minnesota were not and are not in harmony with the votes and views of the insurgents, but it did mean that the old-line politicians had enough strength to prevent a public demonstration of the fact.

These men, the regulars, hold that the Minnesota Representatives, or some of them, who voted against the tariff bill were not entirely sincere in their final opposition, but wanted to vote "No" for home-consumption purposes. It is claimed that several of the Minnesota Representatives had given pledges to vote for the bill, on final passage, if it was found their votes were necessary to pass the bill. I have no knowledge of the truth of this charge, nor any proof of it. It is merely set down here as showing the frame of mind of the regulars in Minnesota and as illustrating their idea of the sincerity of the insurgent movement in the state.

There is no disposition, except among the most regular of the regulars, to underestimate the opposition in Minnesota to Cannonism and Aldrichism. That is generally admitted. The rank and file do not like Cannon and do not like Aldrich. They think these men and their followers stand for everything in politics that is held to be inimical to the rights of the people, and they will hold the men who are elected to the House of Representatives this fall personally responsible, and insist they shall vote against Cannon and all his projects. There is no difference between the tempers of the Minnesota Republicans, in the bulk, and the protesting Republicans of the other insurgent states of the Middle West and of the Northwest. They are enraged at Cannon, not for any specific reason, but because they hold Cannon to be the representative of the special interests. They have the same opinion of Aldrich. The real basis of the insurgency in all these states is Cannon and Aldrich. Nobody is insurging against Taft. Everybody is sorry for him, because they say he has not shown any independence or initiated anything. They admire him personally and they held him on probation for a year. Now that his year is over they have settled into the conviction that Taft is not up to the job, and express their sentiments, generally, with grieved too-bads.

All of the present Republican members of the House of Representatives from Minnesota are candidates for reëlection. The state has nine members, of which one, Hammond, of the Second District, is a Democrat. Seven of the eight Republicans are insurgent, so far as voting against the tariff bill goes, and two of them, if I remember correctly, are real insurgents and voted against Cannon at the outset. These are Lindbergh, of the Sixth, and Volstead, of the Seventh. Minnesota has a primary law. So far as I could learn there will be no opposition, among Republicans, to the renomination of these men, except so far as district and local causes may bring out other candidates. There is a candidate against Lindbergh, but not because Lindbergh is an insurgent, and there is a candidate against Steenerson. These candidates are in no sense set up by the regular Republicans as protesting against the course of these men in Congress. The regulars hold to their regularity, and will not make issue against the insurgents by running men against them.

The one regular, the one standpatter of all the Minnesota Republicans in Congress who voted for the tariff bill and who is running for renomination is James A Tawney, of the First District, chairman of the great Appropriations Committee, right-hand man of Speaker Cannon, and by all odds the biggest Minnesotan in the House, if not in the Congress. Tawney fought for free lumber when the bill was up, and free lumber was wanted by Minnesota. He opposed other features of the bill when it was under discussion, and when the time came to vote voted for it as a party measure and on the ground that, having done all he could to secure the kind of revision his people wanted, he could not, consistently, as a Republican holding high place in Congress, vote against the bill.

Tawney's district has a good-sized Republican plurality. He was elected last time by a plurality of twenty-eight hundred and the normal plurality is more than that. He has been in every Congress since the Fifty-third, elected by varying pluralities for eighteen years. The people of the state are proud of Tawney as a man. They knew him when he was a blacksmith, and they have watched him grow into a big national character with interest and affection. More than that, they admire his courage. There will be a Republican candidate against Tawney, probably, but it is the general opinion that Tawney will win out. Several of the papers in his district are opposed to him and say he will be defeated, but among the men outside the district who keep close watch on state politics, have good sources of information, and are not biased by the local surroundings, the opinion is that he will win.

Tawney's Fight the Big Fight

TAWNEY'S fight will be the big fight in Minnesota. Indeed, it will be national in its character, for Tawney, having voted for the tariff bill, and being chairman of the Appropriations Committee, is a peculiarly shining mark for insurgent opposition. Moreover, Taft is strongly for Tawney, for it was in Tawney's home town, Winona, that Taft made his speech defending the tariff and, incidentally, defending and approving Tawney's course. There is no doubt that great efforts will be made to return Tawney. The regulars all over the state, and outside, for that matter, will be for him. Moreover, despite the opposition in his district—due, primarily, to the Roosevelt hostility to Tawney, which was based on Tawney's fight against four battleships and other pet Roosevelt projects, and various secret-service and other slants, and intensified by Tawney's course on the tariff bill—the people of his district like him, are proud of him, and when it comes to the primaries that feeling will have great weight. As a matter of fact, Tawney is one of the big men in the House, and his district has every reason to be proud of him.

It was the Winona speech that cemented the insurgent tariff opposition to Mr. Taft in the other insurgent states, as well as in Minnesota. The tariff revisionists were shocked when Taft patted Aldrich on the shoulder, at the beginning of the long swing around the circle, and blew up when he made his Winona speech. Taft made that speech in Winona to help Tawney. He went there and stayed nearly all day to show the people of the First District he

Representative J. A. Tawney

thoroughly approved of Tawney and his course. Whether he helped or hurt will not be known until the primaries, but claims both ways can be heard a-plenty in the Tawney district.

Tawney is making an active fight. His opponents are just as active. From the viewpoint of the insurgents or the standpatters, either way, this fight is one of the most important of the year, and the outcome will be watched with great interest. The political opinion, in the district, on the fight is like opinion to be found everywhere during a fight of similar intensity. The Tawney men say they are sure to win and the insurgents say they have Tawney beaten. Both expressions are based on hope

Of the other Republican candidates for reëlection, Davis, Stevens, Nye, Volstead and Miller seem reasonably reassured of their renominations, and Lindbergh and Steenerson may or may not win their fights, with the chances about even in Lindbergh's case and favoring Steenerson. These men are all insurgents in the tariff sense. Some of them are not so avowedly anti-Cannon now as they will be before the primaries are over. There are people in Minnesota, among the farmers and business men, who think one or two of these men may fail of reëlection, after they are nominated, because of switches by regular Republicans to the Democratic candidates. So far as I could discover there is no movement on foot to defeat these men in this way. Of course, if the dissatisfaction grows, the regular Republicans may, in some instances, support the Democrats, but, on the other hand, there may be a Democratic shift to the insurgent candidates, on the ground that it will be pretty hard to defeat the Republicans, and the Democrats can get more out of it by supporting the insurgents and helping discredit the Taft Administration and Cannon and Aldrich in this way than by wasting votes on Democrats.

The Sentiment as to Clapp

SENATOR MOSES E. CLAPP comes up for reëlection and will be a candidate for renomination in the primaries. Clapp is an insurgent for fair. Since he left the reservation in the wake of Nelson on the tariff bill he has been radical, joining with Cummins and others in opposing any Administration measures. Opinion is divided as to whether Clapp is helping or hurting himself by these tactics. His tariff action is applauded, but there is a good deal of sentiment that he is going too far. Many Republicans in Minnesota do not like Clapp's tying up with Cummins and La Follette. It seems that some time ago La Follette spoke in Minnesota and assailed both Nelson and Clapp, while, recently, Clapp made a speech at Milwaukee highly laudatory of La Follette. A good many Republicans in the state did not like this.

At the time this was written there was no open candidate against Clapp. There was an opinion, at that time, that Frank B. Kellogg, the lawyer who lives in St. Paul, had it in his mind to run against Clapp and was waiting until his work in the Standard Oil prosecutions was finished to announce himself. Mr. Kellogg may or may not be a candidate. He has not expressed himself formally, and there are leaders who think he has delayed too long. Others say there is plenty of time. It is probable that Kellogg, who has made a national reputation by his work in the Standard Oil cases as counsel for the Government, can give Clapp a harder fight than any other Minnesotan who might have Senatorial aspirations. He went to Minnesota at an early age, has many friends, and his ability is recognized everywhere.

Honorable Frank B. Kellogg

A state ticket is to be elected. The present Governor, Adolph O. Eberhart, will be a candidate for the nomination, and it is not likely he will have opposition. Eberhart was lieutenant-governor when Governor Johnson died. He is a Republican and Johnson was a Democrat. Johnson's death and Eberhart's succession gave the state administration to the Republicans. Johnson was a Scandinavian and immensely popular with that clannish people, whose vote is so large a factor in Minnesota politics. Eberhart is also a Scandinavian, a Swede, whose name was originally Adolph Olson, but who took his wife's name because there were six or seven other Adolph Olsons in the town where he lived. Eberhart is popular with his countrymen and is a good, level-headed citizen. The Democrats may name against him either Representative Winfield S. Hammond, of the Second District, or John Lind, the old Democratic warhorse, who has won Democratic victories in Republican Minnesota before now, mainly because of his strength with the Scandinavian vote

Senator Moses E. Clapp

There is a likelihood, also, that the campaign will be complicated by the liquor question. There is an active organization in Minnesota that is working for county option, there being a local-option law now. Recently there was an anti-saloon or county-option convention, in St. Paul, and Governor Eberhart had put squarely up to him the question whether or not he favors county option. Eberhart took the position that as executive of the state his duty is to enforce the laws, not make them. He said if the legislature should pass a county-option law he would sign it and enforce it, but that he did not deem it proper for him to take a position on the matter any further than that. General sentiment seemed to uphold him in this position, although the county-option plan has many supporters and the movement is gaining strength.

In Minnesota, as elsewhere throughout the insurgent Middle West, there is vast anxiety as to what Colonel Roosevelt will say when he makes his comment on the present Administration, the tariff law, the removal of Pinchot, and the other acts of Taft that may come under his review. It is acknowledged if Mr. Roosevelt O. K.'s Taft and the tariff law that the insurgent movement will be badly crippled, and the regulars hold the comforting thought that Mr. Roosevelt always was and probably remains an organization man. This, of course, is written before Mr. Roosevelt is out of the jungle. It may not be printed until after Mr. Roosevelt has had something to say. In any event, it reflects the opinion of both insurgents and regulars as to what will happen if he does say something. An O. K. for Taft and the rest will weaken the insurgent cause. A criticism of Taft *et al.* will help it immeasurably.

And here and there you hear the question asked, in speaking of Taft: Is it not possible that Colonel Roosevelt, knowing Taft better than any one else, knew exactly what would happen and, for that reason, chose Taft for his successor, having in mind another term for himself as President? In other words, did Colonel Roosevelt feel that Taft would not make good and would thus leave the way open for Roosevelt in 1912? Each man answers this question according to his own ideas, but many men ask it. Meantime, it is remembered that Theodore Roosevelt is the smartest politician this country has developed in the past fifty years.

A portion of the Republican party in Wisconsin has been insurgent for a good many years. Robert M. La Follette, now Senator, and formerly Governor, split with the so-called Stalwarts, who were led by men of the type and ideas of John C. Spooner, away back yonder, and La Follette rallied around him the men who were dissatisfied with the old order of things. La Follette fought for years and finally won most of his contentions, especially as to corporation laws and railroad laws, by the election of himself as Governor and United States Senator.

Indeed, the two premier insurgents of the country have been La Follette in Wisconsin, and Cummins in Iowa. Long before there was any concerted movement against Cannonism and Aldrichism the Wisconsin Idea was a factor in politics, as the Iowa Idea was, and the individuality of La Follette as a constitutional and congenital insurgent had been established It is claimed that La Follette became insurgent because he was deprived of a nomination for Governor he expected to get. That is neither here nor there. La Follette, in his speeches, has told how they bought his delegates away from him at the Hotel Pfister, in Milwaukee, and nominated another man, and how he went home, after that convention, and began a study of the railroad laws—the railroads then controlling the politics of the states they did in Iowa and elsewhere—which study resulted in the railroad regulation laws that La Follette and his supporters put in force. The fact is that the American people, no matter where living, unless in some few districts of New England, think alike. What happened in Wisconsin is that La Follette and his men thought first. So far as their basic ideas on what is right in politics and government and what should be done are concerned, there is no difference between the insurgent Republicans of Kansas, of Minnesota, of Nebraska, of Wisconsin or of the Dakotas. The differences come on the local questions involved and the length of the campaigns that have been made. They were insurging against the Stalwarts in Wisconsin before Kansas or Nebraska had taken a step against the railroads, which, in the days before their regulation, were the controlling factors in all the Middle West country, just as they were the controlling factors in the development of the country.

It is neither necessary nor profitable to go into motives. It may be that if La Follette, who had been regular up to that time, or fairly regular, had not been deprived of his nomination for Governor the Wisconsin Idea would not have hatched as quickly as it did. It may be that if Cummins had had what he wanted the Iowa Idea would not have bloomed so early. Those are questions for historians. The facts are that La Follette campaigned the state of Wisconsin on what was then, as it is now, a thoroughly insurgent platform, as opposed to the old-line control of the Republican machine of the state and the domination of the majority politics of the state, and, after some rebuffs, won. He was elected Governor. He passed reform laws and then he came to the United States Senate, where he is now the most radical Republican member.

La Follette and Where He Stands

WITH all this record behind him there never was any doubt as to what the position of La Follette would be in the Senate, or what the position of his people back home would be. There could be no other outcome than La Follette's opposition to Aldrich and what Aldrich represents, and to the tariff bill. It may be said that La Follette is a good deal of a *poseur* and not a little of a demagogue, but it is idle to deny his power and the influence he exerts in Wisconsin. Therefore, when this present insurgent movement became vital in our politics, the necessity of inquiry as to where La Follette and his people in Wisconsin would stand did not appear. They were against the leaders. They could be nowhere else and would be nowhere else. They were Progressives and had been Progressives when the present Progressives of Kansas and Nebraska and Indiana were voting as the old-line machine men told them to, and when the old-line machines were in absolute and dictatorial control

Thus, when a situation arises like the present situation in the Middle West, Wisconsin's part in that situation needs little explanation. La Follette and his followers are frankly insurgent. They do not believe in the tariff bill as passed, and they have no use for Cannon and Aldrich and what Cannon and Aldrich represent.

However, La Follette has been arbitrary and dictatorial and has alienated some of the men who formerly were his lieutenants. These men are endeavoring, with the help of such old leaders as are left among the Stalwarts, to build

(Continued on Page 56)

THE BETTER MAN

By George Pattullo

ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS

They Were Soon Absorbed in a Highly Mirthful Tête-a-Tête

"WHAT time do we feed?" inquired Dunster.

"We dine at six o'clock, your lordship," responded Mrs. Healy, the housekeeper, primly.

"Aw, to be sure. Of course," said his lordship.

He got up from his chair stiffly and ascended to the wing where he was quartered. When he entered the sitting-room again, about one minute of six o'clock, he felt more like himself. His hostess was reading a magazine of date two months previous, and she lolled in a wicker chair, blissfully at ease in a short riding-skirt.

"For the love of Mike," she cried, with engaging candor, "run and take off those clothes. The boys would take a fit if they saw you. Positively they'd start shooting."

"Oh, I say now, Miss Crosby, you're spoofing me," protested Dunster. "But that's not half bad; what? Fancy shootin' at these. Rather good that. Haw!"

Miss Crosby sprang to her feet with the lithe ease of twenty and piloted him tenderly by the arm to the door.

"My friend," she said, with kindly seriousness, "run upstairs and put on the very oldest suit you have, if you have any oldest. Riding togs would be better—even if they are English. A dinner-coat out here! Why, nobody but a waiter in a mining town dare wear one in this country; and the waiters are just as uncertain what they ought to do in them as the rest of us."

"Oh, I say now, Miss Crosby——"

"Hurry, Lord Dunster. My aunt and Leah will be down in a jiffy. Besides, this isn't dinner. It's supper. S-u-p-her—supper."

The visitor gave vent to his high-pitched, musical laugh, and departed in great good humor to make the suggested change. He was back in a surprisingly short space of time; but then he had done little else in thirty years but change his clothes. The others of the house party were gathered in the drawing-room, and as he passed through the hall to join them the Englishman said:

"What an extraordinary chap that was you gave me as a guide today, Miss Crosby. I couldn't make him out. Fact, I couldn't."

"How was that?" asked Agnes. "Fancy that. You couldn't?"

"When we started, you know, I remarked on the jolly weather we were having. It pays to be civil, you know. I always am with my own people. I think a fellow owes it to them, by Jove. What?"

"Of course. And what did Jim say?"

"He said: 'Yes. We have lots of weather out here.' I thought it rather asinine; what?"

"I wonder what he could have meant?" exclaimed Agnes, making a frantic grab for her handkerchief.

They joined the guests and dawdled about, awaiting the summons. Besides Mrs. Leland, the aunt aforementioned, there were present Leah Fuller, a former schoolmate of Agnes' in St. Louis; young Mr. Pete Gifford, who owned the neighboring ranch, with twoscore thousand head of cattle, and entertained a gnawing desire to annex the Lazy L; and a large individual whom Dunster had no difficulty in recognizing as his guide of the afternoon. If he was surprised, not a trace of it appeared in his manner.

"Howdy-do?" he said affably, nodding

"How are you?" responded Murray as briefly

A horrible clanging in rear of the ranchhouse apprised them that the meal was served, and they trooped into the dining-room in any sort of order, though Dunster mutely insisted that Mrs. Leland and Agnes should precede them all. It was a long, low-ceiled room, almost bare of furniture. Down the center ran a pine table, flanked by chairs on one side and by a rough bench on the other. Dunster had experienced astonishment at meeting with Murray among the guests, but his amazement was staggering when he took the place Agnes pointed out to him, for gathered about the board were nine or ten cowboys—coatless, their sleeves plentifully besmeared of the blood of calves and the dust of the corral, because the branding of the thoroughbred herd at headquarters had been going forward for three days. But their faces and necks glowed gloriously red from scrubbing, and their hair was plastered down with a beautiful, alluring smoothness.

"Mr. Dunster," said his hostess, purposely dropping the title out of consideration for the boys—"Mr. Dunster was telling me that he enjoyed his ride immensely, Jim."

"Yes?" said Jim heavily. "H'm," he added, feeling that the occasion, perhaps, demanded something further.

Tom Zeigler, the cook, waited on table, assisted by Mrs. Healy, who, in the pauses, took her place next to Mr. Gifford and contrived to snatch a measure of nourishment. No maids could be kept in that region; they either married or assumed an attitude that proclaimed they held their present jobs as an interesting study in sociology; so, being unbearable, Agnes had long since dispensed with them, and relied on the faithful Tom and Mrs. Healy. Mr. Zeigler never permitted his office to cloud his democratic spirit, but kept up a pleasant conversation with all the diners while he ministered to their wants.

"Try some of them frijoles, Mr. Dunster," he urged. "They're right good. Take to 'em."

"Aw, thanks," said his lordship vaguely.

Miss Fuller tittered and besought Tom to bring her another cup of coffee. In a few minutes one of the boys glanced helplessly about the board and, failing to see what he desired, was for going without, when Agnes ran to the kitchen and bore in another large bowl of flour gravy.

"Much obliged, ma'am," said the puncher, covering a hot biscuit with dripping spoonfuls.

Dunster shoved back his chair and hastily possessed himself of the bowl Agnes was offering to the other diners.

"I say," he expostulated, in a shocked tone, "let me, you know. I'm awful good at this sort of thing. What?"

Several of us sniggered, but Murray reddened to the roots of his hair and looked decidedly uncomfortable. It would never have occurred to him to take such a task to himself. In his world women had always done such things—yes, the best of them. It was a woman's place to wait on a man. Yet suddenly he felt clumsy and loutish.

"Have some of this—what? Rippin' good stuff," said Dunster genially to the man opposite him.

"I don't quite take you," was the phlegmatic answer.

"You do talk kind of queer, Mr. Dunster," spoke up Tom Zeigler reproachfully. "Sometimes I cain't hardly understand you myself. It's your funny way of pronouncin' words, I bet. Don't you reckon?"

"Aw, perhaps my accent is a bit rotten," admitted the Englishman, grinning.

Whatever his accent may have been, his generalship was excellent, for he bore off Miss Crosby immediately after the meal and they were soon absorbed in a highly mirthful tête-à-tête in the most remote corner of the sitting-room. Mrs. Leland beamed approbation of this arrangement. With whispers and knowing shakes of the head she enticed the others to group themselves near the piano—an absurdly simple manœuver, since Mr. Gifford and Murray were so far removed from ease that they would cheerfully have adjourned to the blacksmith shop, where Mr. Murray knew of an especially comfortable bench whereon to while away an idle hour. Yet from time to time Mr. Gifford could not forbear to glance askance through the wide doors in an effort to discover what produced the sounds of revelry proceeding gustfully from the room opposite. Once he was heard to remark that this country was going to the dogs; so many foreigners flocking in.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Gifford?" interrupted Mrs. Leland in her best manner.

"Nothing, ma'am. I was just trying to think of something I done forgot," explained the cowman, recovering himself. He glared at Mrs. Leland suspiciously. For the last two years she had called him Pete and had been glad to do it. Why, then, this change to "Mr. Gifford"?

"The old woman ain't been the same since she took that trip across," he mumbled to his neighbor. "She aims to be like the effete East, now."

Murray smiled and made no response. He did not appear to begrudge the absence of the pair, but devoted himself to informing Miss Fuller of the work of the range.

"And do they really put those dreadful hot irons on the sweet little calves?" she demanded. "It seems so cruel. And I saw the one they call Pink dragging one at the end of a rope yesterday. It was really brutal."

"I sure must speak to Pink about that," said the range boss gravely. "He ought to be more polite to those calves. Do you reckon, ma'am, they'd feel easier in mind if we put 'em in baskets to carry to the fire?"

"I believe you're joking, Mr. Murray. But why can't they tie ribbons to their horns, or to their ears, instead of burning them that way?"

"A cow," explained Mr. Murray carefully, "is one o the most ornery creatures that survived the Flood. Would you believe it, ma'am? Once when we tied pretty pink bows—such nice ones they were, too—about all our calves' ears, every cow on the range came trotting in and hung around headquarters three days. Eleven thousand of them, there were."

"What on earth did they do that for?"

"Just jealousy," said Mr. Murray, with the calm of truth. "Nothing but plain, common, every-day jealousy. They wanted pretty bows, too, and raised ructions round here until it wasn't safe to stir outside the horse pasture. We had to take 'em off the calves."

"How very extraordinary," murmured Miss Fuller.

"They're vain creatures," the boss assured her; "awful vain. No, ma'am; a cow is a cow and has to be treated as such. And a calf is a calf, and worse. They haven't got our feelings; and branding is the only method we've learned in fifty years of distinguishing property."

In the other room, Agnes was just as deep in an explanation of cattle-country

"Why, the Lazy L Wouldn't be the Lazy L Without You, Jim. Where are You Going?"

conditions. There was a distinction, however. She told Dunster what to expect, with fair accuracy.

"Now, you saw all our boys eat with us tonight," she said. "My father made me promise to do that always. Most of the large ranch-owners—especially those with families—keep a separate home, while the men sleep and eat in a bunkhouse. But father was a cowboy himself, you know—started that way—and I like to be among them. But Aunt Mary—did you see how she squirmed in her chair? It is positive torture to her."

They exploded into laughter again at the recollection of Mrs. Leland's expression. "Do you know, I think it's delightful; simply splendid; rippin'," Dunster affirmed. "Sort of medieval, you know. The lady of the manor feedin' among her vassals. What?"

"I should like them to hear any one call them vassals," she replied, dimpling. "Why, they call me Agnes. I wouldn't have it otherwise for the world."

They talked of the country and the immense distances. The Englishman opined there must be magnificent sport in such a region. And he was led to mention enthusiastically an incident of the afternoon, when Murray's horse had taken fright at a rattler and had pitched down a declivity. Dunster vowed he had never seen such horsemanship.

"Yes; that's as easy as eating to Jim. He's the best peeler in Arizona," she said proudly.

"Aw, of course; to be sure," returned Dunster. He determined to ascertain the meaning of the word peeler at the first opportunity.

In the days that followed Dunster rode and drove with the Lazy L proprietor over much of the range, and spent delightful hours with her in the cool of the wide veranda, watching the swift play of feeling over her mobile features and wondering all the while how the wilderness came to produce so fair a flower. He was not an enthralling companion, and there were times when Miss Crosby stifled yawns, since his conversation ran overly much to "Oh, I say. What?" But she discovered certain sterling qualities that won her admiration. Whatever problem confronted her guest, he was sure to take a healthy, sane and generous view of it. His opinions of his fellow-men, too, were so wholesome and clean—all his thoughts were nice, as she phrased it. Instinctively she felt that no matter what the situation in which Dunster might find himself, he could always be depended on to do the manly thing.

One afternoon she cried a challenge to him as they dogtrotted to the cañon under a hard, blazing blue sky, and quirted her pony into a mad gallop. He soon overtook her and they raced abreast for a few hundred yards. Then the ground became broken, and rough, and cluttered with rocks.

"You win," he shouted, and pulled up.

She continued at top speed until the blowing of her mount warned her that he had reached the limit of his endurance. Back she loped, considerably nettled that he had abandoned her so cavalierly.

"Why did you stop?" she inquired, straightening her felt hat.

"It's such beastly footin' here. I was afraid my horse would cripple himself, you know. They're wiry, willin' little rascals. It's only the sportin' thing not to abuse 'em," he replied. Then, in swift realization of his blunder: "You see, I weigh three stone heavier than you."

She turned her face away, fumbling with her hatpins, that he might not see the telltale flush. Consideration for her horse was not a sentiment that her environment had tended to breed in her, and she felt the justice of his words. That was it—he was always so fair.

Perhaps Murray also perceived this quality in him, though the range boss was too grimly bent on pursuing his own course in life to be diverted by a new viewpoint thrust upon his notice. They were journeying together—rather unwilling companions—to a division camp that Dunster might inspect an imported Hereford bull, when a greyhound that followed at their heels roused up a gorged, sleeping coyote. Before the wolf could get into his stride Murray had noosed him with a lucky cast and was dragging the animal to death.

"Oh, I say, Murray!" shouted the Englishman, spurring after him.

"Well? What is it?"

"Give him a chance, you know. I dare say he's a bad lot and all that, but give the beggar a run for his money."

"What's your idea?" demanded Murray slowly, pulling to a walk.

The sorely battered coyote embraced the opportunity to grip the rope in his teeth, and rent it at a stroke. Then he was away before the hovering hound could get in for the death-grapple.

"That's what happens when you give him a chance," continued the boss sharply. "Come on."

Nothing loth, his lordship joined in the chase, hallooing like a wild man as they tore across country close behind the zigzagging skulker and his silent gray enemy.

"That's the way," he panted, when his course brought him beside Murray in a draw. "Give the beggar a chance. If his legs can't save him, then let him die."

The other's reply was to whistle shrilly to the dog. Instantly Rags abandoned the chase, swerving to the left. Thoroughly angered by the destruction of his rope, Murray drew his six-shooter and pulled twice. Then he wheeled his horse and set out without a word in the direction they had been traveling. Dunster continued to stare down at the carcass for a full minute, a peculiar expression in his pale eyes. After a time he rejoined his companion. They ambled forward in silence; nor was it broken until arrival at the camp.

"Lord Dunster, that may look unsportsmanlike to you," said Murray soberly. "We are forced to make such war on these creatures. We even poison them."

"Poison them?" exclaimed the visitor in horror. "Think of all the huntin' going to waste."

"Precisely," returned the boss; "but they kill the calves. They're awful thieves, and we offer a reward for every skin."

Gradually it dawned upon divers of us that under the veneer of the stranger's courtesy burned a singularly staunch spirit. To some of the outfit this remained hidden, of course, and they were persuaded that Dunster was nothing but an effeminate fop; for it is an all too prevalent belief on this continent that any especial polish of manner must necessarily be associated with weakness, if not positive degeneracy. So deep-rooted is this conviction that I have known many estimable men, in whom consideration for others was innate, assume a gruff and repellent exterior, under the impression that this was essential if they were to escape the horrible imputation of being affected and "sissified."

A Greyhound That Followed at Their Heels Roused Up a Gorged, Sleeping Coyote

Murray sensed the man. He did not like him, but his was too big a soul for petty jealousy; and when on a day Reb raised a laugh as the Englishman passed the corral where we were running steers through a chute, the boss stilled the tumult.

"Reb," he said, "nobody has ever doubted your pluck. But let me tell you something. That fellow you see on the mare, in spite of those pants he has on, has more gameness in his little finger than you have in your whole body."

With that the boss strode away. He was a very busy man. Not only had he the active superintendence of a range some thousand square miles in extent, but the efforts of the Lazy L to bring up the standards of its herds and to improve the breed of its horses gave him much extra labor. To keep the register of the thoroughbreds was in itself a task for a bookkeeper. Perhaps it was the multiplicity of his duties that made him moody, for he was very young—only twenty-eight, and twenty-eight is youthful to be the head of a kingdom and a hundred or more unruly retainers. Perhaps that was the reason; though he had managed the Lazy L with undoubted success and a certain nonchalance for three years.

Dunster had been at the ranch a fortnight when Mrs. Leland took occasion to lead Murray into a cozy corner in the drawing-room, one night after supper. He went reluctantly, suspicious of the honor. She was wearing her most gracious manner and smiled on him so that he fidgeted.

"Isn't it delightful?" she began, in a wheezy whisper. "I am so glad. Dear Agnes will be so happy."

"M a'a m?" queried Murray.

"You know it is practically settled," she continued, lowering her voice confidentially. "And just look at them. They are so perfectly suited to each other."

"I'm afraid"—very slowly—"I'm afraid I don't understand, Mrs. Leland."

"It was all arranged when I was abroad last year. That is to say, of course, it began then."

"Is Miss Crosby going to marry Lord Dunster?"

"Hush, my dear Mr. Murray. Really, they'll overhear us. You understand this is *entre nous*."

"This is what?"

"Just between ourselves," resumed the good lady. "I won't say that they are positively engaged, but it is the same as that. And we shall all be so delighted. There is just one thing—I hardly know how to broach it—it is very——"

The range boss was not helping her out to any appreciable extent. He waited, his manner aloof.

"I might just as well make a clean breast of it, Mr. Murray," she plunged on in desperation. "It's—it's you."

Leah Fuller was tinkling the piano in the patter-patter style common to girls' schools, and Mr. Gifford hung awkwardly in the vicinity, wrestling with a problem. Truth is, the stalwart Pete was debating within himself whether this delicate product of ease of surroundings might not be a desirable thing to possess, might not be the pearl without price. Murray watched them, noting every movement without being sensible of it.

"Where do I come in?" he asked finally.

"Well, it's so hard to talk about. In fact, I was never so embarrassed in my life." Mrs. Leland giggled and glanced at him archly. "Agnes has told me—that is to say, she has hinted—that there was a youthful attachment—a sort of understanding—oh, you know how it is with young girls before they know their own minds—— Before she went away to school, you know."

"Miss Crosby is my employer," said Murray stolidly.

"Quite so. But you know, my dear Mr. Murray, that you have been treated as a friend; as one of the family, in fact. Her poor father regarded you almost as his son." She sniffed and dabbed at her eyes with her handkerchief.

"You mean——? What do you mean, exactly?"

"Don't you see? If it were not that Agnes—— Really, Mr. Murray, she is the most conscientious girl in the world; she considers herself bound in a manner to you. Oh, of course, I know that she is not; but it is her ridiculous conscience. Now, I am sure that if you were—well, if you were not here she would give Lord Dunster a definite answer."

She gazed at the range boss earnestly, while he weighed her words. It was inconceivable—he stood up and took a step forward as though to leave her.

"Miss Crosby and I have been nothing but friends. She is my employer—my benefactress. It is ridiculous to talk of anything else," he said in a strong tone.

Mrs. Leland heaved a sigh of relief and tried to steer the talk to other topics. So far as she was concerned, the subject was dead. He listened abstractedly to her chatter; it was evident that he pondered what she had said.

"Tell me," he said unexpectedly, "would it make Agnes—Miss Crosby—any happier if I were out of the way? Would she be happy as this man Dunster's wife?"

(Continued on Page 59)

THE DRAMA TODAY

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

DECORATION BY JAMES M. PRESTON

THERE is an evening paper in New York which prides itself on its superior intelligence and makes a specialty of omniscience. In discussing the resolution of the directors of the New Theater to abandon the two operatic performances, which have every week interrupted and interfered with the sequence of the dramatic performances, an editor of this paper deigned to express his high approval. "Opera in New York is cultivated on a grand scale and is amply appreciated," he said; and then, with characteristic complacency he added: "The dramatic stage, on the other hand, is in a very bad way, and the public taste for the drama is in an extremely backward condition."

The absurdity of this emphatic pronouncement is patent to all who have any real understanding of the present condition of the drama in the United States. It stands revealed at once as the remark of a very young man who has acquired the trick of talking glibly about things he has not taken the trouble to master. It is an echo of the parrot-cry about the decline of the drama—a cry heard in every epoch since Thespis first "went on the road" with his cart and his company. Aristophanes raised this cry while Euripides was yet alive; and Sidney voiced it just before Shakspere came forward. Looking back over the years that are gone, the young are always prone to sigh over our present condition and to cast longing glances back to the golden age that has faded away forever.

These juvenile philosophers are swift to bemoan our degeneracy. They cry aloud that "there were giants in those days"; and when they assert this they are the victims of that self-deception which leads them to lump together the dead masters of any art, carelessly assuming that these departed great men all adorned the same period. This is only an optical delusion, like that which makes us think that the telegraph poles are closer together the farther they are distant from us. We are tempted to believe the present inferior to the past, because we don't know the past and we can't help knowing the present. We judge the past by its picked masterpieces; and we judge the present by the mass of inferior work which thrusts itself on our attention. In no epoch of the world's history has the average of any art ever been very high—not even in Greece in its greatest days.

Great Dramatists Who Wrote for Tired Business Men

AND yet there is a certain justification for the brash remark of the youthful editor which is serving as a text for this sermon. He is evidently one of those near-sighted observers of life who cannot see the forest for the trees. The drama is always inseparably connected with the show business; and often the flaunting vulgarities of the show business obscure our view of the drama itself. There are today a host of spectacles devised to please that insistent patron of the theater who is known as the Tired Business Man, a very excusable creature, glad to leave his brains at home when he goes out to enjoy a song-show compounded of mirth and music and laughter.

But although the likings of the Tired Business Man may differ today a little from what they were yesterday, he is no new figure. It was to please the Tired Business Man that Sarah Siddons and John Kemble were thrust from the stage of Drury Lane so that a real elephant and a real waterfall might intensify the popular appeal of an empty melodrama called The Cataract of the Ganges. It was to allure the Tired Business Man that the gruesome tragedy-of-blood was elaborated by Kyd in the days when Shakspere was serving his apprenticeship to the stage. It was to delight the Roman ancestors of the Tired Business Man that gladiators fought to the death in the Colosseum while vestal virgins looked on placidly.

Molière composed comedy-ballets for the Tired Business Man in France under Louis XIV, decorating them with song-and-dance and with every spectacular effect possible to the theater of his time. Boileau reproached Molière also for descending to almost acrobatic farce, devoid of any purpose except innocent laughter, and devised to delight the unthinking playgoer of that day. Aristophanes, that strange combination of a bold humorist and of a lofty lyric poet, declined to incredible grossness of humor to amuse the Tired Business Man of Athens. And the compilers of the medieval passion-plays went out of their way to gratify the tastes of the Tired Business Man of those remote ages by needless episodes of vulgar fun and by scenes of the crudest cruelty.

It cannot be denied that there is much, far too much, of empty frivolity and even of cheap vulgarity in our theaters now. But the good old days were no better; indeed, in many ways they were worse. We ignore or are ignorant of the failings of the past, while we cannot help becoming acquainted with the failings of the present. It is easy enough for all of us to see the multitudinous manifestations of the show business; and it takes a little trouble to discover the more serious development of the real drama which is to be seen also in our theaters. There are now many so-called musical comedies which are neither comic nor melodious; there are many violent melodramas; there are many exaggerated farces, full of horse-play and often full of vulgarity also; and yet, alongside these, there are also a few real plays dealing honestly and sincerely with our own life and appealing to those who want to see that life handled in this fashion.

The theater, nowadays, has a double duty: it must be a circulating library for the present and a museum for the past. It must keep itself alive by a constant succession of plays taken out of contemporary existence and mirroring our own lives, seriously or humorously as the case may be. And it must also present to us a selection of the best pieces of earlier days—the dramatic masterpieces of the dead centuries. It is this double duty which the Théâtre Français accomplishes in Paris, and which the New Theater was expected to accomplish in New York. It is the first of these two duties to which the ordinary manager devotes himself; and yet the second duty is far less neglected than the careless observer might suppose. In New York, for example, during the winter of 1909-1910—thanks to the New Theater, to the Sothern-Marlowe company and to Mr. Ben Greet—the playgoer will have had a chance to see fifteen of the plays of Shakspere acted on the stage—that is to say, one-third of all that Shakspere wrote, and the third which is best worth seeing in the theater. The playgoer could also witness performances of Sheridan's Rivals and School for Scandal, of Goldsmith's She Stoops to Conquer, of Bulwer's Money, of Marlowe's Doctor Faustus, and of the medieval morality play, Everyman. It is true that some of these performances were barely adequate, but yet again some of them were unusually interesting.

It is true also that there was a failure to revive any of the more significant plays written in our language during the past half-century; and it is to be regretted that the New Theater, for example, did not seize the opportunity to make a pair of double bills and to give us on one evening Gilbert's Sweethearts and Pygmalion and Galatea, and on another Bronson Howard's Old Love Letters and Saratoga, amusing pieces almost unknown to the present generation of playgoers. It would be interesting to see again certain of the best of the more recent plays, Pinero's Magistrate or Benefit of the Doubt, Jones' Liars and Shaw's Candida, Barrie's Admirable Crichton, and Clyde Fitch's Girl With the Green Eyes. The Comédie Française makes a point of reviving the past successes of the leading contemporary dramatists even when those pieces were produced originally by another company. By so doing it keeps on enriching its repertory; and with all these plays always on hand it is not at a loss when one of its own productions chances to fail.

But although much that might have been done has not been done, there is no cause for despair; and there is no warrant whatever for the youthful editor's assertion that "the public taste for the drama is in an extremely backward condition." It is true that a majority of playgoers today prefer spectacle of one kind or another, the flippancies of the song-show and the violences of melodrama. But the same accusation would lie against the majority of playgoers in almost every other period. And there is today a large minority of playgoers who take their brains with them when they go to the theater and who are swift to welcome the serious treatment of a serious theme. It is an austere pleasure which we find in the performance of The Servant in the House and in The Passing of the Third Floor Back, for example; and the long run of each of these two plays is evidence, were any needed, that there are other types of playgoers besides the Tired Business Man. And it was not for the Tired Business Man that Sir Arthur Pinero composed Mid-Channel and The Second Mrs. Tanqueray, both of them tragedies of modern life, searching in their analysis of humanity, even if a little sordid in their subject-matter.

Plays That Draw the Stay-at-Home Public

IN FACT, there is an obvious fallacy in the assumption that there is any such body as "The Public," only one public, with uniform tastes. There are as many publics and as many tastes as there are different kinds of plays. The majority of the ordinary theatergoers prefer inexpensive fun and vigorous sensation, as the majority of ordinary theatergoers always have done. Yet there is now a group, and not a small group either, which prefers to see life treated honestly and sincerely and directly, and which will flock to a play without fun and without sensation. They keep away from the theater when there is nothing that attracts them; and they come out freely whenever the manager offers them the kind of play that they want. They were quick to respond to the appeal to their intelligence made by Mr. Augustus Thomas when he put advanced ideas into The Witching Hour and into The Harvest Moon; and they delighted in the humor and veracity which they discovered in Mr. George Ade's College Widow and in the charming fantasy which they appreciated in Mr. Barrie's Peter Pan.

What is at once significant and encouraging is that we have now not a few playwrights who are striving to write pieces in English which will interest this intelligent minority of playgoers. This is a new thing, since the drama of the English language in the middle years of the nineteenth century is almost beneath contempt. Fifty years ago the intelligent playgoer had to satisfy himself as best he could with the ludicrous artificiality of Sheridan Knowles' Hunchback, with the absurd falsity of Dion Boucicault's London Assurance, or with the bald adaptations of French pieces, arbitrarily twisted to conform to English conditions. It is difficult to say which was the more unreal, the imitation comedies of Knowles and Boucicault or the misfit alterations of Scribe and Sardou It is easy to see that both types of play were hopelessly unreal and hopelessly unrelated to actual life.

The last half-century has seen a most hopeful awakening. Once again the English language has a living drama, something that it has lacked since the Restoration. At last the play is revealing itself as a vigorous rival of the novel. It must be admitted frankly that even now there is no dramatist of our language who has achieved the largeness or the significance attained by Mr. Hardy and Mr. Howells, by Mark Twain and Rudyard Kipling, who are the chiefs of our prose-fiction. Yet it is hard to deny that intangible but unmistakable quality which we term genius to Mr. Barrie and to Mr. Shaw, or to refuse to see in Mr. Jones and Sir Arthur Pinero men of very remarkable gifts, both accomplished craftsmen in the dangerous art of the drama and both possessed of ideas of their own to which they can give dramatic form. Only a little inferior to these leaders is a group of clever and promising young playwrights, Mr. Galsworthy, Mr. Davies and Mr. Barker, who have not yet done all that we may hope for.

Here in the United States the outlook is also promising. We have lost Bronson Howard who helped to lead us into the right path; and we are still lamenting the early death of Clyde Fitch, taken off untimely while he was still ripening. Bronson Howard belonged to the era of transition and his work was done, although his play, Kate, one of his last, may reveal an unexpected development of his power when it shall be acted by a satisfactory company. Clyde Fitch was more fully in the modern current; and although his promise was sadly cut short, still he left us more than one comedy of genuine value. The third act of The Girl with the Green Eyes was a feat of which any living dramatist of any modern language might be proud.

Even though Bronson Howard and Clyde Fitch have been taken away, our drama is richer than ever before; and it is expanding in the right direction. We have younger men who have learned how to tell a story on the stage and who have outgrown the period of apprenticeship. They have not only stories to tell, but also themes to treat. Their plays are interesting as plays, first of all, and informed with the individuality of their authors. The Great Divide of Mr. Moody, The Witching Hour of Mr. Thomas, the Paid in Full of Mr. Walters, The County Chairman of Mr. Ade differ in many ways, but they are all honest endeavors to mirror the life of our own time in our own country as the author sees it with his own eyes. To compare any one of these plays with Mrs. Mowatt's Fashion, with Mrs. Bateman's Self, with Hurlbert's Americans in Paris, is to perceive at once how far we have advanced in the right direction. And even more satisfactory is a comparison of these later successes with the earlier successes identified with the figures of Mose and Solon Shingle, of Colonel Sellers and the Honorable Bardwell Slote, all widely popular in their own day and all set in plots of an almost unthinkable crudity.

We may like or dislike The Easiest Way or The Witching Hour or The Faith-Healer, but we cannot despise them as we should find ourselves despising Fashion and Solon Shingle. The earlier pieces were forced and false; the later dramas are, at least, workmanlike in form and genuine in content. The best plays of the best of our living dramatists are not tricked out with pretentious blank verse in accordance with an outworn custom; they are not willfully "literary" by main strength; yet they have reached a fairly elevated literary level by structure and by style. They are seeking poetry, not by the addition of stuccoed phrases to their dialogue, but by looking for it in the realities of our common humanity. And our dramatists have seized on the essential quality of real literature in that they deal with life itself, honestly and straightforwardly. Never before have the playwrights of our country striven more arduously or more successfully to reflect American character and American circumstances and to find themes in American conditions.

They may not always attain to the summit of their own ambition; they may have their failures now and then, and their mistakes also, but they are doing what their earlier predecessors never thought of doing and they are doing it better than these predecessors ever aspired to do. They are doing now what the true dramatists of every country are trying to do—that is, to body forth their own vision of their own time and of their own people. The form which they are using is the same which is used by their kin across the sea in Great Britain, and by their friendly rivals in France and Germany and Italy; but into this form they are putting not the traditional themes of the British and the French, of the Germans and the Italians, but the vital desires and doubts, the abiding sentiments and strivings of the people of the United States. Their form may be cosmopolitan, as it should be; but their content, what they put into this cosmopolitan form, is intensely local, essentially national, distinctively American. And by so doing they are laying the deep and solid foundations of an American drama, which bids fair to rise in time to an equality with the American novel of Hawthorne and Howells and Mark Twain.

When the young editor made bold to assert that "the dramatic stage is in a very bad way," and that "the public taste for the drama is in an extremely backward condition," he was unfortunately parading only his own ignorance of the real condition of our drama today. Perhaps it may be well to remind him of the saying that "we are none of us infallible—not even the youngest of us."

THE MAN QUESTION

The Genus Homo in Foreign Parts—By Emerson Hough

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL

WE AMERICANS boast that we have in our nation the best blood of all the peoples of the Old World. Yet all our different races come from Europe, where the country is so small that folk cannot get out of the way of each other without falling over themselves. There is hardly a pure race left in Europe in these days of travel and interchange, unless it may be found in the Caucasian Mountains, where the Turkish beauties come from. Continually you meet descendants of parents English and French, English and Italian, French and German, Irish and Austrian, Dutch and Scandinavian, Scotch and Irish, Irish and New Jerseyish, French and Bostonese. Racial lines are breaking down today. And in this sort of progress, as in most advances of civilization, man, and not woman, is the first to pay the price, as in ancient Troy, Rome, Athens and other seaports of the world gone by. If I were an American girl I would never lay down my arms to any European man—never, never; and if that be treason I would let them make the most of it. The reason for this can be shown to Alicia beyond a peradventure, if Alicia be ready to listen with her perfectly good ear.

Suppose we consider the case of Great Britain, where, as we are advised from British sources, dwell the most perfect specimens of the human race ever produced, the boldest, bravest, tenderest, best-bred, best-looking and best-dressed men of the whole wide world. It is true that there are some good specimens among the English. The best-fed men of any race are apt to surpass in stature those who are ill fed. Some Englishmen, relatively few, have had good food, good air and exercise; but if you go upon the streets and look at the average English crowd you will feel that you somehow miss the splendid specimens which, from reading Mrs. Ward and Mr. Kipling, you had supposed generally to obtain, prevail and dominate in that land. The English crowd is no better-looking than any other crowd, and sometimes where you would expect to find their finest specimens they are conspicuous by their absence. For that matter, the English race is growing mixed today, like every other race in Europe, and especially is this the case in the larger English cities.

Military statistics are interesting in a way, and such statistics show that Tommy Atkins today is not so big as he used to be, and is, indeed, only a little fellow in the average, although you will see some splendid troops among the picked regiments about the royal palaces. Even counting in the Scotch and Irish, who do most of the English fighting, Tommy Atkins is not as big as Heine, of the German army. The scientific, paternal care of the German Government and the wide per cent of rigid physical drill made necessary under military, governmental or social customs in that country, combined with a food average as good or better than that of the English, are making a better average physical product than English industrial and social life is turning out. The English fondness for outdoor sports is more or less a myth, because such sports are impossible to the average Englishman. When these two armies come together, as in the scheme of events they probably one day must, the so-called "invincibility" dogma of the English arms no doubt will be somewhat jarred. Preparedness for war means not only scientific, but also physical preparation. Neither of these forms of preparation can be dragged up by the locks in five minutes, or even fifty years.

Scotland, bleak as it is, has always been a good garden for the raising of men We get thinkers and fighters both from Scotland, and there seems to be a clear sort of strain there. No one has ever been known to migrate to Scotland, because only Scotchmen can live there. The Englishman, on the other hand, is a much-mixed product, part Saxon, part Dane, part Norman-French, and of late years part almost everything else. North of the

Englishman are the Scots and Picts and west of him are the Celts, with all of whom he is wise in uniting and taking their marbles away from them.

America owes very little to England except the Revolutionary War, but she owes more to Scotland and Ireland than all the rest of the world combined, because there is where she got most of her best frontiersmen in her early days, as well as many of her best and most aggressive citizens in later days. There is a sturdy quality in both of these strains, an unwillingness to lay down either arms or opinions, which persists even today. Both Ireland and Scotland are poor, but that means work, and work is good for people. Even we Americans, hysterical and hypocritical as we are, have been known to go batty over the simple life. Oatmeal has recently been declared by some physicians as worthless as a food, and potatoes have always been known to produce fatty degeneration of the abdomen; but look what oats and potatoes have done in their day! Many of the old fur-traders of the Hudson Bay and Northwest companies were Scotch, and they were the braw boys. As to potatoes, look at the police force today on Manhattan Island, or even in Greater Chicago. Here surely be arguments for oats, potatoes and the pure and simple life.

England's best generals come from Ireland and her best fighting men come from Scotland. No Scotchman can make a great general, because he hates to spend the money; but get him up against a rock and thoroughly interested in an argument and he will scrap without any special leading or urging. His very costume, although invented to save the expense of pressing trousers, would kill any but a hardy man. Tall and gray-eyed, bony and hard, you can find many a man in Scotia today who would wear well on a long and hard trail. Indeed, he would be more apt to last than the Irishman, who is more disposed to brilliant performance than sustained endeavor.

A Prize-Fighter is Nearer Ready for Heaven Than Many a Fat Man Banker

The Distribution of Good Looks

THERE are few great cities in Scotland or in Ireland, and that is, perhaps, why we owe them so much for their contributions of genuine citizenship. England sends us few city men whom we can use, and, indeed, all cities are exterminators of the human species. Women seem to thrive better than men in large communities. You can prove this fairly well for yourself, if you would care to look into the matter, in a general American tour; which, perhaps, you will make some time, after you have made all your European trips. The women in the East average better-looking as human specimens than do the men. As you go West the average quality of man rises distinctly both as to stature and good looks. Of course one would not say that all the good-looking ladies live in the East, for that is obviously untrue; but statistics show that the bigger, longer, stronger men always have seemed to gravitate to the newer lands. Witness the constitution of the State of Oklahoma, which embodies as a decree of basic law that all bedsheets in all Oklahoma hotels shall be eight feet long. The West got much of its leanness from the South, more of its beef from the North. In turn, South and North got much from Scotland and Ireland, not forgetting the men of the old Palatinate, who came over here and invented our American squirrel rifle for us and so put us in condition to make a living while the corn was getting ripe; the early American diet being largely composed of squirrel and corn pone.

Many of the best Scotchmen and Irishmen, as well as many of the best Englishmen, drift to the colors; and we naturally look to the army of that country indeed, of any country—when seeking an estimate of the average physical quality of the country's manhood. One morning I was watching guard mount at Buckingham Palace, in London, a very formal and pretty ceremony participated in by a splendid body of troops. "They're the finest soldiers in all the world, as well as the smartest," said an English gentleman to me. I smiled at that and told him my money would have to go on certain American regiments. We fell into discussing the German invasion, because England is always in a funk over Germany. "Of course we would beat them," said the Englishman, sighing. "Germany has not had a war in almost forty years."

"Neither had Japan," I suggested. "And as for wars in less than forty years, how about your own experience in South Africa?"

"There's something in that," admitted the Englishman, to my surprise.

The truth is that we get a great many of our ideas handed to us by a biased advertising point of view. A cold and dispassionate reason should teach us that Ward, Kipling & Co. are what in this country we should call boosters, if not boasters. Customarily we discount such lines of conversation, even though we love the conversers.

The average of English manhood must take into consideration the back streets of her great cities, full of hopeless, ill-fed or starving unemployed. Last year there were ninety thousand applications to the Government for state aid on the part of the unemployed; this year there were one hundred and ninety-six thousand. There is an army of three hundred and seventy-six thousand persons in England who do not eat except with Government help. That total is larger than the total of the American fighting army, but the individual stature of these men is less than the average stature on this continent. We still have a better environment, more to eat, more air, more exercise, more hope, more of all the things that go to make a real man. Let Alicia turn her perfectly good eye on these perfectly good facts.

The armies of the Old World are to a great extent officered by the aristocracy; but it takes something more than a nice red uniform and mortgaged ancestral halls with bridal boudoirs all ready for Alician Yankee heiresses to take the money in a toe-to-toe encounter with a husky man, and the records of the aristocracy of any country do not prove a continuous fitness for leadership. Again, it is the custom to refer to the fetish of "Anglo-Saxon" bulldog bravery, and that sort of thing. I once got licked by an Irishman for speaking of "us Anglo-Saxons." It seems to me now that he was oversensitive, because there is no such thing as a Saxon race today, and even if there were it would be nothing much to brag about. Our old English forebears, or partial forebears, red-headed, clean-skinned, blue-eyed savages from the tall woods, were noted above all for two things—brutality and intemperance. The English love of law, just like the German respect for law, is founded upon fear and nothing else. If you will read the life of Sir Henry Hawkins, long a judge on the English bench, you will see that only about fifty years ago they used to hang a man for stealing a sheep or transport him for killing a pheasant. Those things linger in the British memory and throw a permanent scare into the British soul. Get a Britisher away from British brutal justice and he swiftly becomes as lawless as anybody else—on a cow ranch or on the police force. Facts are rather disillusionizing things. We may as well dismiss from our mind the old fiction that this sort of system produced either the most invincible, the most righteous or the most impeccable heroes of the world. British soldiers will fight, yes. So will almost any other soldiers. Fighting is the commonest animal attribute. The strongest and healthiest animals fight best.

Color Due to Climate and Ale

THE ruddiness of the average Englishman is not due to beef, for he doesn't get beef. It is partly due to ale, but mostly to climate. If you will observe the humanity about you on the streets of a moist day in the fall, when the air is a little cool, you will see much more color and freshness in the complexion both of men and women than in hot, dry weather. The complexion of Europe, or at least Northern Europe, averages better than that of America. Of course, you will see many English gentlemen, accustomed to walk and ride or to play polo or tennis, who up to thirty years or even later have good, bony lines. Comparing the average Englishman with the average German, however, the latter is apt to be far the more "Saxon" of the two. He is apt to have a better carriage, better back and shoulders than the average Englishman, although in middle age he begins to take on waist, owing to his continuous flotation in beer.

In legs the average German is not good, and his feet are yet worse, being mostly set on at about forty-five degrees. On the average, he does not ride as much as the Englishman unless he be in the cavalry service. In that branch neither German nor Englishman rides with that reference, annexation or personal attachment to the horse that we consider useful in our ranching or our cavalry seat. The best English riders are Australians, and the best German riders are South Americans. In those countries, also, the finest specimens of men of the two nations respectively may be found. At home, the "British type" is produced mostly by the affirmative mental process, it being generally agreed in Great Britain that it is greatly to the credit of a Britisher that he is an Englishman. On the other hand, in Germany everything is *verboten*, and personal liberty is unknown. The German type is the success of the negative process.

The Frenchman is another European type and one quite distinct. The private of the French army averages dark and small, but makes a durable soldier. As for the middle-class Frenchman, as soon as he can afford it he begins to eat and drink, and so becomes heavy. The French

army rarely has fought without a certain distinction and usually has fought without allies at its side; but as to the average of the French populace today, its physique is not remarkable in spite of the fact that once in a while France turns out a wrestler or a runner of distinction. The average Frenchman of the cities is, of course, not the Frenchman of the stage any more than a stage Englishman is the real Englishman; but it is just to say of him that he cares much for his dress, and is apt to be foppish in manner, and more apt to fight an afternoon absinthe frappé or *amer Picon* than to care for a boxing set-to at his club of an afternoon or morning.

Some of the best male models to be found in European studios have come from the lower classes, where the men are hard-working and not overfed. Austrian, Bohemian and German districts have produced many men who have gone into the model business as a profession. The Swiss, although a race of mountain climbers and riflemen, average heavy and blowzy. The main industry of Switzerland is hotel-keeping. This country has something like two thousand hotels, with a total of one hundred and twenty-five thousand sleeping accommodations for Americans and other tourists.

Italy, poverty-smitten and hopeless, turns out, especially among the poorer classes, some very fine specimens of male humanity. The street laborers from Italy whom we see in America average short, dark and unprepossessing; but even among these once in a while you will see a man of stalwart physique. As between the two sexes the men of Italy are better endowed and hold their endowment better than the women of that country. Hard work keeps them down to their lines, and a great many of them cannot afford enough drink, even of the cheap wines, to ruin themselves. But, be this as it may, Alicia does not want to marry a peasant. This restricts her choice, and when it comes to marrying into the Italian aristocracy Alicia, to put it mildly, might do quite as well somewhere else.

It is the workers and earners of the world who measure the real stature of the world. The producers of a country represent the humanity of that country. The non-producers, although for a time they cling to the social structure, do not serve as representative units in it. The whole social fabric of Europe, and all its humanity, are dragged down by the immense dead weight of non-producing classes.

The Humblest Frenchman Will Go Out of His Way to be of Assistance

The standing armies of Europe are a part of the cause of the poverty of Europe. When poverty and taxes mean a struggle to get enough to eat—as they do in much of Europe—they mean a depreciation in the quality of the average human unit. This depreciation, by reason of the European conditions of life which prevail in regard to the army, is far greater abroad than it is on this side of the water.

But, very likely, if Alicia should go along the streets of Berlin or Vienna or Budapest she would on sight lose her heart, or think she had lost it, to any one of a hundred handsome German or Austrian officers who look as though they had just come out of a Howard Chandler Christy bandbox. They are splendid-looking men, many of these, and if after thirty they somewhat shamelessly resort to corsets in order to keep their figure it is no one's business but their own and that of their commanding officer, who wants a fine-looking body of associates about him. There are tenets and customs and iron-clad rules in military life in Europe of which our army knows nothing whatever. Leaving these outside the question and simply taking up the physical appearance of these fine young fellows, it is to be admitted that many of them are manly men and have a physical fitness which comes of hard exercise and that pride in bodily condition which ought to be a part of any man's personal creed. I should call the Austrian officers neater in dress and, on the whole, superior in appearance to those of the Italian army, or even the French army—both of which run to cockfeathers and flummery. Exception should be made in favor of the Bersaglieri, or mountain corps, of the Italian army, who make the finest body of men to be found in Europe. To see a regiment of these troops go up the street to their bugle music, arms swinging, backs angled just right for walking, and at the swiftest step known in the military marching world, makes the blood tingle. They are splendid men, and beside their alert and agile fitness the average German private, with his doll-like manœuvers and his silly goose-step, whether in sentinel relief or on street parade, seems almost a laughing-stock. But taking any one of these three or four continental military organizations and taking the handsomest of the young subalterns whom Alicia would pick out of a summer afternoon's promenade, it would be far better if Alicia should let the matter drop that afternoon, letting her heart flutter rather than her intellect waver.

Among all the cafés of Vienna one sees brilliant uniforms scattered everywhere among the handsomely-gowned ladies, and there seems to be a sort of pride on the countenance of the young woman who has annexed a lieutenant or a captain and borne him away before the eyes of her envious sisters. For sociological purposes of my own I was one day talking with a former private of the Austrian army, who at the time was serving in the somewhat inglorious rôle of a street-car conductor.

He smiled bitterly as he pointed to these gay exponents of military life, no doubt recalling something of his own stern experience acquired in the service. "Look at them," he said; "there they go, like so many peacocks. You think they are escorting those young ladies there, don't you? Well, now, if any one of those officers has more than two kronen in his pocket he's lucky. The Government doesn't allow them to marry until they're majors unless they have means of their own, because their pay is so small they could not properly support a wife and family. At lower rank than major they must have at least thirty thousand dollars of their own—or their wives'—money. Usually it is the wife's money. So their sweethearts sometimes have to support them." He was only a street-car man, but he seemed to speak from the heart, and he had once worn the red badge of Austria.

Something of this same thing is true in most of Europe and, indeed, in almost any army of the world. One expects to find and does find the best physical fitness of Europe in the army of Europe, but that very armed watchfulness and preparedness, that very physical fitness of the army man, instead of raising the average of human physique,

Even We Americans Have Been Known to Go Batty Over the Simple Life

very likely cuts down that average. It certainly makes life harder for the man who does not get into the army. That man, as you see him on the streets of Europe's cities, is not, on the average, a splendid type of physical humanity.

For some reason there is a coarseness and cloddiness in the look of the men of Europe, especially as they leave their youthful days. The ultra-dandy is not lacking in the large towns, but all around him are so many heavy, slow and dull faces and figures. Alertness and aggressiveness are lacking, although you will see abundance of shrewdness and craft in the expressions of the faces about you.

As one approaches southeastern Europe, where the Magyar type is predominant, one finds for the most part a swarthy complexion and stocky build. The bulbous or hooked nose, the prominent eye, the bullet head are typical, and the look of the average man is less that of the athlete than that of the feeder and drinker.

Two things will impress one in regard to average male humanity in most of Europe. One is the fussiness and perkiness often to be seen in the male costumes, and the other is the self-consciousness or demonstrativeness of male life. In Italy especially, noise and gesticulation are everywhere, dignity and reserve nowhere. In Germany and England there is less of this sort of thing, but sometimes a mental stupidity that probably accounts for the absence.

The average German official lives in a world bounded by the edge of his block. That peculiar quality that is called the English reserve sometimes seems to establish still narrower limits. The Englishman is always suspicious of you and your intentions. He resents it if you speak to him, and is apt to answer you, perhaps not rudely, but coldly or stupidly, venturing no information beyond that given in a categorical reply to a categorical question. He lacks the urbanity, graciousness and courtesy of even the humblest Frenchman, who will go out of his way to be of assistance, although he will cheerfully rob you the first time he gets a chance. *(Continued on Page 63)*

THE VARMINT

By OWEN JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. GRUGER

VI

DINK, under the influence of the new emotion, made a fairly full confession to Butsey White, merely overlooking the shoes that Flash did not carry over the Princeton goal line, and suppressing that detail of the Foundation House's supposed contribution which had lent such a peculiar value to the souvenir crockery set. By four o'clock Butsey had sufficiently recovered to remember the afternoon baseball match.

Ten minutes later Dink, lost in a lapping baseball suit lent by Cheyenne Baxter and reënforced with safety-pins, stationed himself in the outfield behind a catcher's mitt, for preliminary practice with little Susie Satterly and Beekstein Hall, who was shortsighted and wore glasses.

The result of five minutes' frantic chasing was that Dink, who surprised every one by catching one fly that somehow stuck in his glove, was promoted to centerfield; Susie Satterly, who had stopped two grounders, took left; while Beekstein was ignominiously escorted to a far position in rightfield and firmly requested to stop whatever he could with his chest.

The Cleve cohorts arrived, thirty strong, like banditti marching to sack a city, openly voicing their derision for the nine occupants of the Green House. The contest, which at first sight seemed unequal, was not in reality so, Tough McCarty and Cheyenne Baxter being an unusually strong battery, while the infield, with Butsey White at first, the White Mountain Canary at second, Stuffy Brown short-stop and the Coffee-colored Angel at third, quite outclassed the invaders. The trouble was in the outfield—where the troubles in such contests are sure to congregate.

Stover had never been so thoroughly frightened in his life. His imagination, boylike, was aghast at the unknown. A great question was to be decided in a few minutes, when his turn would come to step up to the box and expose himself to the terrific cannonade of Nick Carter, the lengthy pitcher of the Cleve. The curious thing was that on this point Stover himself was quite undecided. Was he a coward, or was he not? Would his legs go back on him, or would he stand his ground, knowing that the stinging ball might strike anywhere—on the tender wrist-bones, shattering the point of the elbow, or landing with a deadly thud right over his temple, which he remembered was an absolutely fatal spot?

His first two innings in the field were a complete success—not a ball came his way. With his fielding average quite intact he came in to face the crisis.

"Brown to the bat, Stover on deck, Satterly in the hole," came the shrill voice of Fate in the person of Shrimp Davis, the official scorer.

Stover nervously tried one bat after another; each seemed to weigh a ton. Then Cheyenne Baxter joined him, crouching beside him with a word of advice.

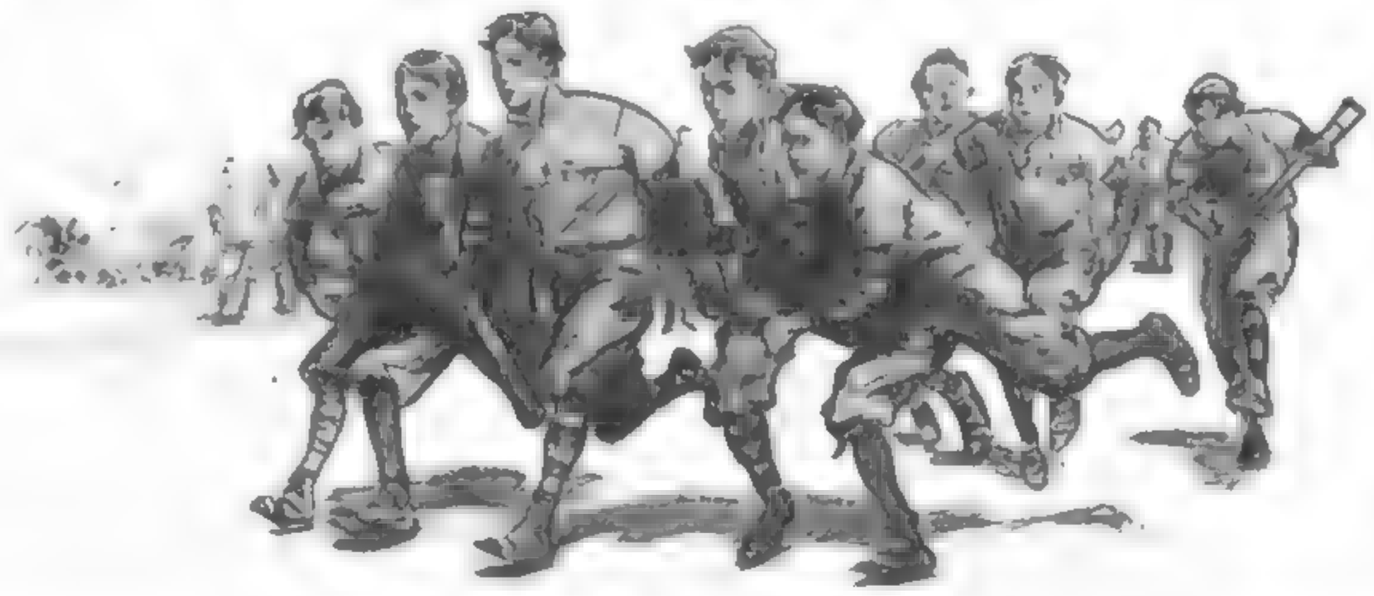
"Now, Dink," he said in a whisper, keeping his eye on Stuffy Brown, who, being unable to hit the straightest ball, was pawing the plate and making terrific preparatory swings with his bat. "Now, Dink, listen here. (Pick out an easy one, Stuffy, and bang it on the nose. Hi-yi! good waiting, Stuffy.) Nick Carter's wild as a wet hen. All he's got is a fast outcurve. Now, what you want to do is to edge up close to the plate and let him hit you. (Oh, robber! That wasn't a strike! Say, Mr. Umpire, give us a square deal, will you?) Walk right into it, Dink, and if it happens to hit you on the wrist rub above the elbow."

"Above the elbow?" said Dink in a hollow voice.

"That's it. You've got a chance to square yourself with the House—— What? Three strikes? Say, Mr. Umpire, you're not taking Nick Carter's word for it, are you?"

Amid a storm of execrations Stuffy Brown retired, appealing frantically to the four quarters of the globe for justice and a judge.

Behind Him, Shrieking and Murderous, Came the Vanquished, Thirsting Body of the Green



Impelled by a resounding whack, Dink approached the plate as a balky horse tries his hoofs in a pool of water. He spread his feet and shouldered his bat, imitating the slightly-crouching position of Cheyenne Baxter. Then he looked out for a favorable opening. The field was thronged with representatives of the Cleve House. He turned to first base—it was miles away. He looked at Nick Carter, savagely preparing to mow him down, and he seemed to loom over him, infringing on the batter's box.

"Why the devil don't they stick the pitcher back and give a fellow a chance?" he thought, eying uneasily the quick, jerky preparations. "Why, at this distance a ball could go right through you."

"Come on, Nick, old boy," said a voice issuing from the iron mask at his elbow. "We've got an umpire that can't be bluffed. This is nothing but a Statue of Liberty. Chop him right down."

Dink shivered from the ground up, Carter's long arms gyrated spasmodically, and the ball, like the sweep of a swallow from the ground, sprang directly at him. Stover, with a yell, flung himself back, landing all in a heap.

"Ball one," said the umpire.

A chorus of taunts rose from the Green House nine.

"Trying to put him out, are you?"

"Mucker trick!"

"Put him out!"

"Good eye, Dinky!"

"That's the boy."

Stover rose, found his bat and ruthfully forced himself back to his position.

"I should have let it hit me," he said angrily, perceiving Baxter's frantic signals. "It might have broken a rib, but I'd have shown my nerve."

Clenching his bat fiercely he waited, resolved on a martyr's death. But the next ball coming straight for his head, he ducked horribly.

"Ball two—too high," said the umpire.

Stover tightened his belt, rapped the plate twice with his bat, as Butsey had done, and resumed his position. But the memory of the sound the ball had made when it had whistled by his ears had unnerved him. Before he could summon back his heroic resolves Carter, with a sudden jerk, delivered the ball. Involuntarily Stover stepped back; the ball easily and slowly passed him and cut the corner of the plate.

"Ball three," said the umpire hesitatingly.

The Cleve catcher hurled his mask to the ground, Carter cast down his glove and trod on it, while the second baseman fell on his bag and wept.

When order was restored Stover dodged the fourth wild ball and went in a daze to first, where to his amazement he was greeted with jubilant cheers.

"You're the boy, Dinky."

"You've got an eye like Charlie De Soto."

"They can't fool Rinky Dink."

"Why, he's a wonder."

"Watch him steal second."

Stover slapped his foot on first base with the joy of unhoped-for victory. He glowered about his new possessions. The perspective had suddenly changed; the field was open, all his, the Cleve House representatives were a lot of dubs, butterfingers and fumblers, anyhow! Under Cheyenne Baxter's directions he went plunging down to second, slid, all arms and legs, safely on to the bag, thanks to a wild pitch, and rose triumphantly, blowing the dust from his mouth.

There he remained, as Susie Satterly and Beekstein methodically struck out.

But the joy of that double voyage was still on him as he went back to centerfield, ready to master the hottest liner or retrieve the sky-scraping fly. It was a great game. He felt a special aptitude for it and wondered why he had never discovered the talent before. He began to dream of sizzling two-baggers and long home-runs over the fence.

"I wish I'd get a chance," he said, prancing about, digging vicious holes in the glove, that looked like a chest protector. "I'd show 'em what I can do out here."

But no chance came. The battle was between pitchers, and to the surprise of every one the Green House came up to the last inning with the score of 2 to 1 in their favor, the solitary run of the Cleve being due to a fly that Beekstein had failed to notice.

The Green House nine went jubilantly out into the field for the last half of the ninth inning, determined to shut out the Cleve and end the season with at least one victory.

Dink ran out on his tiptoes, encased himself in his mitt and turned, tense and alert. He had gone through his first ordeal triumphantly. No chances had come to him in the field, but at the bat he had accidentally succeeded in being hit, and though he had struck out the next time he had hit a foul and knew the jubilant feeling that comes with the crack of the bat.

"Give me a week and I'll soak 'em out," he said, moving restlessly, and he added to himself: "Strike 'em out, Cheyenne, old man! They're easy."

But the Cleves suddenly woke up and began to fight. One man beat out a grounder, and one struck out; another error of the temperamental White Mountain Canary put a man on third and one on second. Then Cheyenne, pulling himself together, made his second strike-out

"Two out, play for the batter," came Cheyenne Baxter's warning halloo.

"Two out," said Dink to his fellow-fielders. "One more and we spink 'em. Come on, now!"

Both sides settled for the final play, the man on second leading well up toward third.

"Steady!" said Cheyenne.

Stover drew in his breath and rose to his toes, as he had done thirty times already.

Suddenly there was a sharp crack, and the ball, meeting the bat, floated fair and free, out toward centerfield.

He did not have to move a step; in fact, the ball rose and fell straight for the massive mitt as though it had chosen his glove from all the other gloves in the field. It came slowly, endlessly, the easiest, gentlest, most perfect fly imaginable, directly for the large brown mitt that looked like a chest protector.

Stover, turned to stone, saw it strike fair in the middle, and then, irresistibly, slowly, while, horribly fascinated, he stood powerless, slowly trickle over the side of the mitt and drop to the ground.

He did not stop for a look, for a second thought, to hesitate or deliberate. He knew! He gave a howl and broke for the House, and behind him, pell-mell, shrieking and murderous, like a pack of hounds in full cry, came the vanquished, thirsting body of the Green.

He cleared the fence with one hand, took the road with two bounds, fled up the walk, burst through the door, jumped the stairs, broke into his room, slammed the door, locked it, backed the bed against it and seized a chair.

Then the Green House struck the door like a salvo of grapeshot.

"Open up, you robber!"

"Open the door, you traitor!"

"You Benedict Arnold!"

"Open up, you white-livered pup!"

"You quitter!"

"You chickenheart!"

"You coward!"

Stover, his hair rising, seized the wooden chair convulsively, waiting for the door to burst in.

All at once the transom swung violently and the wolfish faces of Tough McCarty, the White Mountain Canary,

Cheyenne and the Coffee-colored Angel crowded the opening.

"Get back or I'll kill you!" said Dink in frantic fear, and, advancing, he swung the chair murderously. In a twinkling the transom was emptied.

The storm of voices rose again.

"The freshest yet!"

"The nerve of him!"

"Let's break in the door!"

"Come out!"

"Come out, Freshman!"

"He did it on purpose!"

"He chucked the game!"

"Wait till I get my hands on him!"

"I'll skin him!"

All at once the face of Butsey White appeared at the transom.

"Dink, you let me in, you hear?"

No answer.

"You let me in right off!"

Still no answer.

"It's my room; you let me in to my room, do you hear?"

Stover continued silent.

"Dink," said Butsey in his loudest tones, "I'm coming right over the transom. Don't you dare to touch me!"

Stover again seized the chair. Butsey White, supported from behind, carefully drew up one foot, and then convulsively disappeared as Stover charged with the chair.

There was a whispered consultation and then the battling face of Tough McCarty appeared with a new threat:

"You lay a hand on me and I'll rip the hide off you!"

"Keep back!" said Stover hoarsely.

"Put down that chair, you little varmint; do you hear me?"

"Don't you come over!"

"Yes, I'm coming over, and you don't dare to touch me! You don't ——"

Stover was neither a coward nor a hero; he was simply in a panic and he was cornered. He rushed wildly to the breach and delivered the chair with a crash, Tough McCarty barely saving himself.

This open defiance of the champion angered the attacking party.

"He ought to be lynched!"

"The booby!"

"Wait till tomorrow!"

Tough McCarty reappeared for a brief second.

"I'll get you yet," he said, pointing a finger at the embattled Stover. "You're a muff, a low-down muff, in every sense of the word!"

Then succeeded the Coffee-colored Angel:

"Wait till I catch you, you Rinky Dink!"

Followed the White Mountain Canary:

"You'll reckon with me for this!"

Down to Beekstein Hall, with his black-rimmed spectacles, each member of the outraged nine climbed to the transom and expressed his unflattering opinion.

Stover sat down, his chin in his hands, his eyes on the great, lumbering mitt that lay dishonored on the floor.

"I'm disgraced," he said slowly, "disgraced. It's all over—all over. I'm queered—queered forever!"

VII

UNTIL dusk, like Gilliatt in Victor Hugo's Toilers of the Sea, waiting for the tide to swallow him up, Stover sat motionless, brooding. There was only one thing to do—to run away. His whole career had been ruined in a twinkling, he knew. There could be no future for him in the school. What he had done was so awful that it could never be forgiven or forgotten. Why had he run? If only he had made a quick dive at the ball as it had trickled off the glove and caught it before it reached the ground, instead of standing there, horrified, hypnotized. Yes, he would escape, run off to sea somewhere—anywhere! But he wouldn't go home; no, never that! He would ship around the Horn, like the hero in that dreadful book, Two Years Before the Mast. He would run away that night before the story had spread over the whole school. He would never face them. He hated the school, he hated the Green, he hated every one connected with it!

A tap came on the door, and the voice of Butsey White said coldly:

"Open up! Fuzzy-Wuzzy's in the House; you're safe. Open up. I've got to get ready for supper."

Stover drew back the bed, unlocked the door and waited with clenched fists for Butsey to spring at him. Butsey White, whose tempestuous rage had long since spent itself in hilarious laughter, as, indeed, had been the case with the rest, thought it best, however, for the purposes of authority, still to preserve a grave face.

"You're a fine specimen!" he said curtly. "You've had a beautiful day of it."

"Yes, I have," said Dink miserably, "a beautiful day!"

Butsey, to whom the tragedy of the century was nothing but an incident, had not the slightest suspicion of Stover's absolute, overwhelming despair. Yet Butsey, too, had suffered, and profited by the suffering

"You better square up with Tough McCarty," he said, failing to read the anguish in Stover's eyes. "You certainly were the limit."

"I hate him!" said Dink bitterly.

"Why?"

"He's a bully."

"Tough McCarty? Not a bit of it."

"He tried to bully me."

"Why didn't you let them in?" said Butsey, putting the part in the middle of his hair with a dripping comb.

"Let them in!"

"Why, what do you think they'd have done to you?"

Stover had never thought of that. After all, what could they have done to him?

"I didn't think ——"

"Rats!" said Butsey. "They might have pied you on the bed; but that's nothing if you lie face down and keep your elbows in. That's all you'd have got. Then it would have been over; now you've got to square yourself. Well, brush up and come down to supper, and for the love of Mike smile a little."

"I'll Get You Yet. You're a Muff, a Low-Down Muff, in Every Sense of the Word!"

Butsey White's sentiments neither consoled nor convinced. Stover was too firmly persuaded of the enormity of his offense and the depth of his ignominy.

In all his life he had never done a more difficult thing than to follow Butsey into the dining-room and to face the disdainful glances of those from whom he had so lately fled.

He sat in abject mental and physical suffering, his eyes on his plate, tasting nothing of what went into his mouth, chewing mechanically. Mr. Jenkins, to be affable, asked him how he had enjoyed the day. He mumbled some reply, he never knew what, hearing only the dreadful snicker that ran the table. He refused the dessert and left the table. It had been a nightmare.

He stayed in his room, watching from behind the curtains his fellow-beings romping and shrieking over a game of baby-in-the-hat. The bottom had, indeed, dropped out of things—the universe was topsyturvy. More keenly than in the afternoon he felt the utter hopelessness of his disgrace. If he could only get away—escape from it all. If he only had five dollars in his pocket he could have reached Trenton and worked his way to some seaport town. He looked at the now ridiculous souvenir toilet set and bitterly thought where the precious dollars had gone—that story, too, would be abroad by the morrow. The whole school would probably rise and jeer at him when he entered chapel the next morning.

That night he crept into his bed to the stillness of the black room, to suffer a long hour that first overwhelming anguish that can only be suffered once, that no other suffering can compare to, that is complete, because the knowledge of other suffering has not yet come, and he who suffers suffers alone. Then the imagination came to the rescue. He fell into blissful unconsciousness by a process of consoling half-dreams in which he vindicated himself by feats of extraordinary valor, carrying the suffocating Tough McCarty and the Coffee-colored Angel out of burning houses at the risk of his own life, and earning the plaudits of the whole school.

Suddenly a peal of thunder shook the building; he landed all in a heap in the midst of the sunlit floor, rubbing his eyes. Outside, the morning came in with warm embrace; green things stirred against the window-panes; the flash of a robin's wing cut a swift shadow on the floor and was gone. Below, the horrid clanging of the gong rattled the walls and called on the dead to rise.

Dink gazed at the opposite bed. Butsey, with the covers wound around him, with his knees under his chin, was actually asleep. In great alarm he went over and shook him gently. One eye opened and reproachfully fastened on him.

"I say, the gong—the gong's rung, Mr. White," said Dink.

"The rising gong?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, when the breakfast gong explodes wake me up."

The eyes shut, but presently reopened and a muffled voice added:

"Pour out water—washbasin—stick my shoes over here."

Dink obeyed, mystified. Then, going to the window, he drank in all the zest and glory of green fields and blue skies with woolly clouds drifting over the tingling air. Joyfully he turned for a plunge in cold water and the unspeakable crockery set met his eye. Then he remembered. A shadow fell across the room; the day went into eclipse. Mechanically, heavily, he dressed, and the fever of yesterday sprang up anew.

Meanwhile, not a sound in the House except down the hall a snore—a glorious, triumphant note. A second time the gong took up its discordant march. Then from the cocoon on the bed a flash of legs and arms sprang out and into the waiting garments. There was a splash in the basin that spattered the water far and near, and Butsey, enveloped in a towel, rushed into his upper garments, flung back his hair with a masterful, swooping stroke of the comb, and bolted out of the door, buckling his belt and struggling into a sweater. Down the stairs they went in the midst of floating coats, collars to be buttoned and neckties to be tied; and when the last note of the gong had ended not a place was vacant, though every eye still drooped.

Breakfast over, Dink followed Butsey to their room and, after their more permanent dressing, they left for chapel.

The much-dreaded breakfast had passed with but one incident: the Coffee-colored Angel, in passing him the sugar, had said in a terrific whisper:

"I'll get you today. I'll tame you!"

But, being still in a nodding state, his anger was contented with this slight expression. Tough McCarty had given him just one look, but somehow he remembered nothing else. The instinctive hostility he had felt at the first meeting of their eyes rose anew. The Coffee-colored Angel and the White Mountain Canary were but incidents; the enemy, *le sacré* Albion, was Tough McCarty.

He went in the current of boyhood past Foundation House and around the circle toward chapel. For the first time the immensity of the school was before him in the hundreds that, streaming across the campus in thin, dotted lines, swelled into a compact, moving mass at the chapel steps. It was more than an institution; it was a world, the complex, marvelous, ordered World of Youth.

Somehow, he did not attract the attention he had expected. His entrance into the pew was attended by no hilarious uprising *en masse*. He found his place in the gallery, between Pebble Stone and Duke Straus, who sleepily asked his name and went off for a supplementary nap on the shoulder of D. Tanner. Stone evidently had heard nothing of his disgrace, or else was too absorbed in a hurried conning of the Latin lesson to make remarks.

Dink lifted his head a little and stole a glance—strange, no one seemed to be paying the slightest attention to him

Somewhat astonished and unutterably relieved he gazed down at the body of the school marshaled below, at the enormous fifth-formers who seemed—and never would the illusion fade—the most terrifically immense and awe-some representatives of manhood he had ever seen. The benches were hard, decidedly so; but he lost himself pleasantly in the vaulted roof, and gazed with respect at the distant pulpit.

The Doctor ascended and swept the school with that glance peculiar to head masters which convinces each separate boy it is directed at him. Stover felt the impact on his own forehead and dropped his eyes uneasily. When the hymn began he looked curiously among his classmates, located Doc Macnooder and caught the eye of the Tennessee Shad, who winked at him to show him he was still his friend.

Somehow, his awful disgrace seemed to slip from him—the Green House was but a grain in the sand. There were friends, undiscovered friends, in the mass before him, to be won and held An easier feeling came to him. When the school shuffled out he sought the Tennessee Shad and, holding out his hand, said:

"Say, you are wonders; and I'm the only living sucker!"

"Dink, you're a real sport," said the Tennessee Shad, pleased; "but we did come it pretty strong. Now, if you want to turn in those shoes ——"

"Not on your life!" said Dink. "I deserved it, but—but look out for next year!"

"All right," said the Tennessee Shad with an approving look. "If you do us we'll take you into the firm. Tack on to me, and I'll pilot you to The Roman's."

Following his lanky guide Stover went in the churning, lagging mass across to Memorial Hall, rubbing elbows with the heroes, who stalked majestically in their voluminous bulk, with the coveted Varsity caps riding on the backs of their cropped heads, or being jostled by the freckled imps who ran zigzag, shrieking chases past him.

At the steps they divided, some surging upward and others crowding into the lower corridor.

"Below for us," said the Tennessee Shad, pushing his way forward.

Dink found himself outside one of a dozen classrooms in a throng that waited hopefully, as other classes waited hopefully every hour of every day in the hopes of an improbable cut.

"The Roman," said the Tennessee Shad wisely, "is the one master you want to stand in with. Study like the devil the first two weeks; and say, get up on the gerund and the gerundive—they're his pets."

"I will," said Dink.

"You can't bluff him and you can't beat his system," continued the Tennessee Shad. "If you guess don't hesitate; jump at it. The only thing you can do is to wait for his jokes, and then grab the desk and weep for salvation—it's his one weak spot."

"I will," said Dink.

A cry of dismay went up from the sentinels at the window.

"Oh, rats! Here he comes."

"Oh, peanuts!"

"Oh, melancholy!"

"All in!"

Dink modestly took a seat in the back, at the end of the row of S's where he must sit. On four sides, like prison walls that no convict might hope to scale, the slippery blackboards rose up and bound them in. On a raised stand was the master's pulpit where presently The Roman would come and sit, like the watcher of the galley slaves in Ben Hur, with his eagle glance sweeping the desks that, in regimental file, ran back from him.

Outside, through two open windows, was the warm, forbidden month of April, and the gateway of syntax-defying dreams. At this moment Dink's copy of Cæsar's Gallic Wars slid on to the floor. He bent down, laboriously collecting the scattered pages and straightened up. Then he glanced at the pulpit. Directly in front of him, his eyes on his, sat the big, consular bulk of his stage companion of the day before.

The Awful Wreck of the Coffee-Colored Angel Limped Up

Dink gazed in horror; twice his hand went instinctively toward his lip, stopped half-way and dropped. Then his mouth opened, set, and galvanically he rose to his feet, while the room seemed to tip up.

He grasped the desk to keep from slipping, never taking his eyes from the Ciceronian countenance and the twinkling orbits above the slightly twitching lips.

"Dear me," said a low, mocking voice with a curious rising and falling inflection, "who's here? Another delegate to this congress of scintillating intelligences?"

"Yes, sir," said Dink in a whisper.

"Quite a valuable addition, I hope. Yes? What is the name?"

"John."

"Well—well?"

"John Humperdink Stover," said Dink with difficulty.

"Ah, yes, Stover: the name is familiar—very familiar," said The Roman, with a twitch to his lip and a sudden jump of the eyebrow. "Haven't we met before?"

Dink, suffocating, nodded. The class, at a loss, turned from one to the other, watching for the cue.

"Well, Stover, come a little nearer. Take the seat between Stone and Straus. Straus will be better able to take his little morning nap. A little embarrassed, Stover? Dear me! I shouldn't have thought that of you. Sit down now and—and try to put a little ginger into the class, Stover."

Dink looked down and blushed until it seemed as though his hair would catch on fire. The class, perceiving only that there was a point for laughter, burst into roars.

"There—there," said The Roman, stilling the storm with one finger. "Just a little joke between us two; just a little confidential joke. Now for a bee-ootiful recitation. Splendid spring weather—yesterday was a cut; of course you all took the hour to study conscientiously—eager for knowledge. Fifth and sixth rows go to the board."

While The Roman's modulated accents doled out conjugations and declensions Stover sat, without a thought in his head, his hands locked, staring at the green and yellow necktie that rose on Pebble Stone's collar.

"Oh, Lord! Oh, Lord!" he said. "Dished! Spinked! He'll flunk me every day. I certainly am in wrong!"

He raised his eyes at the enthroned Natural Enemy and mentally threw down the gage of battle with a hopeless, despairing feeling of the three years' daily conflict that was to come. For, of course, there could be no question of The Roman's mortal and unsparing enmity. But after the first paralyzing shock Dink recovered himself. It was war, but the war he loved—the war of wits.

The Roman, having flunked a dozen by this time, had Channing, the Coffee-colored Angel, on his feet.

"Top of page, third word, Channing—gerund or gerundive?" said The Roman.

"Gerund, sir."

"Too bad!" said The Roman musically, and on a lower octave repeated: "Too bad! Third line, fifth word—gerund or gerundive?"

"Gerund, sir," said the Coffee-colored Angel with more conviction.

"No luck, Channing, no luck. Tenth line, last word—gerund, Channing, or gerundive?"

"Gerund ive," said the Coffee-colored Angel hesitatingly.

"Poor Channing, he didn't stick to his system. The laws of probability, Channing ——"

"I meant gerund," said the Coffee-colored Angel hastily.

"Dear me! Really, Channing?"

"Yes, sir."

"Positive?"

"Absolutely, sir."

"It was the gerundive, Channing."

The Coffee-colored Angel abruptly sat down.

"Don't want to speculate any more, Channing?"

"No, sir."

"No feeling of confidence—no luck today? Try the gerundive tomorrow."

The discouraged began to return from the boards, having writ in water. The Roman, without malice, passed over the rows and, from flunking them individually, mowed them down in sections.

"Anything from the Davis House today? No, no? Anything from the Rouse House combination? Nothing at all? Anything from the Jackson twins? Alas! How about the D's this morning? Davis, Dark, Denton, Derr, Dickson, nothing from the D's. Let's try the F's. Farr, Fenton, Foster, Francis, Finch? Nothing from the F's—nothing from the D F's! Nothing at all?"

Dink burst into laughter, and laughed alone. The Roman stopped. Every one looked surprised.

"Ah, Stover has been coached—well coached," said The Roman. "But, Stover, this is not the place to laugh The D F's are not a joke; they are painful, daily facts. Well, well, it has been a beautiful recitation in the review—not exceptional, not exceptional at all. Has any one the advance? Don't all rise at once. Strange what trying weather it is—too sunny, not enough rain—every one rises exhausted. Will Macnooder kindly lead the massacre?"

Macnooder disdained to rise; one or two faltered and tripped along for brief spaces, and then sat down. The Roman, counting his dead, hesitated and called:

"Stover."

"Me, sir?" said Dink, too astonished to rise. "Why, I'm unprepared, sir."

"Unprepared?" said The Roman with a wicked smile. "I never thought you would be unprepared, Stover."

The smile decided Stover.

"I'll try, sir," he said.

"Very kind of you, Stover."

Dink rose slowly, put the book on his desk, tightened his belt, buttoned his coat and took up the prosy records of Cæsar. Pebble Stone showed him the place. He straightened up and, glancing at the first line, saw:

"*Ubi eo ventum est, Cæsar initio orationis* . . ."

"Cæsar," began Dink in a firm voice.

"Excellent!" said The Roman.

"Cæsar, wherever the wind blew him, initiated the orators . . ." Dink continued smoothly, after a rapid glance.

The Roman, from a listless attitude, gripped the desk, pivoted clear on one leg of his chair, staring at the familiar text as though it had suddenly taken on life and begun to crawl about the page.

Dink, resolved not to be bested, gravely and fluently continued to glide on, without pause or hitch, building syllables into words, building sentences wherever he met an acquaintance. On and on he went, glib and eloquent, weaving out of the tangled text a picture that gradually freeing itself from the early restraints, painted in vivid detail a spirited conference between Cæsar and the German envoys. The class, amazed, resorted to their books; many of the unprepared, quite convinced, stared at him as though a new rival to the high markers had suddenly appeared.

The Roman, fascinated, never quitted the text, marveling as the tale ran on, leaping adverbs and conjunctions, avoiding whole phrases, undismayed by the rise of sudden, hostile nouns, impressing into service whatever suited it, corrupting or beating down all obstacles.

Once or twice he twitched spasmodically, twice he switched the leg of his chair, murmuring all the while to himself. Finally he rose and, slowly approaching to where Stover stood, glanced incredulously at his book.

"Shall I stop, sir?" said Stover.

"Heaven forbid!"

Stover completed the page with a graphic, rushing account of the athletic exercises of the ancient Germans, and sat down without a smile.

The Roman, back at his post, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. *(Continued on Page 64)*

"It's All Over—All Over. I'm Queered—Queered Forever!"

WHICH WAS GEORGE?

By Gouverneur Morris

ILLUSTRATED BY LESTER RALPH

GEORGE'S was, I think, a case of love at first sight. And Miles, too, had fallen in love at first sight—but not of a person. It was with the sight of love itself that he had fallen in love. He saw the miracle of two young people, strangers all their lives, becoming in a moment, you may say, inextricably bound, each to the other. What if parting at the end of a few weeks should bring the miracle to an end and they should relapse again into strangerhood? The miracle was the great miracle all the same, which varies, each particular manifestation from some other, not in degree, but only in the length to which it endures. With this miracle, then, that had exploded into bright fires right in his immediate experience Miles fell in love. Love has two dismal phases: to love some one who loves some one else, and to love love itself and not to have any one in particular to love. Miles was in the second case. He had been struck dumb—or rude, rather, which is much worse—by Miss March's beauty. And he denied that the world could contain another whose loveliness of face and grace should match hers. But there was a something about her, he could not say what, that left his heartstrings untouched and mute. She was gay and charming and beautiful and debonair—"Among ten million one was she." And yet, very fortunately, she seemed to lack some one quality that could have caused Miles' restless heart to beat to a given tune. Perhaps this was no quality inherent in her, but the mere fact that her heart had already been touched by another. If Miles, too, had fallen in love with Miss March his life must have become complicated by jealousy, which is a monster and green. Who can say what disastrous effect this might have had upon a nature that had not yet blossomed? It might have blasted the buds, like a black frost in spring.

But Miles was not to go scot-free from jealousy; only, his was not to be the monstrous green kind. Are you not sometimes a little jealous of your friend's successes? I am. You are made jealous a little, gently and harmlessly, though your friend's success is upon lines totally outside your own interests and ambitions. And it is not incompatible to be sincerely glad of his success—and jealous at the same time.

Anyway, it was so with Miles. He would have liked to be traveling through the Rhône Valley—on the way to Rome—in a trance of the feelings such as that which so very apparently surrounded his friend and Miss March. He did not covet their particular trance, but one just like it. And, instead, he must view the Swiss mountains, which thrilled him like sudden trumpets, not even in an intimate bond of impression with his friend and traveling companion, but in the company of a middle-aged woman, friendly and agreeable, it is true—but, but, but! And what if meals, excursions, drives and famous points of view continually brought all four together, so that, as you may say, their elbows touched. The pairs remained as separate as if the Bosporus had flowed between them. To Miles the mountains furnished the most thrilling, soul-expanding experiences that he had ever had. To Miss Derby they were mountains, very large and very good of their kind. She had seen them before and more clearly, she remembered, when her eyes had been younger and she had scorned a green veil. But to Miss March and George the mountains were invisible—the mountains, the pastures, and the gleaming snow, and the hosts of Alpine flowers, and the long-haired idiots sitting at the roadside; and their ears were deaf to the herder's joyous yodel and the clinking of the cowbells. The best part of their journey, I dare say, was going through the St. Gothard Tunnel into Italy—when the lights went out. And I suppose that even then they saw each other as in a bright light.

Miss Derby had at first given no serious thought to the sudden attachment. But when she did it frightened her, she confided to Miles, out of her seven senses.

"The dear child," she said, "has positively no parent but me. And I thought it was just delight at being with a young man of her own age, more or less, and of her own country. But, mercy sakes! This isn't one of Maud's happy-go-lucky flirtations, which were fun for everybody; it's very serious. And I feel so responsible and helpless that I could scream."

"You needn't be afraid of George," said Miles in a fatherly way. "He's a good boy. But I don't for the life of me see what they are going to marry on."

"Of course, they can't marry on nothing," said Miss Derby. "And, equally of course, any young man who is really determined to make enough money to support a wife can do it—any young man."

"Even if George is certain to succeed," said Miles—"and, honestly, I think he is—it won't be soon, and there's a great big dismal meanwhile to think about."

"I think," said Miss Derby, "that your meanwhile is the dismal one. You and Maud and Mr. Stanton ought to be playing together like three sexless children. You ought. Why, you're young enough to play tag and enjoy it. Instead of which you're not even useful to them, and you're not even traveling with the friend you set out to travel with and enjoying yourself that way; but you're traveling with a plain, middle-aged, rattle-brained spinster, who now spends most of her time thanking God for the pleasant, chivalrous way you take it."

Miles smiled very sweetly.

"Theoretically," he said, "you make me feel very sorry for myself. But practically, Miss Derby, you are to me as a tower all built of bricks."

She laughed and said something about hoping that her "figger" was not quite so bad as that; but secretly she was pleased.

Nevertheless, the young man was miserable, worried and discontented. And it angered him that, willy-nilly, his thoughts kept flowing into ungenerous channels. He did not mean to be ungenerous; he hated ungenerousness as a quality, and yet ungenerous thoughts kept insisting upon their dark and sullen corner of his mind, and therein smouldered into a genuine resentment against George. George was not playing fair and Miles knew it. Equally well he knew that one in George's state of mind and feelings could not be expected to play fair. So, theoretically, he told himself, it wasn't fair for him to bear malice; but, practically, he couldn't help himself.

George had engaged himself, in return for a small salary and traveling expenses, to do certain things. That had been the bargain between them. And to Miles' mind a bargain between friends is of exactly the same nature as one between merchants or nations. But George was no longer living up to his obligations. He could no longer spare time to do the chores of traveling, writing and telegraphing about accommodations, seeing that tickets were right and keeping track of train and boat schedules. All these petty affairs were thrown on Miles' hands for attention, and he resented it. Not because he considered it a nuisance, but because he considered that he was being wronged. That he made a much more efficient courier than George was beside the question. And that up to the time of George's infatuation Miles had done half the chores was beside the question. Miles, however, said nothing. George had also been very enthusiastic about the leisure which he should find upon his travels in which to practice writing. He had made the beginnings of an elaborate and really amusing journal. But if he continued to write in this he no longer showed the entries to Miles; for the good reason, perhaps, that his entries, if any, were no longer about peoples and places, but about a person and a face. George, then, was neglecting his opportunities; and there is nothing so liable to rankle in a benefactor's heart as this. Miles made no pretense of being George's benefactor; but he could not quite escape the fact that, to a degree, he was.

Miles strove nobly with himself. But like begets like. And George's very real, if thoughtless, selfishness begot a selfishness really foreign to his nature in Miles. Love is half selfishness and half generosity. And these walk together, never letting go of hands.

In Rome Miss Derby had many friends, and Miles was thrown upon his own resources. But because of the selfishness that had been bred in him he did the sights in an unseeing, unappreciating, introspective state of mind. What is St. Peter's to one who stands beneath the dome, not in great wonder, but in small thought? What is the Colosseum by moonlight to one who is lonely and homesick and miserable? The Café Colonna amused him better. Here were uniforms and pretty women and tobacco smoke and a sense of friendliness. Here you could come to kinder conclusions and really think things out, instead of just resenting their existence. And it was here, the night the policeman came in and laid his hand on the shoulder of a lovely girl and made her go with him—and she had gone, trying to smile bravely and nodding to her friends—that Miles came to the conclusion that he must thrash things out not by thinking and enduring, but by plain talk with George.

Miles found George just coming into the hotel, and suggested that, as it was too late then, they have a little talk the following morning. George was sorry—was it anything important? Not very? Well, he, George, had a positive engagement in the morning and for lunch; but how about the palm-room at, say—say, five o'clock?

George Looked for Once to be a Man in Dead Earnest

Miles nodded curtly and went to bed, offended to be put so long from his purpose. All the next day he felt sullen, and when the talk began, George being half an hour late and not especially penitent, Miles was angry. But he did not let this appear.

VI

"GEORGE," said Miles, "I've seen Rome enough. It's getting late and raw and windy. I'm for going on to Cairo. Now, will you find out how one goes to Cairo and see about accommodations, or"—he looked George straight in the eyes—"shall I?"

"For Heaven's sake," said George, "I didn't know you were in such a hurry to leave Rome."

"But I am," said Miles.

George drummed with his fingers on the wicker table that was between them.

"If we're going to get around by June," said Miles more gently, "we've got to get a move on."

"I suppose so," said George dismally. "But between you and me I don't want to move on a bit."

"It isn't between you and me," said Miles with sarcasm. "Every lamppost in Rome knows."

"Well, what of it?" George lifted his voice.

"I think our best route," said Miles quietly, "is to Naples—we have to see it, you know, and die. And then our corpses will go by rail to Brindisi, and be carried in a P. & O. to Port Said. How does that strike you? Since you find Rome so pleasant, why, I'll look after the details this once."

George continued to drum on the table.

"I'll get tickets for tomorrow morning," Miles said.

"For tomorrow morning!" Every line of George's face, every note of his voice, was a protest. "I can't go tomorrow morning," he said.

"Why not?" said Miles tersely.

George did not answer for some moments. Then he said huskily:

"Oh, I don't suppose you'd understand."

"It seems to me," said Miles, "that I ought to have a little more say in our plans. Did that ever occur to you?"

"You mean," said George angrily, "that I can't go anywhere or stay anywhere at my own pleasure because you're the one that's got the wherewithal? Is that it?"

Miles had not intended to play this card. Since, however, it had fallen, so to speak, from his hand and lay face up on the table, he allowed the play to stand. But he smiled very winningly. And George was softened.

"I realize," said he, "that I am thoroughly in your power, and that I'm deeply in your debt, and that I've been selfish, and that I still am. . . . But how can I go away now? . . . Put yourself in my boots. . . . I . . . she's all the world to me, Miles. No—even old

friendship and obligations don't seem to count. They don't seem to count."

"But, George," said Miles, "what are you going to do about it? If I give in and stay here a week longer, a month—till Christmas even—will you be ready to go then—or will you be any nearer being able to marry and support a wife than you are at this minute?"

"No," said George. "But——"

Miles waited.

"Nothing," said George hopelessly; "only, but—nothing more. I suppose you're right. I suppose it's a fool business. Tomorrow, then."

He stood up and looked a little as if he were going to be electrocuted. Miles, too, stood up and thrust a hand through his friend's arm.

"I think it's best, Geordie," he said. "No use going on this way. And if she's the girl I think she is she'll wait and be faithful; and, meantime, you can get everything straightened out. As long as you've got to move on, why, 'the sooner the better' looks best to me."

A Stranger Could Only Have Told the March Twins Apart by an Application of the Bertillon System

"I guess so," George assented dully, and turned away.

"Not tomorrow, George," Miles called after him. "The day after."

Miles, left alone, felt like a bully. But reason told him that his decision was for the best, and early the next morning he bought tickets for Naples, and he could feel them bulging in his breast pocket and annoying him with the insinuation that the decision he had made was wise, perhaps, but, perhaps, unkind.

George, of course, would be spending every minute of that last day with his heart's desire, and because the weather was unusually warm and lovely Miles walked out of the Eternal City and sat down at last in the sunshine against a tomb. It was not fatigue, but a sudden thought that had weakened his knees.

It was rather more than a sudden thought. It was the dawning in him that all his views of life had hitherto been, if not from one single point of view, at least from its immediate neighborhood, and that there were a thousand others, and all different.

"Why," thought Miles, "I could build a Colosseum if I wanted to, and instead of that I've been carefully plotting to make two young people wretched, taunting George with the fact that he can only stay or go at my pleasure. And I've ordered life to money, instead of money to life. And I've thought it was fine and well bred to live quietly and let the money roll up, just as Father and Grandfather thought and did—and now, well, now I'm not so sure of that. . . .

"I could settle all this mess of unhappiness with a stroke of the pen," he thought presently. "What have I done that I should be so damned rich, and what has George done that he should be so damned poor? Suppose I got up to Heaven's gate and found that the money had come to me because they thought I'd do fine things with it, and that I hadn't, and that they were disgusted and wouldn't let me in? Whew!"

Miles laughed, but he wiped the sweat from his brow.

"I've always wanted to be quiet and unobserved like ordinary people. But it isn't right for me to be ordinary. I'm too rich. I must do things. I've power, and I ought to use it. . . ."

I cannot go into the whole of Miles' thought on this occasion, nor the vague, if rather noble, conclusions to which they brought him. But picture him as rising from that sunny corner of the tomb, and the fragments of the type that had been there completely shattered falling from him. He was a man expanded for the moment to a real nobility of dimension and proportion; a quiet, gray tree that had suddenly burst into a cascade of blossoms.

There was never a more triumphant or conquering foot set Romeward upon the Appian Way. And as the young fellow strode with his head high he took the railway tickets from his pocket and tore them into fragments. And he took out his old watch and opened the back, so that the rubies and sapphires with which the inner case was set might delight his eyes.

VII

MILES went directly to the quiet little hotel at which Maud and Miss Derby were stopping. He wanted to get on the young people's track, to come up with them, and to convey to them, somehow—he did not know how—the fact that all was to be well with them.

But, to his astonishment, in the little reading-room just off the hotel office he saw Miss March alone and deep in a bound copy of a London paper. She was the only occupant of the reading-room, and Miles spoke to her.

"Hello, Miss March!" he said. "Where's Geordie?"

The girl looked up with a dazzling smile.

"I'm sure I don't know," she said.

Miles had avoided Miss March and Miss Derby, lately; he had been too engrossed with his own tortuous thoughts. And the girl's beauty appeared to him now like a new revelation. There was a gentleness and a kindliness, for all the archness and mischief of the eyes, that seemed to him to be new to his memory of her.

"But didn't he tell you that we are going tomorrow?"

She nodded.

"Yes. He told us."

"Well," said Miles, "I thought ——" He paused with a blush.

"You thought?"

"I thought," he blurted, "that you and he would spend the last day together."

She sighed and said:

"No such luck! Geordie, as a matter of fact, had some —something else that he really had to do; and as I couldn't help—why, here I am."

"Well, it doesn't matter much," said Miles, "because we're not going."

"Really!" Miss March's whole expression flashed and lightened. "I am so glad!"

"But Geordie doesn't know," said Miles. "He and I decided not to go when he wasn't present. And I want so to tell him. He'll be so glad. Will he be back soon?"

She shook her head.

"Not before dark," she said.

"But where is he? What the deuce can he be doing?"

"Honestly," she said, and she looked a little grave and anxious, "I don't know. But, perhaps, if you were to jump into a cab and drive about Rome you might find him—by accident."

"Will you come?" said Miles. "I know it isn't done. But aren't you bored here? Will you?"

She thought a moment and yielded suddenly with a gay, happy little laugh that warmed Miles' heartstrings. Somehow she had never before seemed to him so thoroughly companionable and appealing. And it occurred to him that, perhaps, love had softened her. And he sighed.

"Geordie and I being almost like brothers makes it respectable for you and me to drive about together," said Miles. But he viewed with misgiving the wretched little Roman vehicle that the head porter had called by lifting a haughty forefinger with a velvet-edged nail. And he wondered why he had not hired a motor during his stay in Rome, with a liveried chauffeur, as befitted his station in life. But then it occurred to him that his station in life was a new thought dating from that very day. "I will travel incog. a little longer," he thought; but it made him blush to hear the creaking of the springs of the little carriage in which he was to take Miss March driving.

"Our plan," she said, "as I understand it, is to drive all over Rome with our weather eyes open. Shall I tell cabby, or will you?"

For Miles had hesitated when it came to giving orders.

"It will be funnier if I do," he said. "But ——"

She laughed.

And Miles listened contentedly to charming sounds that came pellucidly from her lips and that caused the cabby to scowl and sit up very straight and look very important.

It had never before been so easy for Miles to talk with Miss March. Hitherto they had never gone deeper into each other's minds and predilections than a common liking for banter and the absurd had taken them. But now she chose to be rational and really companionable. And Miles thought: "Poor child; no wonder she's sobered, being engaged and no marriage in sight for years and years, and facing Geordie's going away and leaving her and all, and having him neglect her on this last day and all! . . . What the devil can he be up to?"

Whatever Miss March's inner sufferings may have been, she was outwardly enjoying herself. And when Miles wasn't stealing looks at her out of the corner of his eyes she stole looks at him, her eyebrows rising at the inner lids into an amused and engaging little pucker.

Now and then Miles felt tempted to tell her how lucky he thought Geordie was. And finally he did.

"But isn't that rather new—for you?" She looked at him in a way that called for an honest answer.

"I somehow," he said, "didn't get to know you very well, did I?" He laughed. "I didn't have much chance. And when we were all four together you and I did nothing but joke and say foolish things. . . ." He turned and looked her straight in the eyes. "I always," said he, "thought you were the most beautiful thing in this world; but it's suddenly dawned upon me that the beautifulness is only—a little bit of item—I—I don't know how to put it. You're different from what I thought."

"Do you really think I'm different?" she asked.

"It must have been there always," he said. "But I think I was always a little afraid of you and embarrassed. And now I'm not."

"Don't you think," she said, "that a girl has to be different—until—until she's sure?"

"I don't know anything about girls," he said. "But if I thought that you'd ever get over it I'd find myself wishing that George had drowned himself."

"This attitude," she said, "from you—is a new thing."

"It is," said Miles. "I never felt that way before about you or anybody else. . . . I used to tell Miss Derby that I was in love with her, but she wouldn't believe me. . . ."

"Anyway," said Miss March, "it proves that you and I are no longer to regard each other with suspicion, but to be firm friends. And that's a blessing. . . . But I think you shouldn't have neglected us so. Auntie is really hurt. She thought you really liked her."

"I do," exclaimed Miles, "and she knows it; and I've been a regular cub. I'll tell you honestly why I've kept away; it made me lonely and jealous to see two people so happy. And I'd counted so on doing Rome with George, and, of course, that would have spoiled his game. So I moped by myself, and was ashamed, too, and couldn't seem to stop. And then you—now we're friends and on an honest basis, I can say it—you didn't seem to care a rap about me as George's friend. And I got to feeling sore at you. There!"

He smiled his sweetest and most engaging smile.

"I didn't value you," she said, "because—because you didn't give me a chance to know you. . . . Did you?"

He shook his head.

"Well," she said, "I can't say that you have changed very much so far as my personal observation goes. But I felt, all of a sudden, when you came into the reading-room, as if I knew you, and that you were fine and manly and sweet. There!"

"And that," said Miles, "is why you've let me see what you're really like."

"You poor soul," she said, "you've had a miserable, lonely time of it ——"

"Oh," said Miles, "I didn't make the best of it, and so I mustn't even be forgiven, let alone comforted."

She patted the back of his hand with her little gloved fingers. But Miles was really troubled in his heart.

"I felt so-and-so when we started," he thought. "I feel this way now and, blast my reputation as a friend, I'm getting worse every minute. First, I wouldn't go around because I thought she didn't like me; and now I won't be able to because—I—I'm getting to like her too much."

And they drove up and down—because Rome is built on seven hills—and up and down, and saw no sign of George. And at last the afternoon changed into dusk, with wind and dust, and lights began to be lighted; and Miss March sighed and said that it had been very sweet of Miles to put up with her company and that she must go back to her hotel.

According to Miles' recollection this was reached altogether too soon, but he tried to prolong the happy

time that he had had, and went with her to the office to ask if George was in the hotel—he wasn't—and to the foot of the stair—it was an old-fashioned hotel having no lift; they call them that abroad because their kind has to make a terrible effort to do business, and it sounds more appropriate—and there he shook hands with her. And instead of his happy time being prolonged it was then and there changed into tragedy.

Dan Cupid had been hovering about Miles, hanging fire. He chose the moment when she reached the landing and turned and smiled. Then the god drew his bow to the ear and drove his mighty shaft into Miles' heart—right up to the feathers.

The poor fellow walked back to his own hotel in a strange state of exaltation and grief. The miracle had happened to him and he had that for exaltation. But it must from its very circumstances be tragic, and hence the grief and the numb pain and the sense of despair. Verily, he that had gone forth from the tomb upon the Appian Way to bear glad tidings was going home with a wallet full of evil news.

"I want her, I want her," cried the wound in his heart, "and she's George's, George's, George's."

The sounds of lamplit Rome seemed to merge and reverberate with the burden:

"George's, George's—not for you—George's."

They told him at the office that George had just come in and that he had gone up to their room. But Miles went first and had a drink and a think, at a little table in a far corner. And he came to the conclusion that he was being punished for unkindness and uncharitableness and wrong-mindedness, and that this suddenly seeing life from a new point of view had happened too late—for him. But not for others. "Now," thought he, "that I know what the pain feels like and what the joy might feel like, it's up to me to take away as much of their pain, her pain, her pain, as I possibly can. And I won't eat out my heart—I won't—I won't. I'll soothe it with being kind; I'll comfort it with being generous, and even if I can't heal it—why, we'll get along—we'll get along."

He went upstairs and, his hand on the door, heard George singing and whistling.

Miles went in.

"Well, old boy," he said, "I'm glad to hear you so cheerful."

"Miles," said George, "I've got to be cheerful. And I'm going to be. We made up our minds to that . . . and . . . Oh! man, she's so wonderful ——"

"I know—I know," Miles interjected.

"Know!" exclaimed George. "You can't know! . . . She'll wait. And I'm not to be unhappy or troubled because we've got to wait. . . . And love isn't a petty thing, Milesy. It's great and glorious. It's the sacrifices—the being separated, and taking it manly, and working like a dog, and having it all end well—that make it glorious . . ."

"The having it end well," said Miles. "Yes—that's the great thing."

He walked to the window and looked out. Should he tell George that it was to end well sooner than he, George, had expected, or wasn't George in so buoyant a mood that it would be better to hold that little piece of extra happiness until the morning, and to announce only the postponement of departure?

George, meanwhile, went on talking, with Miles half listening to George, half engrossed in his own thoughts of the future.

"It's been the happiest day in my life," said George. "I remember three: the day Grandpa gave me a gun, and the day she said she cared, too, and this day. . . . First," he said, "we thrashed it all out, and decided what position and disposition we'd take and hold, and after that we walked on air and sat on clouds—and not once all day long did we let our hearts sink because—because we have to say good-by tomorrow."

"All day long!" repeated Miles. He had only been half listening, but that phrase had startled him into complete attention. "You and Maud have been together all day?" he said—"all this afternoon?"

"Of course," said George. "Where would we be? Apart—on this last day?"

"Thanks," said Miles. "I—I've gone mad, but that's nothing."

Then, indignant at being lied to, he gave his version, but without heat, of how, where and with whom Maud had spent the afternoon.

But George seated himself and buried his face in his hands and roared with laughter.

"Sorrow has driven him mad," thought Miles, "that's certain. And it's my fault."

But George was not mad, and presently he stifled his laughter.

"You ninny!" he said. "You've often heard Maud and Miss Derby talk about the sister—Mary. She came on with friends from Paris to join them here. . . ."

"But—but ——" said Miles.

"They're twins," cried George exultantly. "And sometimes one of them goes out to dine when it's the other that has been asked. And nobody can tell 'em apart except—except people that love 'em."

"Pooh!" said Miles; "I can tell 'em apart—now." But he could not go on, his heart was thumping so.

"Of course," said George, "she guessed who you were, and took a chance. I—I"— and he laughed—"never knew anybody that loves as much as Mary does to amuse herself at other people's expense."

"Aren't you thinking of Maud?" suggested Miles.

"And We've Gone and Presented Eternity With Seven Whole Days That We Can Never Get Back"

VIII

MILES, wide awake in the dark, his first elation over, faced a new complication. He meant to dog the twin sister's steps until, if only through sheer weariness, she promised to belong to him. That he, like George, had fallen in love at first sight was a sufficient miracle of coincidence. And there was no use even hoping, he told himself, that Mary might make the miracle foursquare by falling instantly in love with him as her sister had done with George. She would have to be won by a campaign of penitence in devotion and thoughtfulness. In medieval terms of human probability she would capitulate only after a long and well-pressed siege. Being in grim earnest, he began then and there to make plans, to review his forces and to muster them in the order of availability and worth. The possession of great wealth was the point on which he differed most from the average presentable young man. But whether to regard that as a personal characteristic and advance it in troops of automobiles and rooms full of flowers, with all the hints that these must convey of a gilded, easy and convenient future, or whether to regard it as a mere accidental asset of no importance whatever in the course of true love, at first confused him. But presently he saw very clearly that if he used his wealth and won his battle he could never be sure whether the victory had been upon his merits as a man or upon his merits as a capitalist. "No," thought he in the dark; "there is a time to be silent. This is it."

He had determined somehow or other, delicately if possible, to force upon George an easy way out of his complications; but it would now be necessary to postpone any steps to this end. "He'll be happy enough to stay in Rome," thought Miles, "and it will be amusing to see if he tries to do some work."

When at last Miles fell asleep it was to be sound in it And he did not wake till nearly nine. And it was cigarette smoke and a sound of pen-scratching that waked him.

George was sitting up in bed, writing against his knees, in the manner—or only in the attitude, I am afraid—of R. L. S., made so famous by the Saint-Gaudens bas-relief. Miles took a great comfort in the sight. George looked for once, with knotted brows and serious mouth, to be a man in dead earnest.

"Morning!" said Miles. "How long you been rollin' ink-pots?"

George smiled contentedly and laid aside his work

"Since five," he said.

"What at?"

"I got thinking about the Gilded Fool," said George, "and I thought of a new way out of the old complication And, Milesy—I think—I think I've done some sheets this A. M that are almost good."

"You've been doing it on smoke and an empty stomach."

George shook his head and pointed to the remains of a Continental breakfast.

"Smoke *and* chocolate *and* roll *and* butter *and* honey," he said. "This is only a beginning. But I'm going to have *myself* called early every morning, and until I've turned out so many words as good as I can do—why—well. Maud and I have sworn an oath that the days I don't do my chores we won't speak to each other."

"If that's the case," said Miles, "we'll take the room next this—it's empty—for a sitting-room, and you can work there and not pollute my childish slumbers with smoke. You see, as we're going to be here right along we may as well make ourselves comfortable."

"It'll set you back quite some," George protested feebly.

"Well, I'll have to suffer, then," said Miles, smiling inwardly. And he wanted very much to announce that he could hire the whole hotel without impoverishing himself

"Will you answer one question," added George, "without getting on your ear?"

"Sure," said Miles, who was feeling very good-natured

"When," said George, "did you decide not to leave Rome?"

"Yesterday," said Miles.

"When yesterday?"

"About noon. And I was so pleased about it that I went without lunch so's to find you and tell you."

"Then," said George, "it was before you met Maud's sister."

Miles blushed becomingly.

"It was," he said.

"I'm glad," said George.

"Why?" said Miles.

"Because," said George, "now I shall be at liberty to flatter myself that you did it for my sake."

Continued on Page 52

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PHILADELPHIA, APRIL 23, 1910

A Corpse That Winks

EVER since last autumn, like prudent journalists, we have had our obituary notice of Cannonism all set up and ready to throw into the forms at a moment's warning whenever that fatal event should occur which would make its publication appropriate. Early in January, and again the middle of March, with greater emphasis, we were assured that the patient was no more, and might definitely be spoken of in the past tense.

Almost immediately, however, deceased sat up and winked violently—a phenomenon which the newspapers described as a Republican caucus to name the majority members of the new Committee on Rules—and ever since then we have been in an uncertain frame of mind. For a corpse, ready for the funeral, the subject shows unbecoming signs of activity.

Cannonism is merely another name for blind following of party. So long as hidebound party rule obtains, and members styled Republicans or Democrats feel obliged to surrender their convictions on important questions in deference to the decisions of a caucus, we shall have governments by a minority—consisting simply of a majority of that party which has a majority of the House—and government by a minority is Cannonism.

Beginning with the mugwumps, who first supported Cleveland, almost every step toward political reform in this country, whether national, state or local, has been taken by breaking party lines. The insurgent Republicans who voted against Cannon in March stepped boldly and well in the right direction. And yet to kill Cannonism will require persistent stepping.

We're still a little uncertain as to whether it is time to print that obituary notice.

Lines for Truthful Tablets

WE HAVE forgotten precisely how many million dollars, derived from profits in the steel trade, Mr. Carnegie has given away in the last nine years. But exact figures on the other side of the ledger are at hand.

During the last nine years the Steel Trust has paid operating expenses, taxes and interest on bonds which represent more money than stockholders ever actually paid in for the construction of the various plants; it has set aside many millions to cancel the principal of the bonds, and has deducted from earnings enough money not only to keep the plants in full repair, but also to improve and extend them. Last year alone, for example, sixteen million dollars was charged out for "extraordinary replacement." And after doing all that its net surplus profits for the benefit of stockholders have amounted to $639,463,867.15.

That would build quite a number of libraries and pension a good many college professors. While these profits have been accumulating the price of steel rails has been "pegged" at twenty-eight dollars a ton, remaining at that figure regardless of supply or demand, because the Steel Trust and its allies of the Rail Pool arbitrarily fixed it there. If that isn't the essence of monopoly we would like somebody to point out what is. To make the monopoly effective, of course, a practically prohibitive import duty on rails was essential—which the Government thoughtfully provided.

Mr. Carnegie's otherwise admirable character is marred by a slight strain of egotism. The dedicatory tablets in his libraries should read: "Donated by the Various Republican Majorities in Congress that have passed Tariff Bills." We hope the gentlemen who, ere long, will be building libraries and pensioning heroes out of the present enormous profits of the Steel Trust will state the case accurately in their tablets and deeds of gift.

High Tide in Pittsburgh

FOLLOWING the newest graft exposures a large wave of reform has struck Pittsburgh, we hear. The wave probably will produce much commotion and foam; then it will subside, after the manner of waves. As dry land reappears graft will wipe the salt spume out of its eyes and thriftily prepare to resume the old trade at the old stand.

That has been the history of numberless reform waves. If a man had an engine that blew up periodically, although he frequently changed engineers, he might, in the course of time, begin to suspect there was something wrong with the engine itself. No matter how often our engine blows up that suspicion never crosses our minds. The basic trouble is that, however badly our political institutions may work in given cases, we stick to the fond belief that the institutions themselves are all right and will work perfectly if only we elect honest men to operate them.

The cities that have accomplished lasting reform are those, like Des Moines, which have had the courage to sit down deliberately, reëxamine the political machinery itself, and reform the faults in it. So long as Pittsburgh goes on with the old bad institutions that scatter power and responsibility among a great number of persons the old trouble will break out afresh.

Politically speaking, all people take "dope." An Englishman is hypnotized by a lord; a German fervently *Hochs der Kaiser;* to a Frenchman the army is a fetish; and we Americans, whenever anybody mentions the Fathers and the Constitution, fall on our stomachs and wriggle reverentially. To say that the Supreme Court, with its power over legislation, is an absurd anomaly in a government supposedly democratic, is not merely treason, but sacrilege. A blind refusal to examine the political machinery itself, in the light of experience and of modern conditions, is what, more than anything else, makes reform transitory and ineffectual.

Cheaper Gold and Higher Prices

EMINENT economists agree that what we are suffering from is cheap money. In two years the world's mines have yielded nine hundred million dollars of gold, which is about as much as they produced in the five "hard-times" years, 1893-1897, or in eight years preceding 1893. Owing to this increased supply the value of gold has fallen, so that it takes an ounce and a half, or approximately thirty dollars, to buy the same quantity of food and clothing that one ounce, or twenty dollars, would have bought ten years ago. In short, dear commodities and cheap money are equivalent terms.

Some of our most noted political campaigns in behalf of the poor man have adopted a theory that the more abundant and the cheaper money was the better off the poor man would necessarily be. We haven't yet heard from any poor man who thinks this era of cheap money and high prices improves his condition. What that condition would be if the supply of money, in ten years, had increased from twenty-five dollars per capita to forty-five, instead of only to thirty-five, as it has done, and commodity prices were correspondingly higher, may be left to the imagination.

Farmers have benefited from high prices; but, generally speaking, only in proportion as they were capitalists, too, owning land. In central Nebraska, for example, where dollar wheat and sixty-cent corn have raised the price of farmlands from thirty or forty to one hundred dollars or more an acre, it certainly isn't any easier for the really poor, empty-handed man to make his way farming than it was ten years ago.

To figure out schemes of beating the capitalists, in favor of the non-possessing man, by monkeying with the currency system, has always possessed a fascination for some minds; but it is doubtful if anybody can figure out such a scheme that will work.

Paternalism and the Palladium

THE Government owns a steamship line plying between Atlantic ports and the Isthmus of Panama. It owns a railroad across the Isthmus. People of the Pacific Coast ask that it complete the chain by establishing a line of steamers between Panama and Pacific ports. For the haul from Panama those people are now dependent upon ships controlled by a transcontinental railroad. They say the ships, in arranging rates and schedules, think twice of the railroad's interests and only once of developing water transportation.

Senator Flint's bill for a Government line on the Pacific meets with the usual objections—chiefly, that it would be rank paternalism. In the statesman's dictionary paternalism seems to mean a father who refuses to be thrown out by the boys whom he has set up in business. It was not paternalism, for example, when the Government granted this transcontinental railroad subsidies almost sufficient to build and equip it. Neither would it be paternalism if the Government guaranteed a profit to privately-owned ships by liberally subsidizing them, according to these gentlemen.

The Government, it is urged, has no right to compete with any private enterprise—such as the railroad's Pacific steamship line. One Senator observes that the Government undoubtedly will soon sell its Panama ships, having bought them merely as an incident to building the canal. The Government, that is, being temporarily engaged in a large undertaking, wished to protect itself by controlling the means of transportation. But the Pacific Coast people say they are permanently engaged in a large undertaking. They are, so to speak, building Panama Canals all the time. These hustling Westerners would like the same protection which the Government, in its own business, found expedient.

Suppose, as a very extreme case, that the Government should go a tenth as far in aiding a million farmers and merchants as it went in aiding the several persons who built the above-mentioned railroad. Would the palladium of our liberty really be upset thereby?

Science the Best Fertilizer

TEXAS farmers in the cotton belt used to raise cotton and almost nothing else, because that crop brought cash. Very often they bought vegetables, eggs, milk, feed for their horses and like products of the soil. Of late years the Farmers' Union and other agencies have been persistently preaching diversification of crops, and with some measure of success. To that the lifting of many a mortgage is attributed—although, probably, the farmers are still too largely simple specialists in cotton. Specialization, of course, is the word nowadays; yet the packers turn out soup, extracts and toilet soap as well as steaks and chops.

Now comes President Jordan, of the Southern Cotton Association, to say that the American cotton crop is "worse handled than any other great product in the world." Cotton from India and Egypt comes to market in much better condition than that from the United States. He points out in detail how bad baling, indiscriminate sampling, unnecessary freight on bagging and ties, marine insurance one-fourth higher than that on other cotton, local insurance in ordinary warehouses at two to four per cent against one-sixth of one per cent in a standard warehouse, and country damage from improper storage and exposure to weather entail upon the growers yearly losses of enormous proportions.

Cotton growers by no means stand alone in failing to get as much as they ought out of their plant and product. Here is the only "Back-to-the-farm" campaign that will win—back with better knowledge, higher technical skill. As a matter of fact, every year nowadays young men are finding in farming ample opportunity to apply all the brains they possess and all the scientific training they can acquire.

Bigness and Betterment

EXCITEMENT over the new census begins to arise. Signs of it already appear in many quarters. With the lapse of time it will become more acute until, at the climax, it fairly vies with the baseball scores. But this absorbing interest in the census applies, of course, to only one feature of it—that feature which is connoted by the eager inquiry: "How big are we?"

How much has Los Angeles cut down San Francisco's lead? Is Dallas almost as big as San Antonio? What is the relative population of St. Paul and Minneapolis? Just what ratio of growth does Oklahoma show? To these questions we breathlessly await the official answer of the census.

In the fifty pounds or so of census figures may be deciphered answers to other questions which touch not upon size but merely upon well-being. Such answers, as only possessing an academic interest, the specialists may dully dig out at their leisure. What we're really wanting to know is: "How big are we?"

We suppose there is no self-respecting American city that would not rejoice more generally and more keenly to know that it had beaten its rival in the number of inhabitants than to know it had beaten the same rival in the comparatively dry and unspringy matter of providing good government. Indeed a strong motive for providing good government is that it may prove a valuable means of attracting more inhabitants. If an angel should offer any live American city the alternative of growing in size or in grace, that city would be very unhappy. Probably it would petition the angel to withdraw his offer, preferring to retain its precious prospects of getting bigger, and hopefully taking its chances of also getting better.

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

Serious and Frivolous Facts About the Great and the Near Great

The Whip From the Amen Corner

BEFORE John Wilbur Dwight became a statesman he was a farmer, and one of the places he farmed was in Minnesota. That is, he farmed there in the summertime, returning in the winter to the more salubrious climate of the Amen Corner in the old Fifth Avenue Hotel, in New York. After he had been coming back to the Amen Corner for several winters he developed into a teller of stories about the characteristics of the Swedes and Norwegians, who have so extensively settled the Northwest, and whom he encountered—or heard about—while discussing agriculture and irrigation at the Minnesota Club.

One of the stories that gained him much fame was this: "I was passing a saloon in St. Paul one morning and just as I got opposite the door a big Scandinavian was thrown violently through the swinging doors, lit on his head in the gutter, whirled around a few times and dropped in a heap. I could see he had been treated severely, and I was amazed, when I went over to help him up, to find him laughing loudly, despite his bruises, cuts and contusions.

"'Har-har!' he shouted. 'Har-har-har!'

"'What have you got to laugh at?' I asked him.

"'Ban big yoke on fallar in there,' he roared. 'Ban big yoke on him. I ban in there an' he yump on me an' say: "You git out, you big Swede, or I throw you out," an' I fight gude an' he ban hit me with bung-starter an' throw me out. Har-har-har!'

"'But what's the joke?' I asked.

"'Har-har-har! Ban gude yoke. I ban no Swedish fallar. I ban Norwegian!'"

Thus, on that acrimonious afternoon when they put the rollers under the ancient form of Uncle Joe Cannon in the House of Representatives, and we observed John Wilbur Dwight smiling genially as the allies lopped various arms, legs, appurtenances and perquisites from the sparse Speaker, including one Czardom, our minds reverted instantly to that pleasing tale. You see, John Wilbur Dwight was the whip of the House—is yet, for that matter, unless they shift him between writing and printing—the Republican whip, and it was his duty to keep enough regulars on the job to protect Uncle Joe against the assaults of the enemy. John laughed a little. It was a good joke on the allies. He was no whip. He was the whipped.

We borrowed that term, whip, from the English. The whip is supposed to keep the members of his party in line, to arrange for pairs, to see that he has enough votes on hand if he is the majority whip to put through what the majority wants, or if he is the minority whip to make as good a showing as he can. When critical measures are up he is supposed to have all the faithful in town in their seats, ready to stay until the last vote is taken. His position is an important one, grown more important of late years because of the increasing complexities of legislation and rules in the House of Representatives.

Jim Tawney used to be whip, and he was followed by Jim Watson. When Watson left the House to run for Governor of Indiana, or, rather, when he did not return to the House because he ran—or walked—for Governor of Indiana, Uncle Joe Cannon picked John Wilbur Dwight for the job. John Wilbur had been in the House for four terms, from the Thirtieth New York District; he was one of the cronies of the Speaker, and he began as whip for the Sixty-first Congress. A nice, genial, companionable fellow is John Wilbur, a good story-teller and mixer, and Uncle Joe was uncommonly fond of him.

John Wilbur's Grand Job

SO THEY made him whip. It was a pleasant recognition of his many fine qualities, both as a statesman and as a regular. He was regular, too; regular as the succession of the days, and everything seemed happy, happy, happy. And, having become whip, he became more statesmanlike. From day to day it was easy to observe his increasing dignity and poise. He had an important place, and he felt not only the importance of the place but his own importance as well. Serious duties demand serious attention. From the careless, laughing, genial, story-telling Dwight he developed into the man of responsibilities and accountabilities. He had grave work to do. His to combat the rising tide of insurgency with his faithful regulars. His to stand on guard and see that the votes were there, when Uncle Joe and John Dalzell and Walter Smith decided to jolt the minority and the insurgents with some particularly choice rule.

Well, it was a grand job, and grand to see John Wilbur in it. Talk about giving a position tone! Why, there was nothing to it, so far as Dwight was concerned. He was the whole works—the whip—understand? Without him—nothing. With him—something. Correct, but attend:

He Stuck to His Post and Was Stuck

There came the plan to appoint the investigators for the House in the matter of Ballinger-Pinchot. It was the idea of the Speaker and of the Speaker's friend, John Wilbur, his whip, to have the Speaker appoint these investigators, not, of course, with any idea of putting a few trusty men on the inquiry who might be relied upon to come to the aid of the party, but merely because the Speaker, being Speaker, had the right to name them.

The insurgents felt otherwise. They felt deeply about it, too, and when the matter came up they voted to have the House name the investigators. Previously, House and Speaker had been synonymous, but there these two powerful factors became antonymous. Whip Dwight whipped and whipped, but it was of no use. He lost by three or four votes, and the first dent was made in Uncle Joe, that dent that has since become a cañon.

There was some talk at that time that if Jim Watson had been whip instead of John Wilbur there would have been another outcome of the struggle, but that was put down as the idle vaporings of old friends of Jim's. How could any person be a better whip than Dwight? How, indeed!

Still, time passed on and there appeared on the horizon one Crumpacker, of Indiana—Edgar D. Crumpacker, chairman of the Census Committee. Crumpacker wanted to crumpack a few thoughts about the taking of the next census through the House, and he declared that it was a little matter of the highest privilege, inasmuch as the Constitution directs the taking of a census every ten years and this is the year. Earlier in the session there had been a partial revision of the rules forced on the Speaker, and one thing provided for was a calendar Wednesday, on which day bills on the calendar were to be disposed of without other special rule.

Crumpacker had not crumpacked his census affair on the calendar, and that calendar Wednesday was, and is, sacred in the hearts and minds of the insurgents who had helped fix it up. Crumpacker consulted Dwight. Did Dwight have the votes? Sure! Shove it in! Let's take a crack at this calendar Wednesday. Did the Speaker agree? Certainly. Go to it!

Whereupon, Mr. Crumpacker went to it. He stuck in his census obsession, and then came an explosion that sounded like William H. Taft falling off the front steps. "We rise to inquire," said twenty-six insurgents at once, "whether you realize that this is violating our precious calendar Wednesday! This is not in order." And a few million words to the same general effect. However, Uncle Joe ruled, presently, that this was a question of the highest privilege, and the resolution was passed. That was what the insurgents were waiting for. Grinning affably at Whip Dwight and the rest, Representative Norris put in his resolution directing the House to name a new Committee on Rules, of which the Speaker should not be a member, and remarking in no uncertain tones that this, inasmuch as it concerned the procedure of the House was also a question of the highest privilege. That precipitated the big fight that resulted in the overthrow of the Speaker.

Meantime, Whip Dwight remained sleepless at his post. To be sure, there were—the story goes—some sixty Republicans who were not on hand and not paired sleepless elsewhere, so to say, but the sturdy whip slept not. He couldn't, for every ten seconds some impetuous regular would dash up to him and inquire cuttingly where in Medicine Hat those absentees were. There was no sleep for the faithful whip. Nor, it seemed, many votes. He stuck to his post, and was stuck.

But that is all over now. The point is that when it comes to whips John Wilbur Dwight certainly looks the part.

Paid in Paper

SAM STRANE was a guide for the uptown departments in Washington and the White House. He used to stand in front of the Treasury building and trap the visitor to the Capital, offering to show him around and depending on the generosity of his client for his living.

One day Sam was at his post and a patriarchal person came along. "Would you like a guide to show you the sights?" asked Sam.

"Indeed, yes," said the patriarch.

Sam took him in tow, led him through the White House, the State, War and Navy building, the Corcoran Art Gallery and other buildings. The old man was appreciative, but he said nothing about luncheon. Finally, Sam suggested that he knew a place where they could get a schooner of beer and some lunch for a nickel, and the old man went along and enjoyed his beer at Sam's expense. Then they went down on the Mall and visited the Smithsonian and the National Museum, and from there to the Capitol and the Library. Sam was very tired when he had shown the old man all around and was expecting a good fee.

At six o'clock, when they had finished everything, the old man suggested that he was to take a train at half-past six and asked Sam to show him to the Baltimore and Ohio station. Sam took him over.

"Now, my friend," said the old man, "you have been very kind to me and I appreciate it very much. I am the editor of an agricultural paper out West, and when I get home I am going to put you on my mailing list for a free copy of my paper as a token of my gratitude. Good-day."

"Hold on," shouted Sam; "wait a minute."

"What is it?" asked the old man.

"Please be sure to send me only one copy of that paper," said Sam, "because I can't eat more than one."

Thanks to Lucy

MARK SMITH, former delegate from Arizona to Congress and likely as not to be one of the new Senators when the state is admitted, was born in Kentucky.

He says that in the town where he was born a new and youthful preacher was imported from New England to minister to the Presbyterian church.

On the first Sunday the senior deacon of the church took the minister aside and asked him to pray for Lucy Gray. The minister prayed fervently for Lucy, not only on that Sunday but on the two succeeding Sundays.

On the fourth Sunday the deacon came around and said: "Parson, you needn't pray for Lucy Gray any more."

"Why," asked the minister, "is she dead?"

"Dead? No," said the deacon, "she won."

Bees and Bars

FRANKLIN ADAMS, who is managing editor of the interesting magazine published by the Bureau of American Republics, had a story about Honey in his February issue.

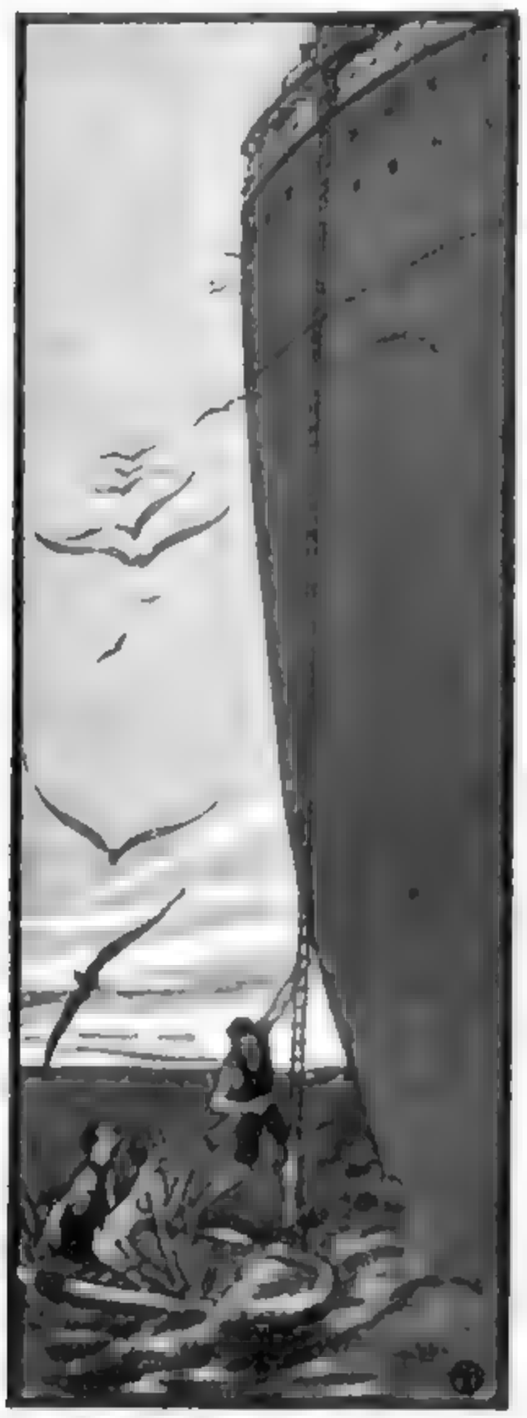
The statistics in the article were secured from the Department of Agriculture and the statement was made that there are 700,000 beekeepers in the United States, or one to about every 126 of the population.

The magazine is printed at the Government Printing Office. When the proofs of this article came back to Mr. Adams he found a proofreader in the big printery had queried the statement that there are 700,000 beekeepers in the United States and had written on the margin of the proof slip: "Don't you mean barkeepers?"

The Return From Elba

By SAMUEL G. BLYTHE

ILLUSTRATED BY M. L. BLUMENTHAL



As Day Was Breaking the Liner Drew Alongside

FOREWORD

AS THE expression Back From Elba is used frequently in this veracious narrative, it seems fitting to explain at the outset that the person referred to in connection with the phrase will not come back from Elba. He has never been to Elba. The words form merely a historical figure of speech. He will really come back from Africa, but that doesn't mean anything, politically or otherwise. It might imply the return of a missionary, or of the Minister to Liberia on vacation, or an exposer of the atrocities in the Congo who got as far as Gibraltar. The explanation of the term by those who invented its present application is that once, about a century ago, Mr. James J. Napoleon, who had spent a sequestered season in a place called Elba, away from the busy marts of trade, returned to France to go into the emperor business at the old stand and was warmly received. The historical as well as the figurative resemblance in the two events is supposed to cease at this point. Any student of history, pedant or critic who digs up and presents the fact that Mr. J. J. Napoleon lasted only a hundred days after he got back, will merit and will receive the severe displeasure of those in charge of the ovation here described, and will be set down as willfully attempting to crab the game.

I—BACK FROM ELBA

FAR to the east of Sandy Hook lightship a giant bellbuoy tossed in rhythmic unison with the mighty waves. Boom! clanged the bell, boom! And as it rose, shuddering but secure, to the top of a great comber, there appeared the figure of a man clinging to the framework—a man tall and slender, in whose drooping mustache there glittered pearly drops of water and whose hair was silvered by the salty spray.

High again the great bell was tossed, and the tall and slender man swept the horizon with eager eyes. Suddenly he discerned a black speck far off among the leaping waves, a black speck that rose and fell as often as the waves themselves and, as it rose into the full glory of the setting sun, displayed momentary flashes of a line of pearly white.

"'Tis he!" shouted the tall and slender man. "'Tis he! He comes!"

Time passed, and the speck grew bigger and bigger until it took on the aspect of a man's head and shoulders. It was a man, a man swimming vigorously in all the weltering waste of water.

Battling bravely with the waves the man progressed. It was soon to be observed that the pearly line of white was teeth, and that between them was clamped a trusty rifle.

The passenger on the bellbuoy leaned far forward and shouted:

"Bwana Tumbo! Bwana Tumbo!"

The swimmer stopped, dashed the water from his eyes, changed his course and, with a few tremendous strokes, reached the bellbuoy.

Grasping the framework he pulled himself up beside the first occupant.

"Hello, Gifford!" he shouted. "I'm glad to see you."

"Theodore!"

Gifford's voice—for it was none other than Gifford Pinchot who sat astride the bell—was broken with emotion.

"Good old Gif," said the swimmer, and they clasped hands there, with the limitless sea swirling around them—clasped hands as two strong men will, wherever met.

"I had to come," replied Pinchot. "I felt that I must be first to clasp your hand, to hear your voice, to see your teeth, but I had not expected this. Where's the ship?"

"Oh, back there a hundred miles or so. It was too slow for me and I jumped overboard, taking my trusty rifle, and swam in. Where's Jimmie?"

"I left him back on the next buoy. I tied him there and came on alone. I felt I must be first."

"Oh, well, let's get along to him."

Together they plunged into the waves and swam, side by side, toward a buoy that tossed in the twilight a mile or two away.

As they swam they talked. "You know," said Pinchot, "that I am no longer Chief Forester of the United States. I have been separated from my job ——"

"So I have heard. So I have heard, but let me tell you of the time I shot the white rhinoceros. It was like this"—and, turning on his back, he raised his trusty rifle and took careful aim at a circling gull. Bang! and the gull dropped into the water.

"Pick that up, Gifford, and take it in. It will be another specimen for the Smithsonian Institution."

So they swam, the mighty hunter telling of his deeds in Africa, and the enraptured listener often forgetting that it is no time to listen in open-mouthed wonder when one is swimming, and embarking, from time to time, large quantities of sea water.

Presently they reached the next buoy. Tied securely to the bell was a man of high brow and serious cast of countenance.

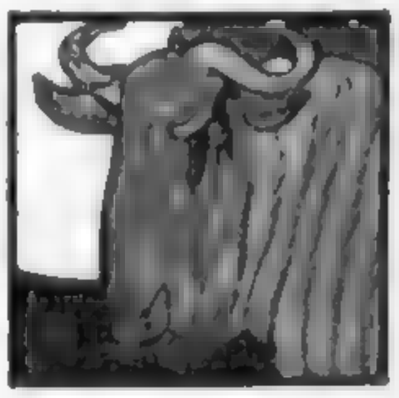
"Hello, Jimmie," shouted the mighty hunter. "What's the matter? Seasick?"

The man on the bell groaned.

"Mollycoddle!" snorted the sturdy swimmer.

"Theodore," replied James Rudolph, "I am recovered now. The sight of your face has revived me."

"Huh! that's better." And he and Pinchot climbed on the buoy and disposed themselves comfortably, talking long into the night on what had happened in the United States since the mighty hunter left our shores. The full meaning of the Back-From-Elba movement was explained, the various political moves described, the scope of the celebration outlined. Just as day was breaking the great, gray liner drew alongside and lowered a boat.



II—BACK FROM ELBA

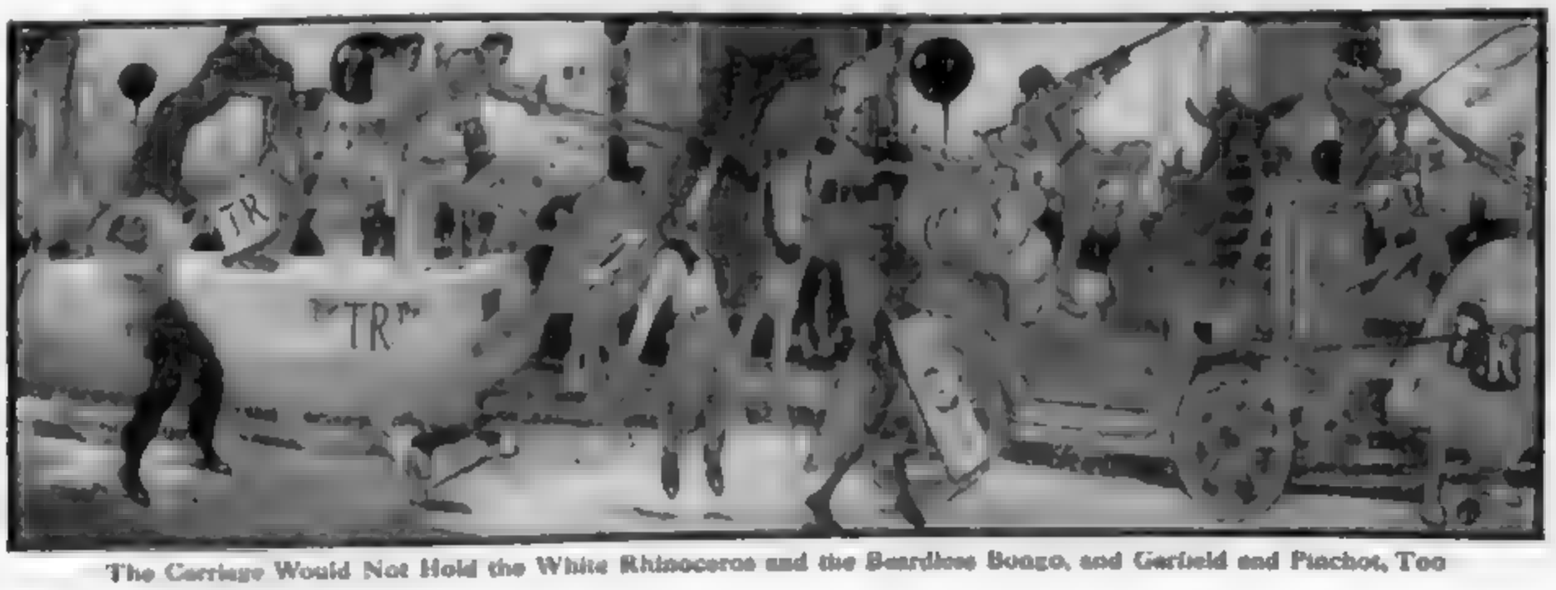
BACK from Elba! All night long the streets of the Mighty Metropolis of the Western World had been filled with hurrying throngs, all with a common objective point. Long before the rising sun gilded such of the tops of the skyscrapers as had not thoughtfully been gilded before by the owners thereof, the Battery was packed with a seething mass of people, and scores of hundreds of thousands stood in serried ranks along the shores, from the Narrows to Governor's Island, while half the population of the United States seemed to be on Staten Island.

Waiting—and for what?

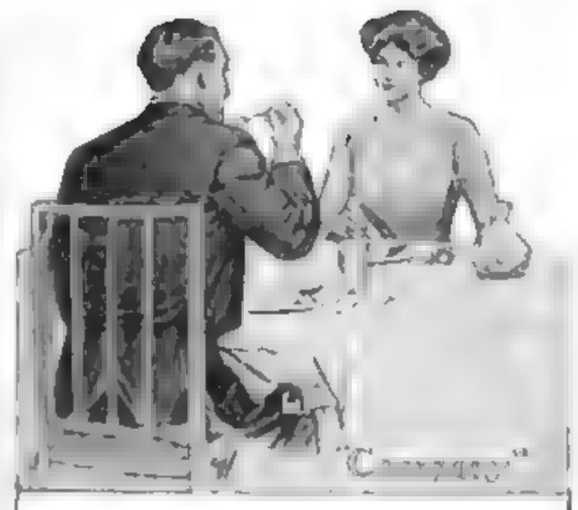
Waiting to greet with glad acclaim Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt, merely a private citizen, but first in such war as came his way and first in the hearts of his countrymen who haven't been able to get or retain jobs under the Taft Administration.

It probably never occurred to him to be first in peace.

The great, gray liner poked her nose past Sandy Hook. Standing on the bridge, with



The Carriage Would Not Hold the White Rhinoceros and the Beardless Bongo, and Garfield and Pinchot, Too



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Campbell's Tomato Soup

It contains so much food-value and is so easy to digest that often when you are over-worked or out of sorts, it does you more good than a hearty meal of meat. It supplies real nourishment without the headache and dyspepsia that often follow a heavy meal taken on a tired stomach. And its price is so low that an economical housewife cannot afford to be without it.

Why not order a dozen at a time? That is the sensible way. If not satisfied your grocer refunds the price. The same with all Campbell's Soups.

21 kinds 10c a can

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Just add hot water, bring to a boil, and serve.

Look for the red-and-white label

Campbell's Menu Book is full of practical suggestions for the busy or puzzled housewife. And we will gladly send you a copy free on request.

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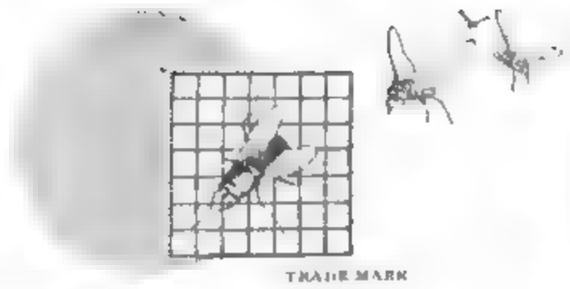
Camden N J

O look at the comet of Halley
Go scooting o'er mountain and valley.
He must be a guest
At a *Campbell's Soup* "fest"
And hasn't a moment to dally.



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It's time to think about your screens. Take them out—look them over.

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Draw a lesson from the rusted screens and renew with

Pompeiian Bronze Screen Cloth

It cannot rust. Will last as long as your house. Salt air has no effect upon it.

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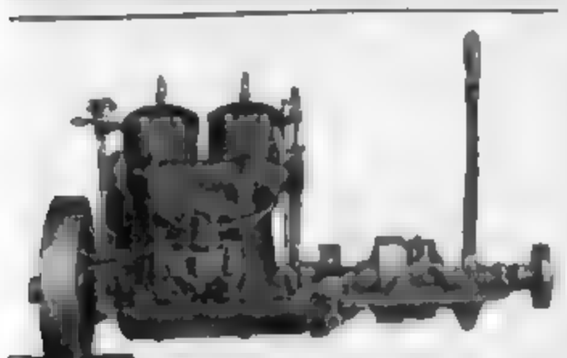

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A Herd of Forty-Seven Elephants Charging a Lone but Intrepid Hunter

Gifford Pinchot and Jimmie Garfield on either hand, was the Colonel, garbed in his khaki suit. Despite all persuasion it had not been possible to induce the Colonel to attire himself either in his uniform or in the conventional dress affected by the welcoming committee—namely, silk hat, frock coat, striped trousers and a look of eager expectancy.

"I want my people to greet me as I am," he had said simply, when approached on the subject. "I am only a faunal naturalist and a middle-aged literary man, and thus I shall remain."

The great, gray liner anchored and, while the mighty guns thundered a salute, the Colonel and his two faithful friends were transferred to the enormous sidewheel steamer, My Policies, which had been chartered especially for the occasion by the Committee of Greeting.

The water was alive with craft of every description, all jammed with enthusiasts who waved flags and chanted unceasingly: "Back—back—back from Elba!" There were many disputes, both on the boats and on shore, over the word Elba, some holding it was some kind of a mineral spring, and others contending with equal vigor that it was a place where elephants are plenty.

The scene in New York's magnificent harbor made the return of any other private citizen to this country look like an attempt to smuggle a Chinaman over the border. The roaring guns, the pandemonium of the shrieking whistles, the hoarse cheers of the welcoming hosts, together with the millions of starry flags and the bright sunshine on the dancing waves made it a spectacle never to be forgotten.

All classes of citizens were present, both on the boats and on land, and individuals vied with each other to give warmth to the welcome. A legal holiday had been declared. It was generally observed, except in the Wall Street district, where the Captains of Finance and their hirelings kept stolidly at work, having refused to participate, and stopping only in the dreary round of taking money away from the public, at intervals of half an hour or so, to exclaim hoarsely: "Curses on him!" There were many meetings of boards of directors, also, of corporations owned by the criminal rich, held in richly-furnished rooms where the blinds were closely drawn and devoted to the passing of resolutions deprecating the Back-From-Elba movement as inimical to the business interests of the country.

As the boat on which the Colonel came neared the dock the welcoming chorus became antiphonal. It rose and swelled in a frenzy of wild acclaim. It took the utmost efforts of a large number of police to clear the way to the landing-place. Finally, the escorting boats formed a long lane and the great steamer, My Policies, swept grandly up to the dock.

The Colonel came quickly from the boat and took his seat in an open carriage, drawn by thirteen white horses in tandem formation, each horse representing an original Roosevelt Policy. Amid the fanfare of trumpets, the blaring of Hail to the Chief by innumerable bands, the heavy crash of the saluting guns, the unequaled display of aerial fireworks, and the scattering of flowers by a bevy of beautiful young ladies, each garbed to represent one of the original literary works of the Colonel, the procession started for Union Square, where the reviewing stand was built and where the Colonel was to make his speech.

Never has Broadway seen such a spectacle. It was found at the last moment that the carriage in which the Colonel was to ride would not hold the white rhinoceros and the beardless bongo, and Garfield and Pinchot, too; so a truck was obtained with the idea of placing these specimens on it. At the last moment the Colonel decided to keep the specimens in the carriage with him and Garfield and Pinchot rode on the truck, the observed of all observers.

The first division of the parade was allegorical and symbolical. It was led by a band playing My Country, 'tis of Me, and then followed various floats, each having especial significance. Numbers one, two and three depicted scenes in the African jungle. On the first was a lifelike presentation of a herd of forty-seven elephants charging a lone but intrepid hunter. By a clever device the elephants reached the highest pitch of ferocity in their charge exactly in front of the reviewing stand. Then the intrepid hunter—and it took no second glance to discern who was represented—taking careful aim, killed forty of them, dispatching the remaining seven by sturdy blows with the butt of his gun. The next float was somewhat similar, for a large family of bloodthirsty lions was shown. They crouched as if to spring on the same intrepid hunter, who at regular intervals rushed forward, seized one by the jaws, tore it asunder and, swinging one of the sundered halves about his head, used it as a club to kill the others. This was loudly cheered along the line of march. The third float was intended to interest the ladies and children. It showed a grassy dell in which many gazelles, antelope, mouse-deer and other timid creatures were grazing. The trees were filled with gay-plumaged birds. The hunter appeared, stalking his prey through the grass, and illustrated with great effect the method of killing these animals.

The country had been scoured for the next display. It was a compact body of dwarfs marching in twenty rows of ten each and carrying a large banner on which was proclaimed: "We are the Short-and-Uglies." After the dwarfs came some more floats showing with great dramatic effect and nicety of detail the Unqualified Falsehoods, the False and Mendacious Statements, the Sheer Inventions and the Willful and Deliberate Misstatements. Then came one of the great hits of the parade. A large delegation of the Ananias Club marched by, wearing yellow high hats and frock coats. These were followed by a battalion of the Undesirable Citizens and these by a company of Mollycoddles attired in baby-blue uniforms.

There were numerous other floats, each showing a familiar scene or illustrating an episode. There was the Dear Maria float, the You and I are Practical Men float, a

They Crouched as if to Spring on the Same Intrepid Hunter

Cleanly, cozy heating

There are few forms of discomfort and absolute torture more dreaded by children than that of getting their baths in a chill room. Bathing for parents or children, athletes or babies, is made a pleasure, not a punishment—a delight, not a danger—where the bathroom and in fact the house throughout is healthfully and invitingly filled with the freshly-pure, warm atmosphere brought about by the use of

AMERICAN RADIATORS & IDEAL BOILERS

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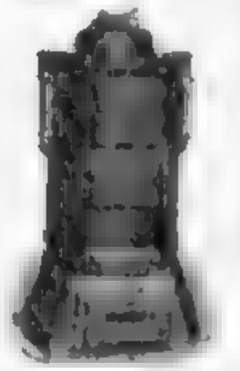

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A 50-ft. Cost IDEAL Boiler and 350 ft. of 38-in. AMERICAN Radiators costing the owner $250, were used to steam-heat this cottage

At these prices the goods can be bought of any reputable, competent fitter. This did not include the cost of labor, pipe, valves, freight, etc., which installation is extra and varies according to climatic and other conditions

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Write to Dept. 28 Chicago

float with the editors of the New York World and the Indianapolis News in chains, and many more. It was a most imposing display.

Following this division came a long line of trucks carrying eight thousand African specimens, mostly in pickle, and at the end of this magnificent display a humorous scene showing the directors of the Smithsonian Institution in a pickle themselves to know what to do with the eight thousand. Next came the Rough Riders. The first division contained all but two of this famous regiment and had a banner which read: "The Colonel put us on the payroll." The two marched in the rear with a banner: "We didn't get on the payroll," and at the end there was a gigantic cipher rolling along which was labeled: "This shows how many of us will stay on the payroll under Taft." The Colonel was noticed to scowl when he saw this.

The parade lasted four hours, the latter part of it being made up of soldiers, sailors, marines, militia and so forth, and not particularly novel or interesting.

After the parade had passed Gifford Pinchot and James R. Garfield stepped forward and in a few well-chosen words introduced the Colonel, saying: "Inasmuch as the man we all delight to honor needs no introduction at our hands, we hereby have great pleasure in introducing Colonel T. Faunal Roosevelt, lately returned from Africa, where deeds of prowess on plain and in jungle have astonished the civilized world and such of the uncivilized as he had with him."

The cheers were deafening. Colonel Roosevelt, removing his hat, fired his rifle rapidly into the air seven times and then, clearing his throat, said:

"My friends—for I know I can call you all my friends—and those who are not my friends would better get on the outskirts of the crowd before I catch them at it—words fail to express how grateful I am to you for this welcome. Words, I repeat, fail to express how grateful I am, but, I may say, if you hadn't given me this welcome I should have had a few words in stock that would have expressed what I thought.

"I am, as you know, merely a private citizen returned from a scientific expedition into Africa and a few hours of consort with the crowned heads of Europe. It is hardly necessary for me to say that I appreciate deeply this tremendous outpouring in my honor, but I am free to remark that if it had been held in Bronx Park it is quite likely more people would have been on the spot. However, this is no time for mere personal considerations. I am glad. I accept this reception at your hands, not because of my intrinsic worth, but because I know it is from your hearts.

"I went to Africa more than a year ago, having been for seven years your President. When I left Washington at noon on the fourth day of March, 1909, I turned over the Government to the hands of my friend. I shall soon require an account of his stewardship, and until that time I shall prefer to say nothing much about public matters.

"As I was saying, I went to Africa more than a year ago. You are all aware how successfully I have kept my movements hidden during that time. Not a word has come out of the jungle about what I have been doing. I thought, as a mere private citizen, that my goings and comings were of no interest to any but myself, and I have endeavored sedulously to obscure myself as much as possible. When I was approached on the project of returning to New York I refused to do so until I had heard all the details of the reception that was to be given me. Then, as it seemed commensurate, I accepted.

"My friends, ours is a great country. It would have given me great joy to have returned to a Southern port, for, as you all know, I proudly boast my Southern lineage. Then again, it would have been a great delight to me to have entered the country at a Western port, for I am, as you all know, of the West—Western. Still, it seemed most fitting that I should return to New York, for there are more people here, and the news-distributing facilities are ampler. Thus, I come back to my native city, my native state and my native land, and I come back refreshed by my trip, ready to do whatever you may bid me to do, and ready, also, to do some bidding myself, should your bidding not seem spirited enough to me.

"Of course, you expect me to touch on public questions. At this time I can only go into them briefly. Still, every man should have an interest in public questions, and, as I had comprehended them all in my various public speeches and messages before I left, all I can say now is that woe be unto those unto whom I confided this country when I left, if one jot or tittle of My Policies has been cast aside. As the inventor of all prosecutions of trusts and combinations in trade, as the discoverer of the conservation of natural resources, as the promulgator of various other reforms, I have no more to say at this time than that I must have results along the lines laid down by myself, or know the reason why.

"I neither make nor imply a threat in this. I simply say that if any person is trying to stop any of my reforms, on the one hand, or to get credit for anything I laid out, on the other, that person will have me to reckon with. So far as accepting public office at your hands again is concerned I have nothing to say at this time. It is some time until 1912, and I must investigate the trend of affairs. I am appalled at the increased cost of living under my successor, for which, of course, I am not to be blamed. I was striving for legislation which had for its inception a great and stern moral movement to bring our conduct and our ideals into measurable accord.

"You will observe, my friends, there was no revision of the tariff, with its glaring inequalities and its utter disregard of the ultimate consumer, during My Administration. I thank you."

At the conclusion of his speech, which was received with loud applause, the Colonel was escorted to his town residence, where he spent the evening in consultation with Post-Office officials in relation to the most direct dispatch of mail to persons traveling in Alaska.

III—AN ODD CIRCUMSTANCE

SHORTLY before six o'clock on the evening of the great day a mounted policeman, who was stationed at Broadway and Fourteenth Street, observed a group of nine distinguished-appearing men, clad in silk hats and long coats, toiling painfully up the street.

"Who are you?" he asked.

Whereupon a short but most impressive gentleman, who seemed to be the spokesman, stepped forward and said: "We are looking for the celebration in honor of the return of Colonel Roosevelt."

"Why," replied the mounted policeman, "that has been over for an hour. It seems strange that you should have missed it."

"We did not miss it. It missed us," replied the short but impressive gentleman who acted as spokesman. "We are the members of President Taft's Cabinet sent here to participate."

The Red Spot

THE superintendent of motive power on one division of a large Eastern railroad has combined an efficiency standard with the general idea underlying secret societies. He established some time ago an "Order of the Red Spot." Nothing but a locomotive can belong to this secret society. If an engineer demonstrates that his locomotive can make good runs, show few failures and be economical in operation, the superintendent, who alone knows terms of admission to the order, places a red spot on the engine's front. This is a badge of honor and something more. It gives that engine special consideration at roundhouses and, in case of accident or misfortune, is a valuable credit mark for its engineer.

The president of a Brooklyn trust company has also set effective standards for his force of clerks. In handling exchanges the number of errors for the day is recorded and each error charged to the clerk responsible. At the end of a year the clerk who has made fewest errors gets a bonus, and so does the clerk who has made the most progress in cleaning up last year's errors. Thus, the clerk who was at the bottom of the class last year may be at the head this year. The time of "proving" is also kept each day, with a view to cutting it down, shortening the day's work.

Such is also the case with depositors' passbooks, which, were formerly carried over from one day to another when left to be balanced, while now, under the system of daily records, the bookkeeping staff tries to clear them all out before the day's work is done.

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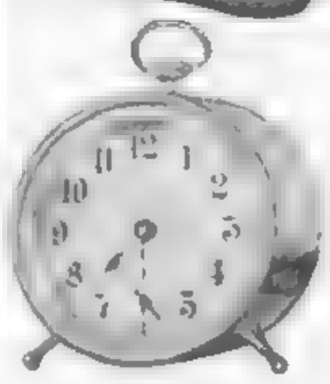


The Junior Tattoo

ONE alarm clock used to be considered sufficient for a home. Its fire alarm gong pealed forth at unearthly hours, generally waking everybody in the house.

The old alarm clock was large and homely. In size and appearance it reminded one of a kitchen dish pan. As for carrying it with you on a journey—as well carry the parlor mantel clock.

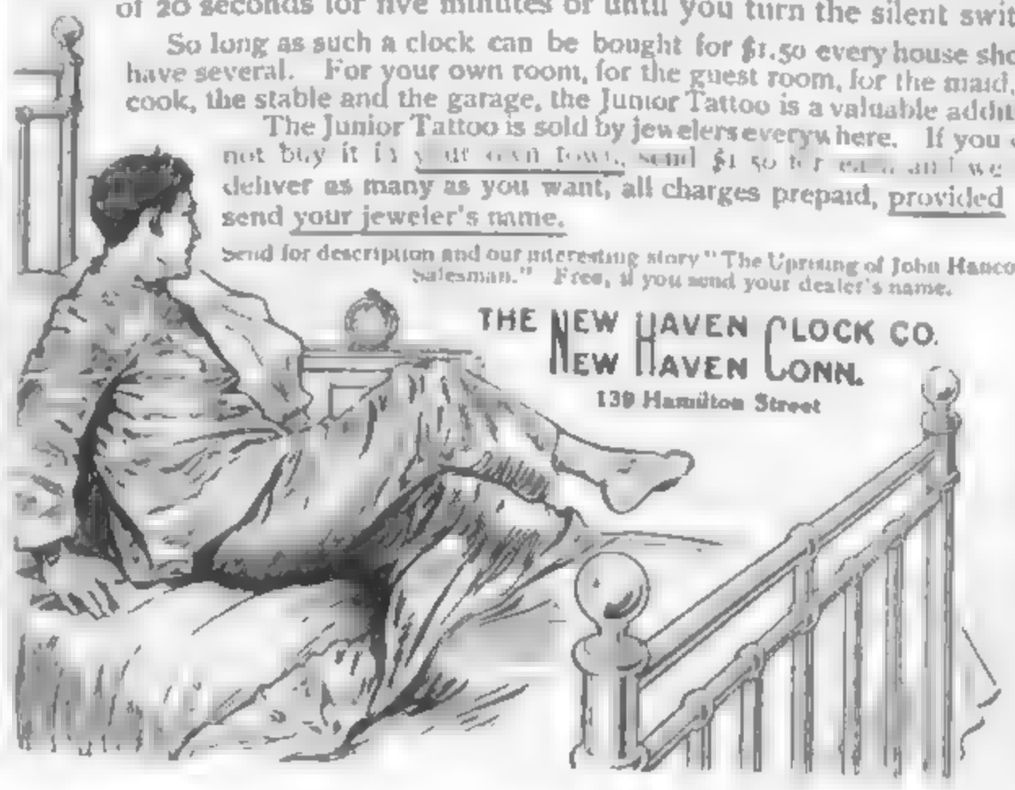
But a new era in alarm clocks has arrived. A clock with a name is for sale. It is large enough for the house and small enough for the traveller. It is a handsome little clock about the size of a large watch. Carry it wherever you wish. At the journey's end you will find it still ticking uninjured and exact.

Its alarm is **insistent**—not loud. Disregard, if you will, its first warning. A few seconds later, it insists again that you arise. You refuse. Soon its warning peals forth again and it will continue at intervals of 20 seconds for five minutes or until you turn the silent switch.

So long as such a clock can be bought for $1.50 every house should have several. For your own room, for the guest room, for the maid, the cook, the stable and the garage, the Junior Tattoo is a valuable addition.

The Junior Tattoo is sold by jewelers everywhere. If you cannot buy it in your own town, send $1.50 for each and we will deliver as many as you want, all charges prepaid, provided you send your jeweler's name.

Send for description and our interesting story "The Uprising of John Hancock—Salesman." Free, if you send your dealer's name.



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In workmanship, materials, and style it will surprise you. Every detail is carefully attended to, for it must stand a critical test to enter Wanamaker's.

English sewed; corners reinforced, unusually fine lock; brass clasps; two straps around the case; excellent handle sewed to case. It is lined with linen; contains shirt fold with straps. Altogether it is a suit case from [illegible] you will receive much pleasure and satisfaction for [illegible] low for the quality. 20 inches, $5.00; 22 inches, $6.00.

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Sole Leather Oxford Bag $11.50

The bag that merits approval because of its excellent appearance and the attention paid to detail in workmanship

It has an English sewed frame—no ripping out of lining, [illegible] outside [illegible] sewed—straps, straps, buckles, as well as the [illegible] It will not only last for years but will [illegible] name is behind it. Two sizes, 16 in. $11.50; 18 in. $12.00

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The Senator's Secretary

BEGINNING these few remarks in the good old orthodox way: Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away—Recognize it, do you not, as the familiar friend of the dispatches the second morning after election?—Now that the smoke of battle has cleared away a good many of our best insurgents are beginning to realize that it is not all of insurgency to insurge once or twice. To be an entirely satisfactory insurgent one must insurge all the time; else the folks back home will begin to inquire what's detaining you.

The revolutionists who joined with the Democrats to make a new Committee on Rules and to keep Speaker Cannon off that committee, but who did not have the nerve to go through and vote to depose Uncle Joe as Speaker and put another in his place, have been hearing from home.

The Cannon-hating folks back in the districts, who harbor the crude idea of warfare that the way to lick a man is to lick him, and not quit when the job is half done, are asking in clarion tones: Why didn't you finish him? Why, they want to know, if you think Cannon is an incubus, didn't you complete the homicide instead of quitting when you had lopped off an arm or two?

The handful who did vote to oust the Speaker are strutting about and pointing to themselves as the only genuine articles, the dyed-in-the-wool brand. The others are sitting up nights, dictating letters to their home critics explaining that party expediency kept them from so voting in the last test, as they well knew it would take a very long time to elect another Speaker and legislation would be delayed. Putting aside the natural come-back from the home critics as to what party expediency has to do with a statesman who has jumped his party, no appreciable progress is being made with that delayed-legislation excuse. It is hard, nay, almost impossible, to convince the folks in the districts that any great calamity would fall on this country if all legislation were delayed for several years. They feel that we could get along with such legislation as we now possess, having already more of that commodity than any other country in the known world, and there being forty thousand bills, of one kind and another, introduced in the present Congress.

The Inside Story of the Big Fight

The fact is, those insurgents who voted against Cannon all the time up to the last and most vital time, and then voted for him, retaining him as Speaker, are and have been hard put to it to explain to the men who have the votes to keep them in Congress why they didn't join with the little bunch of irreconcilables and go to the limit. The opinion out in the country seems to be that they quit at the last hurdle, bolted at the Liverpool, as the horsemen would put it, having made a good race up to that time. And this makes pertinent the observation that while the insurgents apparently have a keener appreciation of the state of feeling in the country, especially as to Cannon and Aldrich, than the regulars have, they have underestimated it, or so many of them as, under plea of regularity, did not vote for the Burleson resolution to declare the Speakership vacant. These insurgents may be smarter than others in the House in knowing what the people want, but they are not so smart as they might be, judging from the letters they have had.

The real inside of Uncle Joe's stand on the day of the big fight in the House has not been told, and this seems a good time to tell it. When the Cannon men, the regulars in the House, after a day or so of checking up, found they did not have enough votes to win and could not get those votes, they began casting about for a plan. It was certain, many hours before the fact, that the resolution providing for a new Committee on Rules and for leaving the Speaker off that committee would pass. Everybody knew that it would, particularly the regular leaders like Dalzell, Tawney, Payne and the rest. They were under no illusions. They were beaten, and they acknowledged it privately.

Therefore, the question came to be: What course shall Cannon take? He is certain to be humiliated. A clear majority will be shown against him. Now, then, shall Cannon stand the gaff and make the best of it, or shall he resign as Speaker? Those were the alternatives.

When it became known it was impossible for Cannon to win the advisers began to arrive. They came in shoals, from the House, from the Senate, from outside. These were divided into two classes: the men who thought Uncle Joe should resign as Speaker and the men who thought he should hold on. The largest number thought he should resign. Many Republican Senators urged Cannon to go on the rostrum, after his ruling had been rejected by the House, make a smashing Republican speech, call those of the Republican party who voted against him traitors to party and country, defy them, tell them to go to Gassaway, hand the gavel to the clerk and walk down on the floor and take the seat he is entitled to by reason of his membership in the House. It was all fixed for Cannon. It was to be a spectacular performance calculated to clarify the atmosphere, and would put it up to the insurgents; for to elect a Speaker they would have to vote for a Democrat, it being impossible that the Democrats, with their great preponderance of votes over the insurgents, would vote for a Republican insurgent.

Uncle Joe's Tactics

Cannon listened to this kind of advice—and it was offered by some of the most experienced and skillful politicians in the Senate—for half a day or more. He said little. Then he banged on his desk and called attention to the fact that, in his opinion, most of the men, both in the Senate and the House, who were advising him to go out and hara-kiri himself to make an insurgent holiday were men who were not so concerned with Cannon as they were with themselves. He gave it out cold that the men who were advising him to resign the Speakership were trying to get him to eliminate himself in order that they might save their own skins. He went so far as to say the cowards who wanted reelection for themselves and thought his resignation might relieve them of the burden of Cannonism in the Republican party were the ones who urged resignation. He didn't specify much, but referred to men in Senate and House.

Of course he was right, in a way. Politics is the most cold-blooded game in the world. Every man in it is selfish. Every man in it is for himself first, and the rest nowhere. The men who advised Uncle Joe to resign knew he was whipped and wanted to eliminate him. Being a cynical and a wise old chap, Uncle Joe refused to resign. He had two or three close advisers, notably former Senator Hemenway, of Indiana, and former Representative Watson, from the same state, both outs, who did not favor resignation. There were some others. These men talked it over with the Speaker and fixed up the plan he followed, which was: not to resign, but to go to the chair and state that he would entertain a motion to declare the Speakership vacant. In short, to pass it back to the men who had assailed and defeated him and see what they would do with it.

Many politicians think this was the better politics. The others contend Cannon missed the greatest opportunity of his life when he temporized as he did, instead of taking the bull by the horns, resigning as Speaker, and telling them some things about themselves. However, the result was what Cannon predicted. When it came down to the proposition of declaring the Speakership vacant only a few of the insurgents had the nerve to vote with the Democrats. This, as the regulars said, reduced the insurgent party in the House to those few who voted against Cannon on this final test and put the other insurgents back in the party again.

Apparently, as I have said, that view is held to a large extent out in the country, for the insurgents out there have been bombarding their Representatives with criticism for not finishing the job. The insurgents are worried about this, and, at the time of writing, are in a state of mind. Somebody suggested making Asher Hinds Speaker. Hinds is the parliamentarian of the House. He is an employee, and stands by the Speaker's chair to assist in rulings.

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All the Give is in the Elastic Triangle
Ventilated, non binding band permits free circulation

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Possesses *important* and *exclusive* features. It has an elastic triangle which gives with every movement and absorbs all strains. The non-elastic, ventilated band is absolutely *non-binding*, insuring free circulation, ease and perfect comfort.

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No metal touches the leg

Ask for and insist upon the Congress.

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With the Slipeasy *Slanting* Button Hole. Points come close together and stay there—cannot work apart because of the *Slanting* button hole. Barker Collars are linen and are so marked—look for the trade mark.

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Only $1000

Hinds is one of the most expert parliamentarians in the world. He has compiled a book called "Hinds' Precedents," a neat little *brochure* of eight or nine volumes of five hundred pages to a volume, in which precedent for anything can be found, from what to do when a member climbs the chandeliers to the proper way to cut the Speaker's hair—if he has any. This would be a reversion to the English method of making the Speaker merely a presiding officer and parliamentarian. If they can do it it will be a sort of a way out for the insurgents. It will surely eliminate Uncle Joe and will not put a Democrat in as Speaker. Hinds is a candidate for Congress himself, in Maine. Mayhap it would be more logical to turn in and elect him to Congress and then keep him there as permanent Speaker. That course certainly would not jolt the precedents so hard

However, this Hinds business belongs in the realm of speculation. It may or may not happen. The cold, hard fact concerning the situation is that the people, as a whole, are more insurgent than most of their insurgent Representatives in Congress. They have their thumbs turned down permanently. They want an entire new deal, and if they cannot get it from the men who are at present in the House they will put men there who will give it to them.

Also, the melancholy regulars have surrendered, foot, horse and dragoons. It is a total loss with them and no insurance, either, at that.

Referring to Roosevelt

It seems we have narrowly escaped another tariff war. One of the best things this Government does is narrowly to escape tariff wars. We have become expert at it. We can narrowly escape a tariff war almost any time the tariff sharps of the Government think it is necessary. The attitude of our administrators on the tariff business is one of constant apprehension. We are always on the verge. Germany or France or England or some other country is constantly ready to put the everlasting kibosh on our foreign trade by means of a tariff war. There was Canada, just panting to wreak eternal ruin on us. It was a parlous situation. It boded evil. Everything does bode evil to the tariff sharps. They are the permanent pessimists of our governmental scheme.

They put out their gloomy predictions. They get the business men all wrought up and howling for concessions. They can see nothing but blue ruin ahead. Then, a few days before the scheduled catastrophe, things are arranged, and the sun peeks out from behind this horrid cloud and all is peace and happiness until another possible tariff war comes along. It is a queer profession, this being a tariff sharp. They are the same the world over. If I may venture an observation it seems to me that the most essential part of the education of the men who foresee and prevent tariff wars is schooling in the noble art of making a man with three tens lay down before your two deuces—in short, bluff. Both sides in a tariff war bluff until the cows come home. Then, when the cows do come home, they milk them impartially and calmly.

As this is written, the important and significant news is to hand that Ambassador Straus, who represents us in Turkey, was sent for by Colonel Roosevelt to come to Cairo to talk over things with him, and that Gifford Pinchot, former chief forester, was sent for by Colonel Roosevelt to come to Naples to talk things over. Important and significant as these announcements are, it may not be amiss to point out that the most significant feature is that the story that Ambassador Straus was sent for by Colonel Roosevelt was given out at Constantinople by Ambassador Straus, and not in Cairo by Colonel Roosevelt, and that the announcement that Gifford Pinchot was sent for by Colonel Roosevelt was given out by the friends of Gifford Pinchot in Washington, and not by Colonel Roosevelt.

I am not a betting man, but I should like to wager a bag of peanuts that the correspondence in these cases was similar—identical, in fact—except as to names. If it ever is revealed it will be found that Straus and Pinchot said to Roosevelt by wire or letter, "It is very important that I should see you. Where can I meet you?" and that Roosevelt replied to Straus and Pinchot, "Always glad to see you," and named meeting-places.

The Howard Watch

The American returning from Europe likely as not brings home a HOWARD. Perhaps he better appreciates this American Watch when he finds it the finest practical timepiece to be had in London, Rome, Paris or Berlin.

To be sure, it has no chimes, no music box, no cuckoo attachment, but it is marvellously accurate in recording time—and the American is just hard-headed enough to think that is what a watch is for. Europeans also are becoming so sordid and Americanized that they begin to think so, too.

This is quite a change from the day when the rich American, buying here at home, insisted on a European watch. Times change—and *timepieces*.

The HOWARD watch is the same price in all countries, and it comes through the U.S. Custom House duty free. A HOWARD is always worth what you pay for it.

The price of each HOWARD is fixed at the factory and a printed ticket attached—from the 17-jewel (double-roller escapement) in a "Jas. Boss" or "Crescent" gold-filled case at $40 to the 23-jewel in a 14 k. solid gold case at $150.

Not every jeweler can sell you a HOWARD Watch. Find the HOWARD Jeweler in your town and talk to him. He is a good man to know. Drop us a postal card, Dept. N, and we will send you a HOWARD book of value to the watch buyer.

E. HOWARD WATCH WORKS
BOSTON, MASS.

Roxford Underwear FITS For Good and All

WILL not shrink in the wash—is always soft and easy. Ample, full cut—never binds or chafes. It *fits*. Made of balbriggan, the old-fashioned, long-wearing knitted stuff that absorbs perspiration and prevents chilling.

Roxford garments are made in the *new styles*—short-sleeve or sleeveless buttonless shirts, knee drawers. *There's a little book on*

Roxford Underwear

For Men and Boys. It tells about this great improvement in masculine undergarments. Send for it before you purchase your Spring underwear. *It's well worth writing for.*

Long sleeve shirts
Short sleeve shirts
Sleeveless shirts (no buttons)
Short-sleeve shirts (no buttons)
Ribbed and flat union suits
Ankle length drawers
Knee length drawers
Short stout drawers
Long slim drawers

50c., 75c., $1.00. Send your name for the Book and please yourself

Roxford Knitting Company, Dept. K
Philadelphia

Quaker Oats

is the one best food for all

IT is the one great builder of body and brain that is within the reach of every purse and which gives the biggest return in vigor, health and strength.

It makes no difference who is to eat it; infant, laborer, athlete or aged person; it makes no difference whether he is wealthy or poor; it matters not if his health is delicate or robust.

Every mother whose baby needs strength and rosy cheeks, should learn of the wonderful experience of other mothers with Quaker Oats.

Every parent who takes pride in sturdy, happy children who excel at school, should be sure of a plentiful Quaker Oats diet for the little folks.

Every athlete who wants stomach and tissues and blood and eye and digestion to be perfect, should eat freely of Quaker Oats.

Every student or writer who must have a clear and active brain, will find Quaker Oats the best food.

Everyone with delicate stomach will get from Quaker Oats perfect nourishment without distressing heaviness, as with some other foods.

Every business man who wants his faculties at their best, can make them so by eating regularly and plentifully of Quaker Oats.

Every old person who wants food that makes good blood and gives wholesome vigor, will find Quaker Oats the best food in the world.

Served with sugar and milk (or cream) it pleases your palate and makes a most satisfactory and strengthening dish.

Eat more Quaker Oats! You'll be in all the better health for doing so.

Regular size package 10c; also in the larger size family packages and in hermetically sealed tins for hot climates.

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CHICAGO

The 10c price does not apply in the extreme South and the far West.

Sense and Nonsense

The Red Badge of Identity

WHEN the Governors were in session in Washington President Taft gave them a dinner

Governor Stubbs, of Kansas, was late He arrived, breathless, at the White House door, and demanded admittance.

"Card, sir," said the doorman.

The Governor searched for his card, but he had left it at the hotel.

"I'm Governor Stubbs, of Kansas," he said

"Just a minute," requested the doorman, and he disappeared. He soon returned and walked around Stubbs and looked him over carefully. "This way, sir," he said, most respectfully.

"What did you look at me like that for?" asked the Governor.

"Why, sir, they told me you would be you if you had red hair, and you has it. This way, sir."

Almost Honest

A PROMOTER, who had been chased out of Goldfield, Nevada, for selling bogus mining stocks, sat moodily in a San Francisco hotel.

"Hello, Bill!" saluted an acquaintance.

"'Lo!"

"What's the lay now?"

"I don't know yet. They canned me in Goldfield, and I guess there ain't nothin' in them minin'-stock games any more. I'm thinkin' of goin' up the coast and goin' into the real-estate business. That's almost honest."

Brothers

This we will swear as brothers,
On the faith and honor of man:
Each will do for the others
The little of good he can.
Each will render his measure
To the hoard of the common weal,
According to his treasure.
Witness: our hand and seal.

Ours is the task of testing
The new-born faith of man.
No halt for us or resting,
We're marching in the van.
We feed the sacred fires,
We guard the sacred springs.
On us are turned the ires
Of trembling Lords and Kings.
In every breast the heart oppressed
Leaps when our war-cry rings.

Let us keep to our striving,
Rivals in friendly fight,
To forward best the thriving
Of honesty and right.
This is a prize worth gaining,
For the North, South, East and West;
Silence your weak complaining!
Get to your task with zest!
Who plays his part with a loving heart
Him we will call the best.

Our faith will teach the miser
The proper use of gold,
And make our Dives wiser
Than Dives was of old,
Till kindling unto pity
At tales of Lazarus' woes,
His largess cleans the city
Of what makes Lazarus' sores:
Till, shamed at heart, he plays his part,
And pays the debt he owes.

We will not follow doubters;
We will not give our votes
To demagogs and shouters,
Who'd set us at the throats
Of neighbors who are gainers
Beyond our hope of gain.
To us these loud complainers
May prophesy in vain.
It is our creed that one good deed
May save the world again.

This we have sworn as brothers,
On the faith of our brotherhood;
Each will do for the others
The little he can of good.
Each will render his measure
To the hoard of the common weal,
According to his treasure.
Witness: our hand and seal

—*Thomas Lomax Hunter.*

"Characteristic" Clothes

The virile, aggressive young man demands two things in his apparel. He wants fashion, cut, fit, style—of course.

But in addition he demands *individuality*.

His clothes must bear the stamp of his own personality—they must emphasize the individual, not the type.

Kaufman "Pre-Shrunk" Campus Togs

Campus Togs are stylish—extremely so. But the style is the ultra-fashion.

It is the style of today carried forward along natural lines to the point that conservative dressers will only reach next season.

Campus Togs are really "season-ahead" clothes.

They possess the utmost in style, cut, appearance, distinction, and above all an individuality that makes the wearer the best dresser among the best-dressed men.

And this style, fit, distinction which you see when you try them on are there to stay.

The famous exclusive Kaufman "Pre-Shrinking" Process, applied before the cloth is cut, takes out all that shrink tendency which spoils ordinary garments so quickly.

See the Kaufman dealer in your locality. He has some style in Campus Togs in just the fabric that suits you. Ask him about our unique guarantee.

And don't fail to get or send for our handsome spring and summer style book. It's with our compliments.

Chas. Kaufman & Bros., Chicago (25)

GOTHAM MFG. CO.

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"The Shirt of a Gentleman"

SOMETHING rare, rich and exclusive, without the tameness and sameness of most branded shirts.

Novel style ideas, selected fabrics and exclusive designs, splendidly fashioned and fitted. Ask your dealer for Gotham Mfg. Co. Laundered, Outing and Field Shirts,—prices range from $1.00 to $3.50 each.

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COOL, crisp, roomy, full-fashioned garments of special fabrics,—nainsook, pongee, linen, silk, etc.—and all more stylish and comfortable than any other.

Coat Shirts and Knee Drawers, $1.00 and more the garment. Also, Pajamas and Union Suits at $1.50 and more the suit. At all good shops or write for "Gotham Style Book."

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Madison Square West
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"The Underwear of a Gentleman"

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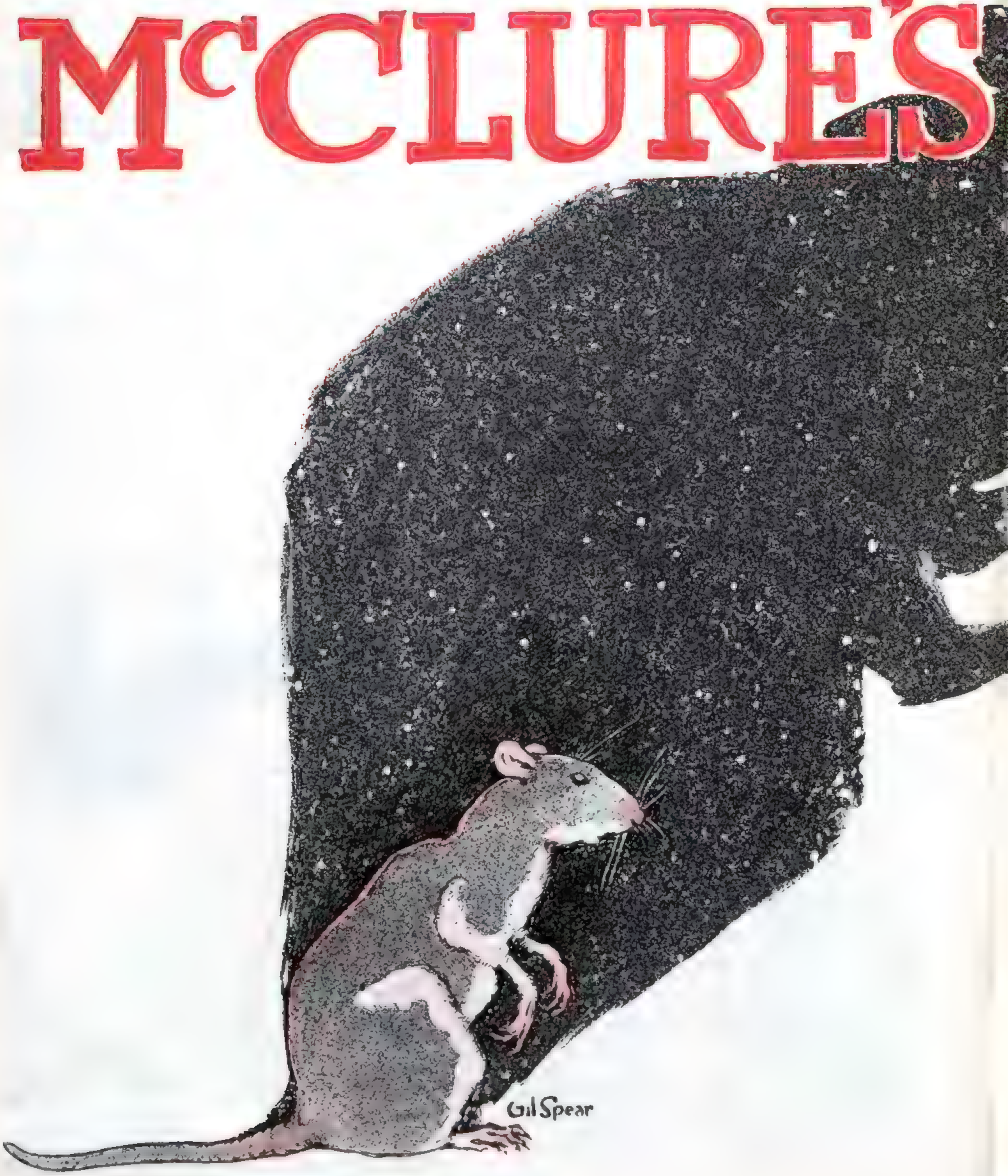


MAGAZINE

$500,000,000 for Rats

THAT'S what it costs to feed them in the United States alone. In the duel between man and the rat neither has yet succeeded in exterminating the other. There are five rats to each human being, and they are gaining on us.

Rats are a menace to other things than money. On the back of the rat rides triumphantly around the world, spreading death in a terrible form, the flea that carries in itself the germs of the bubonic plague. France has an international society for the rational destruction of the rat.

These are some facts picked at random from that remarkable article, "Our Duel With the Rats," in McClure's for May.

What are we going to do?

"The 19th Hat"

Arnold Bennett says in the course of a short but clever sketch: "You are aware of the ticklish things honeymoons are and how much depends on the tactfulness of the more tactful of the two parties."

Who is Arnold Bennett? He wrote that play, "What the Public Wants," recently published in McClure's. He is the author of "The Old Wives' Tale," which reviewers say is the most noteworthy book that has appeared in the last twenty years.

Another Hat

This hat was a dirty, cheap derby which Thorndyke, the Anthropologist-at-large, tested with microscope and chemical re-agents, and from the results deduced the man who stole the art objects and also the kind of art objects he stole.

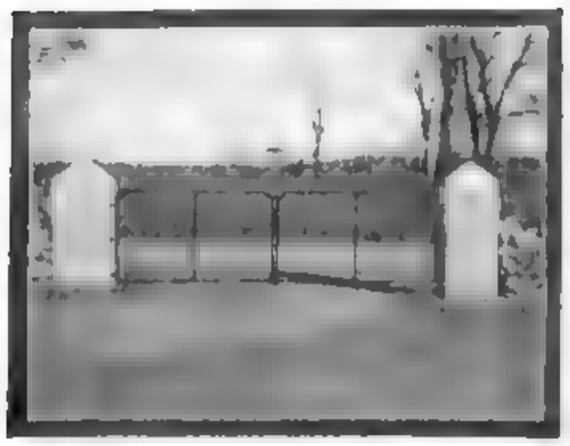
This story is by the editor of the London "Lancet," the most frequently quoted medical journal in the world. It will remind you strongly of Sherlock Holmes, but nevertheless is good enough to have been one of Doyle's.

The McClure Kind

How an American city has been successfully governed by all its citizens—in other words, "Government by Commission"—is described by George Kibbe Turner in the May McClure's.

This article belongs with that memorable series of articles which have made history—the Chicago article, the Navy article, the White Slave article, the Standard Oil series and "The Shame of Cities." It is not a brief for the theory but a record of fact.

These are but four items from an unusually interesting table of contents in May McClure's. **On all newsstands now—15 cents.**



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In a country place the smallest things are the biggest.

The attractiveness and usefulness of your place depend upon its well kept up appearance.

Concrete gate posts, walks, fences, steps and so forth are indestructible and always attractive.

This book

(sent free on request to every home owner) tells how to make just such things as the gate posts shown above—tells so clearly and with such accurate measurements that you can do much of this work yourself. It further proves that

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OUT-OF-DOORS

Tents and How to Use Them

IN ALL likelihood the particular room of your flat which, when you are away from home, you call your drawing-room, has for portières a pair of Oriental draperies which you understandingly call *Kis Kelims*. It is less likely that you know the original use of these fabrics. If an old one, your *Kis Kelim* probably came out of a tent somewhere in the far East, where once upon a time it was used either as a door or a partition. Its loosely-woven fabric allowed the air to circulate more freely than a piece of matting would have done

Probably the roof and walls of the desert tent in which your drapery originally hung were made of mats woven from the hair or wool of camels, sheep or goats. From time immemorial men have lived in portable houses made of such fabrics as lay at hand mats, rugs, reeds, rushes, bark, hides, cloth of cotton or of wool. Time out of mind, too, the essential thing about the tent has been portability, combined with a certain sufficiency to turn the weather. Not all men are anchored. Indeed, the boldest, most courageous and most independent men of the world have been those who have dwelt in portable and not in permanent houses. A home is a confession of cowardice. The animal that seeks shelter and dreads combat is the one that digs a hole in some bank, whether the hole costs two dollars or two million. The creature that is at home at nightfall, wherever it may be, is apt to be as happy and fearless as it is foot free. It does not pay either rent or taxes.

Civilized man has really not improved very much on nomad man in the matter of portable houses. The Arab of the desert, with his thick brown matting, invented a very good tent many long years ago, and one suited to his warm country. The North American Indian, in his teepee, devised the best of all tents, although the one that today is least used by the white man who goes out-of-doors. The Sibley tent, used to such good effect by our army in the early Indian campaigns, is an adaptation of the old Indian teepee, made of canvas instead of buffalo hides. The circular tent with a wall, also used in the army, is an adaptation of the Sibley. In winter campaigning, the old Sibley tent sometimes had a sort of cylinder stove in the middle. This also was an Indian idea, for although he had no stove the Indian built his fire in the ground in the middle of his teepee, the smoke going out at the top as best it might and as humored by the squaw who adjusted the "ear," or projecting wing, of the lodge, which was supported at one side or the other of the aperture by means of a long pole.

The Well-Ventilated Teepee

The form of the teepee is that of a cone, the average diameter of the circular base being something like twelve to fifteen feet, and the height of the poles supporting the skin being rather in excess of that; from twelve to fifteen poles are required to pitch the teepee. A part of the theory of such a tent is that it carries a draft of air from the bottom upward, and out at the uncovered aperture at the top. That sounds colder than it is. There is no draft felt by the inmate of a well-pitched teepee. The savage always had an inner lining stretched around, reaching a little higher than a man's head when he sat down. This inner wall was usually drawn in under the robes that made the bed, so that no air came directly into the teepee itself. There was, of course, air space between this inner wall and the actual skin of the lodge. An ignorant white man would usually peg the outer skin tight down to the ground, in which case, of course, the teepee would become unbearable from smoke. It is said, in fact, that no white man ever could pitch a teepee, and that only an Indian woman ever could do the trick. Of course, in a properly pitched teepee the air comes in under the outer edge of the skin, passes up over the inner lining, meets the rising hot air above the fire, and carries the smoke on out at the top, the occupants not feeling any draft and not suffering from smoke, unless they should be foolish enough to stand up.

You could not devise a better scheme of ventilation for any tent or any house than this of the teepee. The Indian lodge is never close and stuffy like the interior of the white man's tent, which usually is made without any reference to ventilation. Used as it was intended, this aboriginal house of the North American savage is the warmest, coolest and best-ventilated tent in the world. It enabled the Western tribes to live out in the plains country when the thermometer was thirty degrees or more below zero. Even today on the reservations you will see the teepees used as summer houses, in which case the entire edge is lifted free of the ground, the fire being made outside of the lodge. Most Indians now live in cabins in the wintertime, and hence they die like flies of consumption, which was an unknown disease in the old teepee days. This form of portable house was typical of the horse Indians. The plains tribes dragged the teepee poles along as *travaux*. For a permanent camp in the mountains there is no form of tent which in comfort approaches the teepee, which today, of course, is made of canvas. White men do not nowadays generally use the lodge for a camping tent, because it is bulky and hard to transport even if the poles are not carried along with the pack train, which rarely is feasible; but those who have once camped out in a well-built Indian lodge always prefer it afterward to any other form of tent. It is also the most picturesque of tents.

The Faults of the Wall Tent

The best the white man seems to have been able to do by way of inventing tents is the clumsy wall tent with ridge pole and wall, the commonest and least comfortable form of tent ever invented by any color of man. The wall tent is clumsy to carry about, hard to pitch and easy to blow over. It is hot in summer, cold in winter, full of ropes, poles and pegs, and usually impossible to ventilate. Probably these are the reasons why it is so generally used. For a permanent camp, where you have wagon or horse transportation, this is probably the sort of tent you will have along with you.

Perhaps the worst fault of the wall tent—unless it be the innumerable guy ropes that are always tangling up the legs of wandering horses—is the lack of ventilation. The wall tent provided with a good window at the rear is an exception and not the rule, although there should be a good window filled in with cheesecloth in every such tent. This window should be protected by a little flap to keep out the rain. Without such a window, when a wall tent is pitched tight down to the ground, with the sod cloth pulled in under the bedding and the tent flap shut in front, almost no air can get in, and in such a tent you would sleep very badly indeed, and wake up with a headache in the morning. If you raise up the edge of such a tent you will get a direct draft of air, as well as a direct inlet for insects—neither of which is desirable.

Although a wall tent is bad any way you look at it, it is most nearly desirable when made of balloon silk or Egyptian cotton, light and well waterproofed, of a size say twelve by sixteen feet, and eight or ten feet in height. Such a tent is big and slow to pitch, but when you have it up in a permanent camp it gives a lot of house room. In it you can use cot-beds and arrange the whole interior comfortably even though you carry a great deal of personal luggage. Such a tent can be lined entire with cheesecloth, or fitted with a cheesecloth drop with a shotted hem, to drop down over the entire front of the tent. Such big tents are sometimes made in green, or again they are built of khaki, either of which colors makes a tent cooler and darker than sheer white. Such a tent is best used with a large and long fly that can project in the form of a porch. Plenty of canvas for use as flys is a great aid to tent comfort, as an air space breaking the direct rays of the sun makes the tent very much cooler. Some of the northern fishing camps at times show two or three of these great wall tents, handsomely pitched, with the walls held up with side rails, with large flies stretched for dining-rooms, and with smaller tents

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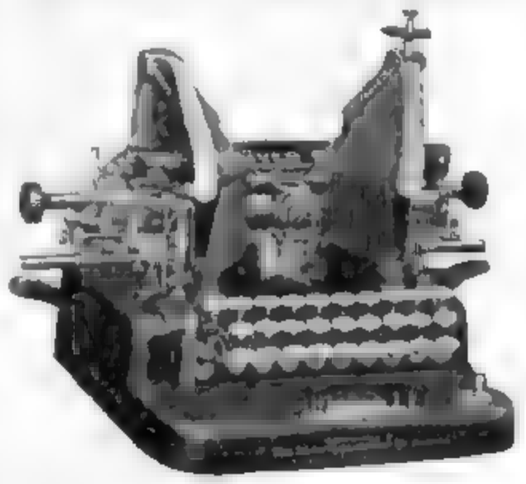

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It has *rained* pennies, *hailed* pennies—bushels and *barrels* of them.

They are hard to *count*, but *easy to save—and they do the work of DOLLARS!*

Each member is a Committee of One, whose duty is to *remember* to save "Seventeen Cents a Day."

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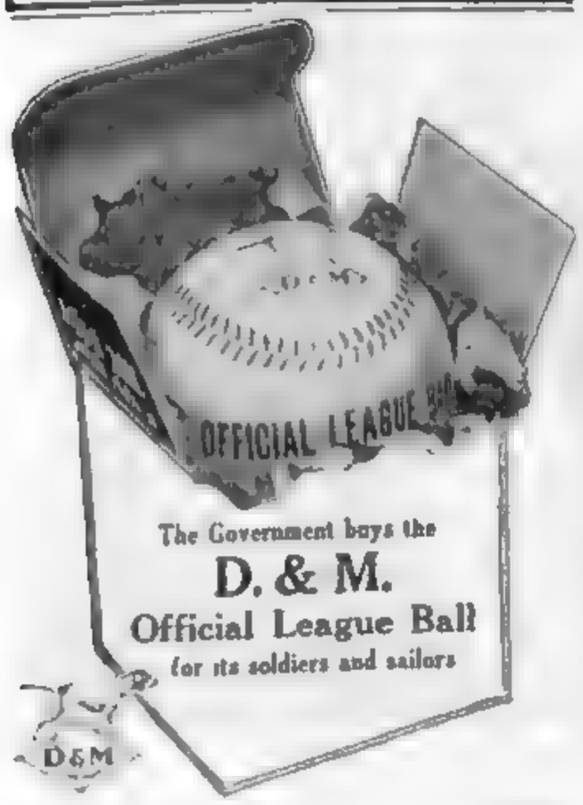

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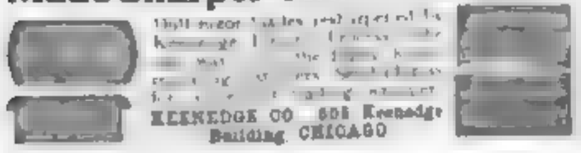

KENNEDGE CO., 505 Kennedge Building, CHICAGO

for use in cooking. Such a camp means plenty of transportation, of course, and is not meant for very much change.

The Indian made his house cone-shaped. The white man's modification was the wedge shape of the so-called A tent, with ridge-pole and no walls. Since this needs no guy-ropes to hold up the walls, it is easier to put up than a wall tent, and less apt to blow down in a hard wind. The A tent, however, is little better than a sleeping shelter, for unless it is made very large it gives little head room and offers small storage possibilities. Of course, you know that to touch the tent when it is raining means to let in a leak. Therefore, if you have your boxes and bundles sticking out in angles against the sides of your tent, everything is sure to get wet in a rain. The canoeist sometimes uses such a tent, and the soldier in the Civil War used a modified form of the A tent in his little "dog tent," made of two strips of canvas that buttoned together. Of the two bunkies sheltered by such a tent, each man on the march would carry half the tent, along with his blanket and other impedimenta. Of course, such a tent is but a portable hovel. It was the makeshift of marching men. No doubt in its time it killed its thousands.

If the Indian insisted on the up-and-down lines for his portable house, the white man seems to have hung to the horizontal idea in his wall tent and A tent. Combine these two types, and you get the idea of the single-pole tent, without ridge-pole and usually without walls. The typical "miner's tent" is round at the bottom, conical, and with a center-pole in the middle, there being no wall to the sides. You can get such a conical tent made in balloon silk if you like, and you can get it made with the wall if you like. You will find such a tent lighter than a wall tent and easier to put up. Such tents are usually made with a ring at the top, with a hood or protection above that. This latter is merely a white bluff at a red idea, and it is usually quite impractical. If you should cut off the upper fifth, and arrange it with a wall lining inside, teepee fashion, you would get much better ventilation and still have plenty of protection against the weather. There is no use carrying around a lot of head room which is not going to be used, as is the case in a wall tent. The same weight of canvas put into a single-pole tent will give you a larger and taller house, with plenty of room where you need it—that is to say, in the middle. If you have a conical tent, provided with a lot of guys, flaps, hoods and ears, you get something that old Nokomis herself could not have pitched comfortably.

Sewing in Your Floor

There is still another compromise tent, which is really a clever thing. It is a combination of the cone, the wall and the A tent, and is pitched with a single pole which goes up at one side or end, the tent thus being cut off flat in front like the end of an A tent. This is the open end of the tent, which is provided with flaps. At this end the walls run down straight from the peak, like the sides of an A tent. The back of the tent, however, has a low wall. The roof runs from this wall to the peak in the form of a long V. Such a tent can be used in many different forms, especially when provided with a good fly, which latter can be spread above the tent or stretched in front as an awning. There is no other form in which the same weight of canvas can be made to cover so large a floor space, combined with so much head room and sleeping room. Such a tent should have a floor cloth, to be fitted down on top of the sod cloth. It should also be provided in fly season with a full front of cheesecloth, weighted at the bottom. Ventilation can then be had by stretching open the front flaps of the tent. In this way you get the effect of an open-face camp, as well as a trace of the teepee, together with an inkling of a wall tent and A tent combined.

There is another form of tent which is not on the market, but which ought to be, since it so well solves the important question of ventilation. This is made like an A tent, but it has no closed ends at all. Each end is provided with flaps, which are cut full and wide so that they overlap. The theory of this tent is that of the Eskimo igloo, which has a covered entryway set at an angle to the axis of the house proper, so that wind and weather cannot enter direct. Of course, such a tent has a ridge-pole, with a supporting pole at each end. Suppose the weather is too cold for a direct draft to be comfortable; you simply take the two flaps on the windward side and stretch them at an angle, so that the wind does not come in direct. The opposite end of the tent you can leave open, shut or angled, as you like. This form of tent leaves you more independent as to which way your tent shall face. Ordinarily you do not want the wind to blow directly into your tent, as that carries in the smoke and is more apt to tear your tent down should the wind rise very high. You can provide such a tent as this with cheesecloth lining or inner-end flaps, if you like, and all in all can get quite a range of use from it, at the same time not carrying along the same weight of canvas that would be demanded in a wall tent of the same floor space. This is a very healthy tent, although not quite so comfortable as the big wall tents that sometimes are seen in health-resort camps in the Western mountains, where board floors and board walls are often used, with a roof projecting out in wide eaves over an open space at the top of the wall.

There is still another form of tent—the idea is taken from the open-face camp—which is common among trappers and cruisers. This tent is sometimes called a Nessmuk tent, the idea coming from the pet tent of an old woodman who wrote over that name. One form of this tent is made with a square open front and a square sloping roof that drops to a low wall behind. Two poles support a flap in front which serves as an awning. Sometimes the floor is sewed tight into such a tent, in which case, of course, there should be a window at the rear. Such a tent in theory ought to be simple, but as bought in the market it requires several poles, guy-ropes, and the like. The original Nessmuk tent was stretched over a permanent frame and was intended simply as a shelter, warmth being had from the log fire in front of it.

When Mosquitoes Pursue

Such a tent as the foregoing can be bought in the so-called balloon silk, which usually is paraffined or otherwise waterproofed. It can be made of light drilling, waterproofed with linseed, or with linseed oil and alum. An alum treatment tends to make a tent fireproof, which is almost as desirable as having it rainproof. One has seen several camps burned out by sparks which fell on tent roofs rendered very dry by the heat of a near-by fire. A spark that falls on a properly treated tent roof burns only a little round hole at worst.

A third desideratum of the tent is that it should be insect-proof, and in some countries, such as Alaska, this is the one imperative thing. No man who has not experienced the pest of mosquitoes in Alaska can have any idea of what it means. The railroad engineers of that country are sometimes obliged to use a tent which has the floor sewed in, and which has no door at all, only a round hole with a bag sewed around it, like the entrance to a pound-net for fish. The man condemned to sleep in this tent crawls through this bag and pulls it in after him. He would, of course, smother to death except for the window which is let into the front of the tent above the opening and is protected by cheesecloth. Nothing can be more horrible than such a tent as this—and nothing more desirable, when the mosquitoes are so bad as to render sleep impossible in any other tent.

The Gipsies of Europe use low, round-roofed tents which are stretched over bent bows like wagon bows. These tents are low, compact and fairly roomy, but they require well-fitted bows, which again require transportation. This form of tent has not, so far as known, been introduced into this country. We do not customarily pin our faith to canvas covers whose framework cannot, if necessary, be found or made in the open.

The pole problem comes up in any sort of tent. The conical tents can be bought ready fitted with jointed poles and metal tent pins, and for average traveling use this is the best form for pole and pin. It may take two or three hours to accumulate a set of teepee poles, even in a fairly good pole country. The wall tent and the A tent require long poles that cannot very well be jointed. To obviate some of these difficulties a tent with a rope ridge-pole has been invented. You stretch this tent between two trees, or between two forked poles or tripods, using it in any of several ways. The theory is that the rope will keep the tent rigid enough to shed rain. Sometimes this

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Box 17, Monroe, Mich.

Tent Pins and Guy-Ropes

Tent pins are made of malleable iron. They are a little heavy, but are compact and handy. It is not enough to set up a tent in any hurried fashion, and it is all the better if you can have the proper appliances for pitching your tent true and taut, in which case it will turn wind and weather much better than if just loosely slung together. Yet any steady camper comes to despise complexity above all things, and to prefer a tent which can if necessary be in part, at least, fitted with material found in the woods. This seems to spell a single-pole tent whose ends can be left open or closed as desired. Such a tent is heavy enough if made of eight-ounce army duck. The larger a tent is the heavier is its material a yard, as a usual thing. You can make your own tent out of drilling, and waterproof it with water and alum if you like, but out of the wide range of well-made tents now in the market you can easily get an inexpensive one of almost any sort and as cheap as you could make it yourself.

The Necessary Tent Bag

Having selected the style of tent best suited to the purposes of your trip, your handling of it should always be methodical and workmanlike. You should have a tent bag, and its contents should be so arranged that the first thing you take out of the top is the floor cloth of your tent. Spread this out on the ground. It is the ground plan of your house. On this lay your poles, which should next come out of the bag, if you are using jointed poles. If you have a wall tent you should learn how to measure, by your tent poles, the entire space to be covered by your tent and the guy-ropes. Having determined this, drop your pegs for the corners of your tent and for the corner guy-ropes. Drive these pegs home, put up the poles and support them in place loosely by the proper guy-ropes. Then drive your side pegs and remaining guy-pegs, stretch everything taut, pull your sod cloth inside, tighten your door cloth, and put up your fly if you have one. When you take down your camp put back these several articles in the reverse order from that in which you took them out of the bag. Don't be mussy and sloppy in your camp system, any more than in your business or domestic system. You should be prompt, neat and soldier-like in your work of making and breaking camp.

In any small tent of the open-face or single-pole variety you can use your floor cloth as a mattress, straining it over the hay, straw or browse. In the morning, after you have aired your blankets, it is neater and better to roll your bed up and leave it in the back part of the tent, just as a soldier would. It is, of course, better to have a canvas cover for your bedroll, just as you have waterproof bags for your sugar, salt, coffee, dried fruits, and the like. Keep your food and bed neat. Police your camp as a soldier does.

The cot-bed is not uncommon for use in wall tents, but no cot-bed ever was really comfortable, and all cot-beds are heavy to carry about. In paradox, however, it may be said that sometimes in the most remote and wildest country you find the cot-bed is most desirable. In camping on wet tundra country in Alaska, where there is no such thing as hay or boughs, it is very difficult to get a comfortable and dry bed. Of course, if one has not a cot and cannot get logs and poles to raise his bed from the wet ground, one must do the best possible with rubber poncho and canvas blanket cover. In that country also, strange as it may seem, the camp stove is more desirable

The closest friend you've got

—*your underwear*—the primary protection of the body. It comes in close contact with the body all day long. Every irregularity of fit, every wrinkle, impresses itself upon the nerves and temper.

Yet many men put up with the sagging, puckering, wrinkling of two-piece underwear or the half-satisfaction of the ordinary union suit.

Thousands, however, have found the way to real underwear comfort through the Superior Union Suit, the perfect undergarment.

The Superior is made by experts, in a mill which makes nothing but men's union suits. It fits all the body all the time.

It adjusts itself to your every movement, never binding, never wrinkling.

It is reinforced in every vital part, and specially constructed so as to admit freedom of movement without disarrangement.

It is worn by more men than any other union suit made.

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than it is in our wildernesses close at home, where for the most part it is a nuisance.

A man can carry on his back a dry tent big enough for two, food for a week, blankets for bed, a rifle and an axe. Such a weight, somewhere around eighty pounds, would be practically impossible for a tenderfoot, but would not be so difficult for the woods cruiser who starts out alone in the wilderness. It is much easier to put that weight in a canoe, or to double it on a pack horse, treble it for a boat, or multiply it by ten for a wagon. Everything depends on where you are going and what you call a good time. An old-timer abhors a big and clumsy camp, full of luggage; but it would not be gentle of the old-timer to insist that his preferences should govern the camping arrangements of everybody else. There are tents made especially for canoers, even tents made for automobilists. There is fascination even in the idea of such a tent as the latter. When one considers that the average man likes to have his wife and children along, if possible, on the summer vacation, one becomes reconciled even to the big wall tent with the wooden floor. Not all men today will share the enthusiasm of the old-timer who likes to go foot-loose and care-free, with most of his necessaries on his back or that of his horse.

Today guiding is a profession, and you will get booklets from this or that Rocky Mountain guide, showing pictures of camps built with a dozen wall tents, sheds, flies, dining tents, cook tents, and so on, all transported by a vast band of pack horses, each hired at, say, a dollar a day. The old-timer scoffs at this sort of thing and would rather go into the wilderness with one stout friend, perhaps with a raft or canoe, a brace of dogs and a sled, or at most a spare pack horse or two. It is the latter kind of camp that gets back into the depths. The big, civilized camp with all sorts of comfortable fixtures ordinarily does not bring back the game nowadays.

Waste in the Wilderness

The tendency of civilized man is to cumber himself with many useless things. Our city life is the apotheosis of waste. We live under a load of artificial requirements, amid luxuries that have become necessaries, under customs and incumbrances collected from every corner of the world. On the contrary, the rule of life in the wilderness is freedom from all waste—waste in room, in weight, in energy. The band of Chippeways that you meet in their fishing camp or berry camp threw up their round-topped, mat-covered lodges within a few minutes after the time they threw down their packs. The Indian women who lived in a man's lodge in the old buffalo days could unsling the *travoux* poles from the ponies, get off the loads and get up the teepee within a very few moments after the chief thrust into the ground the butt of his lance, to mark the place where his house should stand. You, too, if you really care to go into a real wilderness—provided you know where there is one today, as confessedly this writer does not—should give yourself over to the law of the open, and so avoid all waste. This means that your tent shall be no bigger than it need be, that it shall have only just sufficient floor room and head room, and not carry along in its structure an ounce of useless canvas.

In pitching your tent you will of course camp high and dry, and will carry water to your camp rather than carry your camp to the water. You will have this sort of tent, chosen from some such list as that above, and so arranged as to allow you to keep the flaps open at night unless in the severest weather, and even then to allow you ventilation. Your bed need not be too soft, but it should be clean and dry always. The nearer your tent puts you in touch with the outdoor air the better tent it is.

Of course, the shifty man, caught homeless in the woods, will make some sort of shelter for himself out of almost anything—slats, boards, bark, boughs, sods, poles and earth, whatever is handy. A blanket stretched over a rifle barrel is sometimes better than nothing. A mere strip of canvas used as a blanket protection will at a pinch serve for a sort of tent. One has lain out for a week in the Rockies in midwinter, in eight feet of snow and with no better shelter than a roof of boughs and snow, the fire at last burning itself down to the frozen earth. No man knows what he can do out-of-doors until he has tried it personally, and then he finds he can do a great deal.

Automobilists carry it in their tool box

"*Cæmentium Sales Co.:* Having, through an accident, cracked the copper circulating pipe on my automobile, I thought it a good opportunity to test Cæmentium. I applied it to the break, and used the auto, daily, for two months before any leak occurred; this in spite of the vibration to which it was constantly subjected. Of course, the water got very hot at times, but this had no effect on it."—*Harry A. Webb, Greenwich, Conn.*

Never be without it —it will save you many a dollar

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On furniture—Split wood is held fast, or metal effectively held to wood by Cæmentium, because it practically unites the metal with the wood.

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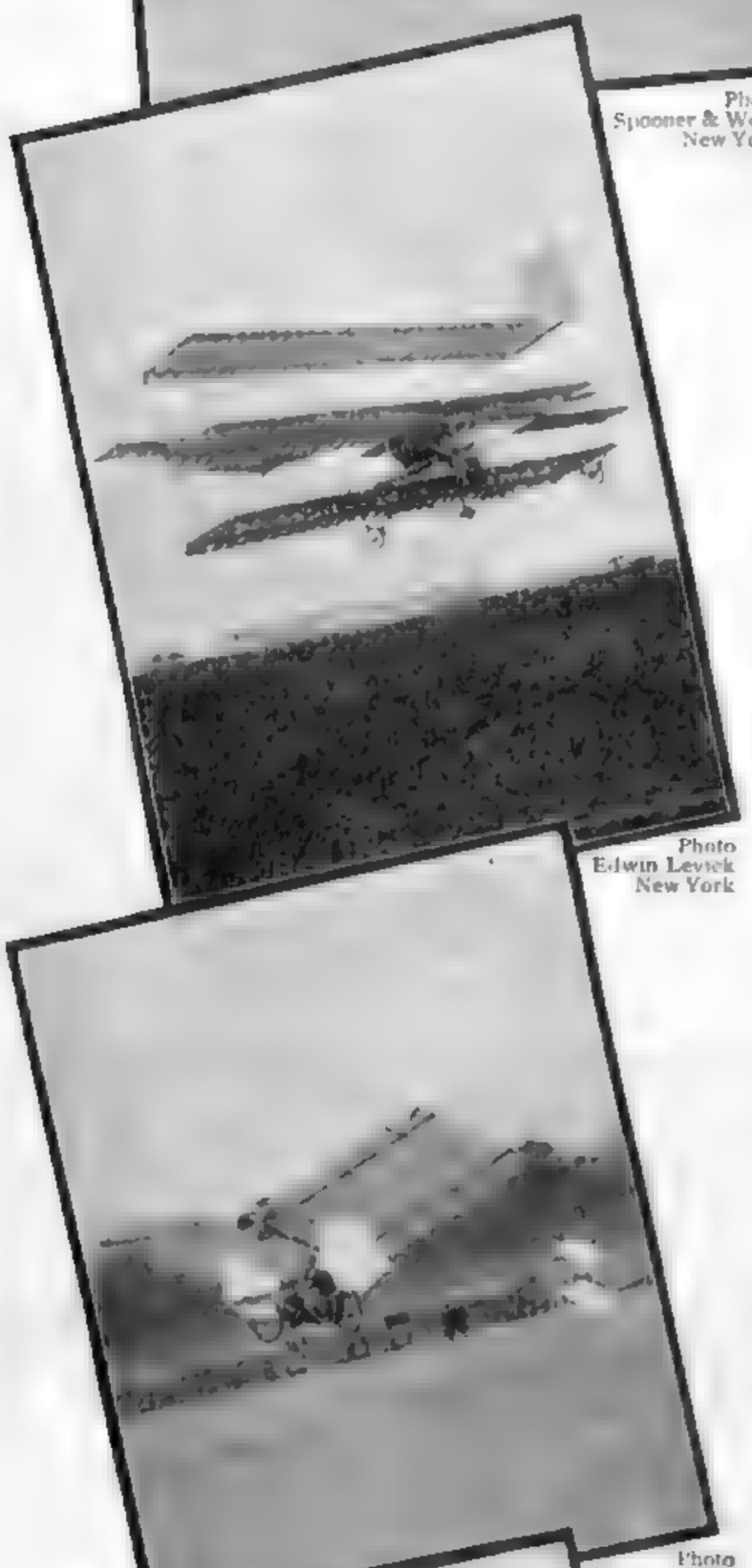

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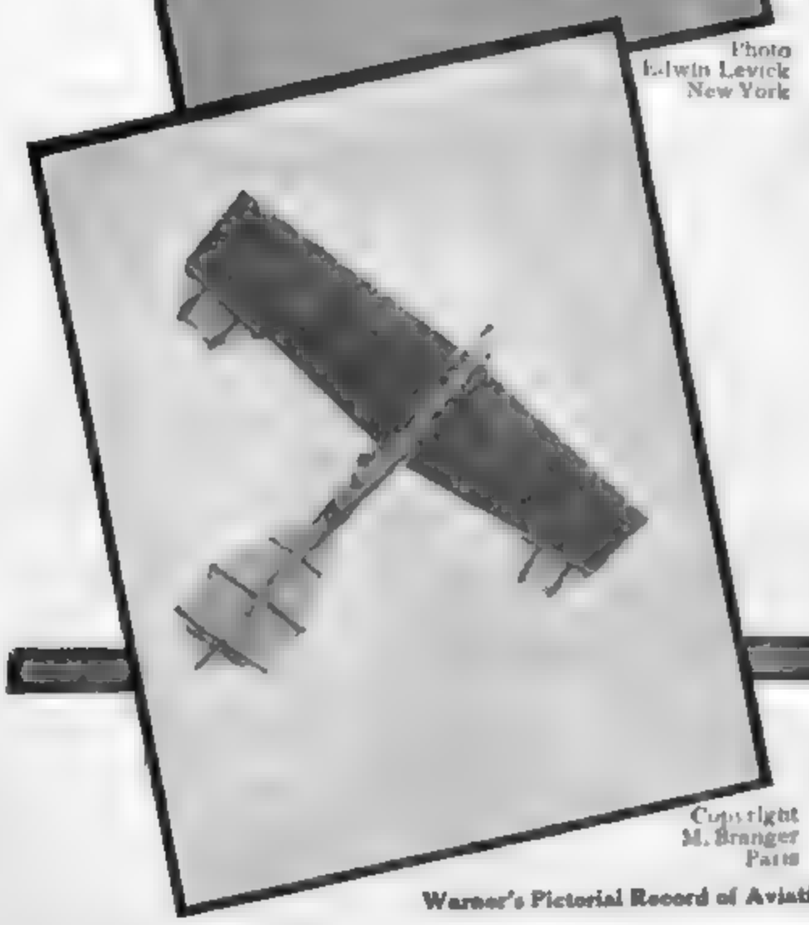

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Warner's Pictorial Record of Aviation

Think Twice Before You Buy a Low Priced Speed Indicator

Sometimes a motorist—especially an inexperienced one—considers the speed indicator problem from the standpoint of a low price alone, forgetting entirely that the instrument—not the price-mark—tells the speed.

But when you want to know how fast or how far you've gone—how many miles per tire or gallon of gasoline—or any one of the thousand things a speed indicator is supposed to tell you—the price-mark will not help you much.

It's then the realization comes that quality—absolute accuracy and dependability at all times—is the one great requisite in a speed indicator.

And it is just this subordination of price to quality that has given the Warner Auto-Meter its proud title—"The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators." Price is not a factor in its construction.

It is constructed on the principle—magnetic induction with circular magnet—which absolutely insures continued accuracy, no matter how long the instrument may be in use.

It is put together by trained mechanics, under the supervision of experts.

It is put through the hardest service tests before leaving the factory—every instrument must prove itself absolutely perfect under all conceivable working conditions.

The Warner Auto-Meter is not nearly always right, or always nearly right. It is always all right.

Is it any wonder, then, that the Warner Auto-Meter is the instrument considered in important tests or races, where accuracy of speed indication is necessary?

Is it any wonder that the motorist of experience—out of his experience—realizes that **knowing** is better than **guessing** even if it costs more, and puts the Warner Auto-Meter on his car? You can buy cheaper speed indicators than the Warner Auto-Meter. You can get them for almost any price you care to pay. But do you want to? Are you really economizing if you do? We issue a very instructive free booklet on speed indicators and their uses, which you will appreciate.

Write for it, or call at our nearest branch.

The Warner Auto-Meter

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LOS ANGELES, 748 South Olive Street
NEW YORK, 1902 Broadway
PHILADELPHIA, 302 North Broad Street
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SAN FRANCISCO, 98-88 Van Ness Avenue
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Aviation Note

American aviators, as a rule, have attained their best results with biplanes. Both the Wright and Curtiss machines are of this type.

The accompanying illustrations show four other types of aeroplane which have proven successful abroad.

At the top is shown the Bleriot monoplane—probably the most prominent of the French machines in the public eye. The next picture shows the Vanniman triplane—the first machine of its kind. The third picture is Santos-Dumont's "Demoiselle," with which he made a world's record of 5 miles in 4 minutes 55 seconds. The last picture is a view from beneath the Antoinette monoplane, made famous by Latham.

A. P. Warner

Model M

The Aristocrat of Speed Indicators
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It is easy to make a good looking sample. It requires experience to make a roofing that will last, year in year out, without losing its looks or its protective power.

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DOCTOR MERRILL'S MIRACLE

(Continued from Page 9)

himself buried. Long periods of time swept by like a cinematograph raced off the spool at triple speed, yet without loss of detail. He saw his grave broken open by a ghoul, himself burglarized and sold to his own medical college, and laid out as a cadaver for dissection. His own old instructor in anatomy stood over him, his classmates gathered round, with the familiar flippancies young doctors affect. He needed only to move a finger, only to murmur a word, to be rescued from an ineffable fate; yet his throat was clamped, there were rivets of steel on every tendon, and every nerve was twine. And so he lay through the long prefatory talk of the demonstrator and agonized to move one least muscle, agonized with hideous futility. It was not till the knife touched his flesh that he shuddered away with a shriek of horror, and found himself standing in his dark little room, scared beyond belief.

He buried himself under the covers, shaken with an ague of dread. There was a knock at the door, and a voice:

"What's the matter? Are you sick?"

He blushed in the dark and answered sheepishly:

"I had a bad dream. I'm all right, I'm sorry."

There was no sympathy in the gruff comment of the fellow-boarder, who shuffled back to bed in disgust.

It was a long while before Merrill could persuade sleep to return. And in that while he compared the plight of the Rolston girl with his own.

Perhaps she, too, was simply enduring a prolonged bad dream. Perhaps she, with her wide eyes heavy with despair, was struggling in vain to find her own nerves, her will wrestling with her will, groping for itself like a telegrapher whose current is grounded somewhere and whose frantic messages are lost in the void.

How was he to end the nightmare of this poor girl? Already she had become "this poor girl" to him. His first instinctive resentment had vanished and he had become once more the votary of the most merciful religion that has ever blessed the world modern science.

Gradually young Merrill's heart enlarged till it regarded Dora Rolston not as the vicious, the heartless tormentor of herself and her parents but as the helpless victim of some slight, some subtle flaw in the stupendous mechanism of soul. It came upon him with terrifying vividness how inconceivably complex are the infinitesimal engines that perform thought and deed, how infinitely intricate the laboratory where emotions are brewed and moralities distilled. Great factories are disabled, great ships left helpless in mid-sea, by the failure of some small lever, some cog or cam, by a lack of oil, or the intrusion of rust or grit in some bearing. How more than easy for the dynamos of human destiny to be thrown out of gear! The wonder was that they ever run true at all.

Dora Rolston became in Merrill's eyes a seventy-year clock that for some hidden reason would not keep time. A speck of dust, a spring too tight, or, as the saying is, a screw loose, and in place of progress and accuracy and the chiming of the hours she was all erratic, unreliable, running down to the great silence.

He himself in his bad dream had been impotent to command one least nerve till the crisis came like lightning. Yet a soft knock at the door, the touch of a hand on his clammy brow, a gentle word would have wakened him and released him from the torture chamber of fancy, set the wheels and hands in regular motion.

He breathed deep with joy at feeling himself the master of Dora Rolston's obsession. His diagnosis was complete. It only remained to find the error, wake her from the nightmare.

But how was this to be managed?

A shock might accomplish it, a great fear might rend her apathy, as one shakes a stopped watch or rocks a clock into motion. But he knew that this was dangerous with timepieces as with headpieces. Violent cures of hysterics had often been worse than the evil, and relapse had followed fast.

She must be persuaded, not flogged.

He fell asleep, worn out with thought. As sunlight filled the room, his sleep ended in a bubbling laughter. He wakened from a dreamed banquet at which an after-dinner speaker had been reminded of a story, an old story, but told with infectious cleverness. It was the well-frayed yarn of the inquisitive man and the mysterious basket -the basket in which, the owner said, he carried a mongoos to kill the snakes that his brother saw in his delirium tremens. "But those snakes are only imaginary," said the inquisitive man; and the owner of the basket answered: "So is the mongoos."

As Merrill came out of his tub he smiled again at the unmitigated nonsense of the story. Suddenly he stood rigid in the very posture of the marble Apoxyomenos, with one arm outstretched, the other rubbing it. It swept over him that there was a profound philosophical truth in the anecdote. An imaginary mongoos was the scientific enemy of imaginary snakes. For an imaginary illness, an imaginary cure. Hence the prosperity since time began of so many miracle-working cults that have made the lame to walk, the aching to rejoice, because the diseases they cured were deliriums. They wakened the sleepers and ended the nightmares.

IX

THE morning was not far advanced when Merrill presented himself at the Rolston door. He had brought with him a bag of the most elaborate apparatus his office contained and a head full of imaginary tests. A most important part of his equipment was a stock of names. He had begun to doubt his theory, even as he prepared his campaign, but he determined to carry it through and give it its chance.

He had found in his dictionary that the mongoos is a kind of ichneumon, and he invented ichneumonal paralysis as the title of the disease. For the antidote to the chimera he devised a serum which he entitled chimeraine.

Thus equipped, and feeling more like a mischievous schoolboy than a man of science on an errand of mercy, he greeted the parents with a smiling morning face and hurried up the stairs to begin the farcical-tragical puppet-show.

The door of the sick-room was open and the nurse was brushing the long hair of the girl. Hearing a step, the patient turned her head slowly and bent a languishing gaze his way.

Again that tiny flare of light in the gloomy eyes. Only, this time it was brighter and its life a moment longer. Almost a smile quivered like far-off summer lightning at the corners of the pale lips. Almost a welcome seemed to warm the ivory cheek.

And she actually said: "Good-morning."

There was no exclamation point after it, but it was a great deal for her to say. The nurse was amazed.

As Merrill laid out his tools he said:

"It's too fine a day to be indoors. It's a young girl's day. The spring is running about like a young girl. You should see the locust trees."

"Are they in bloom?" she murmured, rather with politeness than with interest.

"Are they! Sniff these!" he said, and he took from his buttonhole a spray of wee white bonnets and dropped them on her bosom.

Her thin fingers crept up to them and wound round them like tendrils.

"They're very pretty," she said, but looked at him.

Her eyes were so direct that he turned back to his task with a strange feeling that his flowers had been taken as a gallantry. From the corner of his eye he saw her lift the blossoms to her nostrils and breathe their fragrance deeply.

And then she sighed. But it did not sound like the ecstatic gratitude for perfume.

Whenever he turned toward her he found that her gaze was following him.

The slightest show of life was so rare in her that the parents noticed it. And the mother said:

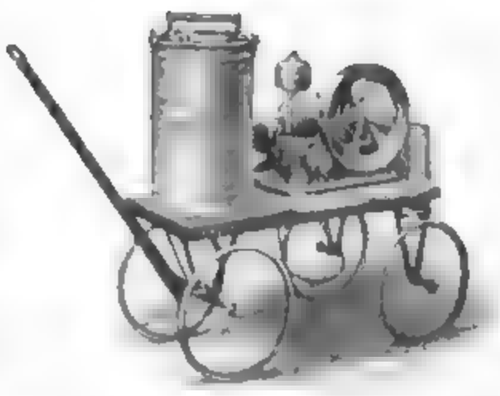
"That tonic you gave her has made her better already."

The doctor looked as if he were rather shamed than proud. He made pretentious examinations and tests of such elaborate foolery that he felt himself no more than an Indian medicine-man or an obsolete charm-worker.

When he had carried his flummery as far as he could endure it he nodded his head with finality and satisfaction.

"Well," he said, "now I think we know just where we are."

The father and the mother stared at him with sudden alertness, their souls one



This Little Money Mill
Has Earned $10 a day for others—Why not for you?

There is such an immense demand for vacuum cleaning that hundreds of operators are earning $10 a day and more with Duntley Pneumatic Cleaners.

One machine earned $10 a day—five machines $50 a day. You can operate as many as you please. The big wagon outfits can't beat this.

The vacuum cleaning business is easy to learn—good to follow—has no limit—and above all, is an honest, respectable business that requires practically no capital.

What others are doing, you can do.

Read what these men say who are making small fortunes right now with

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"In the past forty-three days my Duntley [illegible] Cleaner has earned $477.25 [illegible] people for whom I have worked. —*Homer J. Hancock, Seattle, Wash.*

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"I have worked [illegible] Duntley Cleaner for ten days [illegible] —*[illegible], Columbus, Ohio.*

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The vacuum cleaning business is new. It is a coming business—a profitable business. You can make a success in it—for experience is not necessary.

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I will send you a Duntley Pneumatic Cleaner and give you full instructions for engaging in the vacuum cleaning business.

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You can use the machine for 10 days to **prove** it will do what I claim—

To prove that you can make $10 a day.

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You simply fill out and mail me the coupon below—but do it **now**—today.

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question. He answered it with unusual vivacity:

"Your daughter is suffering from a form of paralysis——"

"Then you admit it is paralysis?" the mother interjected, but he went on

"A form of paralysis only recently differentiated from the others. It is not encephalic, spinal or peripheral. It is ichneumonal."

The father echoed the word with blurred inaccuracy. The mother came to the more practical point:

"Is -is it curable?"

' For some time it was considered hopeless; but an eminent German physician working in India isolated the specific bacillus and evolved a serum by inoculating a small animal known as *herpestes mungo*. This has proved to have an almost instantaneous, an almost miraculous effect."

Merrill noticed that the girl was leaning outward from the bed and listening eagerly to his words. The parents sank back and exchanged glances of disappointment. India was a long way off.

"Is there any way of getting the serum in this country?" the father asked, and added: "Price is no object."

"I have a small quantity of it here. One of my professors told me of it as a bit of news just as I was finishing my course in antitoxins. He gave me a few drachms of it." He displayed a tiny phial containing a colorless liquid.

"It looks like distilled water," said the father

"Doesn't it?" said the doctor.

The parents regarded the minute bottle with reverential awe as if it were a miracle-working relic. They implored him to use it at once and they were panicky with new hope.

Merrill cast a sidelong glance at the patient. She had sunk back to her pillow, exhausted by the faint outpour of interest. His heart fell. She was not ready for the awakening. He took refuge once more in an evasion, feeling that a few more lies would not materially alter his large score.

"I should not dare apply this serum till the patient's system is prepared for it."

"How long will that take?" the mother wailed, heartsick with renewed deferment. He answered shiftily:

"There is no telling. Patients differ so. A preparatory course of treatment is necessary. The moment your daughter's condition is ripe I shall use the serum. And she will rise and walk round this room on my arm."

He saw the whiter hands clutch the white sheet for one instant. The father's hands and the mother's went out to each other for a rapturous grapple. What eloquent instruments, hands!

Merrill, thrilled with the bliss he might cause to descend on the house of dole, wrote with trembling fingers a number of prescriptions notorious for their loathsome taste and known to be without effect. He ordered massage, alcohol baths, hours of rest by the window, calisthenics of all the muscles to the knees, and every form of business he could think of, and took his leave. But his backward glance was met by no show of interest by the patient.

He retreated in discouragement. The next day he arrived and made the same tests, and the next and the next. He made it his custom to sit and talk with the girl. She seemed to enjoy hearing his voice.

He left her one day heartened with a grain of encouragement. The next day she was despondent again beyond rousing, but when he made ready to go she put out her hand and said:

"Can't you stay a while and tell me about your poor patients? No, tell me about yourself."

He felt a discomfort at this, but she plied him with questions and he told her the lighter side of his history. She smiled constantly, and once she almost laughed.

"It must be wonderful to be a doctor," she sighed.

"There's a great need of women doctors," he said. "Why don't you study medicine?"

"What could a hopeless cripple do?"

"You're not a hopeless cripple. I tell you, you'll walk with me round this room one of these days. And later we'll promenade down Main Street."

"I'd rather go into the woods," she said. "They must be beautiful now. Why have you never brought me any more locust blooms? Are they dead?"

"They're fading fast. But if you hurry you can pluck them yourself."

"Will you pull down the branches so I can reach them?" she asked, and flushed at the request

"Of course I will. And the moss is full of violets. You can reach those without my help."

"I'd rather have the locusts," she said, and closed her eyes in shame at her forwardness.

One day, to test her, he drew a sorry face and said that he had lost the phial of chimeraine. She blanched with dismay and fell to trembling. He promised to keep up the hunt for it. The next day her first question was:

"Have you found it?"

And when he said "No" her head shook with such despair that the next day he cried "*Eureka!*"

The parents were racked with impatience for the wonder to arrive. The father had told the family doctor that Doctor Merrill's diagnosis was "pneumonal paralysis," or something like that, and the old physician, fearing to admit that he had never heard of the disease, nodded and said: "Maybe it might be." He had also "heard chimeraine spoken well of."

Meanwhile, Merrill was tormented by his situation. Cicely Tansey grew more and more inquisitive, more and more urgent to know what was going on at these incessant visits.

And Merrill found his serial lie more and more irksome. As he grew to know Dora Rolston better and better, the anger that had softened to pity sweetened to sympathy, contempt grew to respect, and professional interest in the patient modulated into a personal zeal for the woman.

Her own attitude was nothing short of alarming. Lacking in egotism as he was, he could not but feel that she was falling in love with him. His elaborate mummery had far less weight with her than his personal ministry. His eloquence over her possibilities in an active life stimulated her far less than an almost childish eagerness to please him, to help him, to go about with him.

He kept away for a day, and she sent her nurse for him. The nurse's manipulations seemed to be without effect in his absence.

This made the doctor intensely uncomfortable. He utterly lacked ambition for conquests among womankind. Besides, Cicely Tansey was his, and he hers. This extra adorer humiliated him. Her belief in him shamed him. And his conscience was wrung with a feeling that he was not entirely true to Cicely Tansey. He had given her his troth. She had taken his wounded heart and healed it, and it looked to be rank treachery to permit another woman to concern herself with his self.

Yet here he was encouraging that interest, fearing to dispel it, fearing to deny her hopes, lest she sink back again into lethargy. She was in the stocks, and though they were not padlocked she would not rise without coaxing. If he walked away she would stay there forever.

Duty to his sweetheart urged him to repel the advances of Dora Rolston, to avoid her presence as a danger or to rebuke her communions.

Duty to his patient urged him to neglect no least help to her revival.

It was horrible to endure her young enthusiasm. It would be terrible to tear away her clinging hands and let her drown in the deep waters of inanition.

At last she reached a point of such frantic eagerness to be well that he thought it might be well to proceed to the climax of the game and risk all on the throw of the dice

At the same time Cicely Tansey reached the breaking strain in her patience.

"How much longer is this Rolston case going to last?" she demanded. He brightened as he answered:

"I hope to be able to tell you tomorrow that she is cured." But he sobered again as she retorted:

"Cured of what?"

"Please don't ask me."

All her stored-up snows came down in one white avalanche, that still, moony evening when lovers should have been better engaged than in quarrels.

"You've been calling on that girl every day for weeks," she said. "I've learned that she's very pretty. Her nurse, that Miss Lang, told a friend of mine that your Dora Rolston was getting better-looking every day, and that all you do when you go there is to sit and talk, and promise that you'll cure her some day, and then keep putting it off. When I ask you about it

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you get confused and tongue-tied and put me off as if I were a meddlesome outsider. You have no right to treat me so. I demand that you tell me what's the matter with that creature—if anything is—and when you're going to cure her and quit calling on her and collect your fee and go about your business. Now tell me, or you'll be sorry."

"I guess you don't understand me or my work as well as I thought you did, Cicely," he said with a funereal resignation. "I can't discuss my patients with you, now or ever. That's got to be understood once for all."

"Oh, I understand it all right. I understand that you want to shut me out of your life and your work. I'm good enough to be your toy"—he thought what a pretty toy she was, but did not dare tell her—"and your housekeeper, but I must sit at home and twiddle my thumbs while you gad about town and visit women in their bedrooms. And I'm never even to ask you what's the matter with them—if anything. No, thank you!"

Poor Merrill felt like a prisoner haled before the bar for a second offense. He repeated with the sullenness of a confirmed criminal his former cynicism:

"I guess a doctor has no right to be human, or to love anybody, or to have a wife."

Cicely relented at the sight of his dejection, and her rosy hands went out to him.

"You poor boy," she murmured; "I'll promise never to question you again"—he raised to her the eyes of ecstasy, but she snuffed their gleam with her proviso—"if you'll only tell me this once."

When he continued stubborn the rebuff drove her to a fiercer reaction of tormented jealousy and tantalized curiosity, and she broke forth into a tempest of reproach and accusation.

Here was another case of hysteria for him to cure, but in a violent form, and when he attempted to restrain her in his arms she struck his hands off like chains and dashed from the room.

He heard her pretty feet making an astonishing clatter up the stairs, and the slam of a door silenced her wails with a large final exclamation point.

As he walked into the hall he stepped on the ring that she had torn off and flung behind her. He put it in his waistcoat pocket and the soft closing of the front door of that house put a solemn period to his betrothal with Cicely Tansey.

He felt like a topsyturvy Monte Cristo as he murmured with an inverted triumph: "Number two."

He felt himself the loneliest, uselessest thing on earth, a Pariah in society, guilty by trade, a Wandering Jew with no absolution possible unless he gave up his accursed profession.

And then as he walked back to his eternal boarding-house the black cloud of his depression was split and fired with thunder and lightning.

Somehow the schoolhouse caught fire, and the droning cells where the A, B, C's, and the atrocities of English spelling, and the shiftiness of the decimal point were the only excitements, suddenly became an infant inferno, a crowded hell of shrieking children, burned and trampled and smothered, spilling from smoke-belching doors and windows.

He was first the man darting here and there to rescue what could be saved from the shattered ant-hill, trying not to tread on the little bodies, trying to catch hurtling bodies flung from windows in mad terror.

Before that horror was over he was drawn from the common task of fire-fighter to the duties of his special calling. Here were no longer the hysterics of a jealous girl, or the imaginary helplessness of a young woman to be soothed with lies and mummeries.

Here were tiny frames, blistered and torn, to be appeased of their wild fever; here were little bones to be retracted and set in place; here was the hideous mutiny of the flesh, the real, the material anguishes to be soothed by real, material means, with the craft and the lotions, the chemistry and the physics of actual science.

When he could give to the twitching hands of some wailing mother a little bundle that had been and would be again a child; when he could silence to murmurs of content the shrieks of little girls whose future beauty he had saved; when he could take away the agony of mere lads grimly struggling to be Spartan and make no noise; or when he could ease the torment of pitiful children who should never learn more of this world and without him would have gone shrieking back to the sleep they came from—he felt glad to be a doctor. He felt that being a doctor was better than being anything else or following any other trade in this grisly world.

It was nearly morning when his work was done as well as he could do it, and it was the milkman who found him where he had fainted trying to drag his feet up the front steps.

X

THE next day he did not find time to visit Dora Rolston. He woke from his late sleep with a start and began his rounds. The whole town was like the children's ward of a hospital. All the other doctors were busy, but now they were called in to help him. Because he had happened to be on the ground, and many mothers and fathers and neighbors had seen him in action, they loved his blistered hands, and the children talked to him and were brave for his sake.

When, eventually, he reached Dora Rolston's home he found that the cataclysm that had struck the town in the tenderest flesh of its heart had reached this cloistered girl.

She had seen the horror in the faces of her father and mother, the nurse and the servants, and had overheard the mutterings in the hall. She had to be told.

When Doctor Merrill arrived she would hear of nothing but his experiences. She quivered even at his cold, physicianly descriptions.

"What a hero you are!" she cried. "To think of anybody wanting to be a soldier when he might be a doctor!"

This made him uncomfortable. He was in no mood for bouquets. But his resentment vanished when she said:

"There must be so much to do, so many more nurses must be needed than there are in town. The poor mothers must be dropping with fatigue. If only I could go out and do something to help—to help them—and you!"

He stared at her. The miracle had been wrought in the recesses of her soul. It wanted only to be made manifest. It was time to have done with leisure.

He retained composure enough to make his routine tests, though they nauseated him with their hypocrisy.

"Now," he said with a sudden resolution—"Now I think we are ready for the cure."

He had lifted her from her chair by the window and carried her to the bed. He cautioned her not to move till he gave the word. When all was ready he found he had neglected to bring the little serum. He must go back to the house for it.

And there he found other calls waiting for him so urgent that he let Miss Rolston wait. She had waited so long, she could stand a little further delay.

The sunset was incendiary throughout the west when he got back to the Rolston place. The father and mother were on fire with impatience, and the girl herself was struggling with a mania to be free.

And so he took out the tiny phial. Its pellucid clarity was tinged by the sunset red as he held it up till it seemed to glow like a precious wine.

He lifted the cork with caution, dipped in the needle and filled the cylinder. Then he said once more:

"It is very powerful. You will feel it at once in all your veins. But don't move, don't breathe till I give you the word. Then do what I say, at once."

He took his watch from the chain and laid it on the chair close at hand. Then he drew back the cover from the pardoned feet, bared the idle knees, and just above them thrust the needle deep into the wincing white flesh.

He raised his hand in warning and kept his eyes on the little watch whispering the seconds away. When the silence and the waiting had lasted till he saw the mother raise her hand to her wan lips to check the cry of intolerable suspense he spoke suddenly:

"Now! Take my arm and walk to the window with me."

And the feet came wonderfully—almost wonderingly—from the bed to the floor, and the body rose till she stood erect, amazed, enchanted.

Then her neglected knees weakened, but she slipped her hand into his arm and walked beside him. Her feet were beautiful upon that floor, and the sunset from that window was like a sunrise.

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Simple Law That Every Motorist Ought to Know

By Xenophon P. Huddy

SINCE the advent of the automobile we have learned a great deal concerning the nature of regulations which are most fit to control automobile driving for the protection of all concerned, and the automobile enactments are no longer looked upon as a joke, as was done by the Kansas Legislature in 1903, when, as a part of the motor-vehicle enactment of that state, the law-making body actually enacted the following provision, which stands today on the statute-books:

Nothing in this section shall be construed as in any way preventing, obstructing, impeding, embarrassing or in any other manner or form infringing upon the prerogative of any political chauffeur to run an automobilious band-wagon at any rate he sees fit, compatible with the safety of the occupants thereof; provided, however, that not less than ten nor more than twenty ropes be allowed at all times to trail behind this vehicle when in motion, in order to permit those who have been so fortunate as to escape with their political lives an opportunity to be dragged to death; and provided further, that whenever a mangled and bleeding political corpse implores for mercy, the driver of the vehicle shall, in accordance with the provisions of this bill, "throw out the life line." (See Kan. Laws of 1903, ch. 67, p. 113.)

Automobilists realize that the motor-vehicle laws have been enacted for their protection as well as the safety of other users of the public thoroughfares. A speed maniac is as much a danger to motor-vehicle users as he is to pedestrians and to those who drive horses; therefore it is for the best interests of motoring that automobilists are in favor of legislation which has a tendency to eliminate reckless and dangerous conduct.

On the other hand, motorists feel that it is not fair to interrupt automobile travel on account of purely technical and frivolous violations of the law, such as exceeding the speed limit by a few fractions of a minute in cases where an automobilist is taking a pleasure ride with his family and no person or property is endangered. Persecuting automobilists should be condemned and the law should be administered justly. Such conduct as aiding and abetting automobilists to violate the law should also receive the severest censure.

Hard Not to be a Criminal

In the city of New York at one time decoy machines were sent out by the police department through the residential districts with plain-clothes policemen in them, so that it would be impossible for an automobilist to know that the machine contained officers of the law. Automobilists would not, of course, object to sending out plain-clothes men in machines to detect violators of the speed law, but the officers in these machines went further than merely detecting violations. In many instances they drove alongside of a car and, by conversation with the chauffeur or driver, induced him to "hit it up," or else they twitted him with the statement that his machine possessed no power and that he could not beat them. Many unsuspecting drivers did hit it up for short distances, whereupon they were immediately arrested, dragged into court and held for trial in the Court of Special Sessions of New York City, which tribunal could not show leniency on account of the method of the arrest, since the law had been violated. Other numerous instances of oppression on the part of the police have occurred, such as stretching ropes across the highways to stop automobilists, the unnecessary use of firearms and the erection of bumpers on the road so that it would be dangerous for drivers to go at a high rate of speed over them.

Of course, the automobilist desires to keep out of trouble and this should ever be on his mind. Most of the violations of the motor-vehicle laws are unintentional, and it may be said that the large majority of motor-vehicle users are law-abiding. Not only do automobilists desire to be free from the annoyances caused by arrests and the interruption of their travel, but they naturally do not wish to have criminal convictions against their names, resulting from overspeeding. In the city of New York during the past year about five thousand automobile cases were tried by the Court of Special Sessions and resulted in nearly that number of convictions. This means that the persons complained against have opposite their names in the criminal courts a record for conviction of a misdemeanor. It means that these otherwise law-abiding automobilists cannot go on the witness-stand and swear that they have never been convicted of a crime. Some of these defendants were physicians, and in their cases it may be said that they have placed themselves within the statute of the state which provides that a physician may lose his license to practice if convicted of a misdemeanor. The same applies to an attorney-at-law who commits a misdemeanor. Of course, no one would believe for a moment that the authorities would revoke a physician's or an attorney's license to practice because he had exceeded the speed limits; still, the public record of conviction of a crime remains forever. As it is frequently said by automobilists of New York City: "You can't run an automobile without violating the law and becoming a criminal." Turning now to the main subject of this discussion we will take up for consideration the very first legal essential for the automobilist, which is "lawful equipment."

The Law of Good Tackle

When planning an automobile tour and before entering thereon, if the tour is to extend over several states of the Union, the automobilist should see to it that he possesses legal equipment. The term legal equipment herein is used in a broad sense and covers many things.

Years ago in England, under the common law, the phrase "good tackle" was commonly used among drivers of vehicles drawn by horses, and it included such matters of equipment as the harness and parts thereof, shafts, joints, bolts, wheels, axles, whippletrees. If you should look through the old English common-law reports you would find many cases where actions have been brought for damages caused by drivers of vehicles not having "good tackle." There have been cases where a defective harness has broken, causing one vehicle to run into another. The common law governing "good tackle" exists today and applies to the operation of vehicles propelled by power. So it is the common-law duty of every automobilist, before he runs his machine on the public highways, to take reasonable precaution in seeing that his automobile contains no vital defect which would make its operation on the public highways a menace to the safety of other people. This means that the machine should be inspected. Of course, latent defects might not be discoverable, and it is not expected of an automobilist that he can determine whether or not any parts of his car are dangerously weak unless he is aware of a particular cause of weakness, such as having been in a collision in which a part of the machine was broken or severely strained.

Aside from the common-law requirements, the automobile enactments of the various states in the United States and foreign countries provide that automobiles must be equipped with certain things. For instance, good and efficient brakes must be supplied. Some states provide that there must be at least two brakes. This is the provision that exists in England, where it has been held that an automobile possessing only one brake, and on which the engine is used for a brake, which is a common use of the motor, does not come within the meaning of the law providing for two appliances of this nature.

Automobiles must be equipped with proper lights. The number of lights and their location are prescribed by the statute of the particular state. The law also prescribes the kind of lights which must

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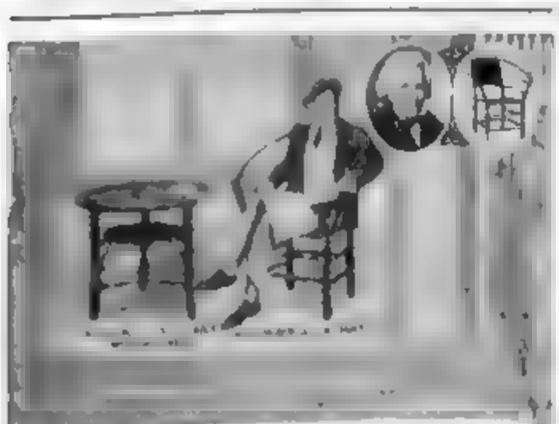

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be carried. Usually two white lights forward and one red in the rear are all that are necessary, but in some states the registration number of the machine must appear on the glass of the forward white lights, and the number tag on the rear must be illuminated. The usual requirement is that the lights must be displayed one hour after sundown at night to one hour before sunrise in the morning.

A suitable horn or other signal must be carried. The statutes do not say what kind of signal device must be used, so it is largely at the discretion of the automobilist to provide his machine with any suitable warning instrument. A horn has very generally been adopted. Some machines carry musical signaling devices. Very few, if any, have adopted the use of a bell. Whether the muffler cut-out, which makes a very loud noise and, as a matter of fact, affords a very good signal, would constitute a compliance with the statutes, provided no other signal device were carried, is a question concerning which there may be some argument. I should say, however, that the muffler cut-out in such a case would not comply with the law for the same reason as advanced in the English case concerning brakes.

Number tags and a registration seal must be carried. The statutory provisions provide how and where number tags should be placed. Many of the states require that they shall be kept free from mud and obliteration. Some of the states provide that they must be carried a certain distance from the ground and must be fixed so as not to swing. The foregoing do not cover all of the requirements appertaining to equipment, and we now come to the most essential and important one, which is the license to use the machine on the state's highways. Without the machine being legally registered and a license procured to operate it the automobilist is not a legal traveler. He has no right to use his machine on the public thoroughfares. In planning a tour in the United States it is absolutely necessary, therefore, to ascertain what the requirements are of the laws of the states through which the motorist expects to tour. Some of the states allow a non-resident automobilist who is duly registered and licensed in his resident state to pass through the state without complying with the local registration and licensing requirements. Many other states do not allow this, so it will be seen that it is necessary for the automobilist, before he starts, to investigate and ascertain whether he is compelled to take out a license in the particular state through which he expects to tour, if he desires to be free from interruption and annoyance. Moreover, if an automobilist is not duly registered and licensed, and if he uses his machine on the public highways and is injured, the fact that he is not a legal traveler might prevent him from recovering damages.

The following list of the states having automobile laws shows whether an automobilist who is duly registered and licensed in his home jurisdiction may enter without obtaining a local license:

Alabama, not exempt.
California, exempt.
Connecticut, exempt ten days in one year.
Delaware, exempt, based upon reciprocity.
District of Columbia, exempt ten days.
Florida, exempt thirty days.
Illinois, exempt.
Indiana, exempt.
Iowa, exempt.
Kansas, exempt.
Kentucky, exempt.
Maine, exempt.
Maryland, exempt, applies only to residents of District of Columbia.
Massachusetts, exempt ten days.
Michigan, exempt, based upon reciprocity.
Minnesota, exempt.
Missouri, exempt twenty days.
Nebraska, exempt.
Nevada, exempt.
New Hampshire, exempt ten days.
New Jersey, must obtain special license for eight days.
New York, exempt.
North Carolina, exempt.
North Dakota, exempt.
Ohio, exempt.
Oregon, exempt.
Pennsylvania, exempt ten days, based upon reciprocity.
Rhode Island, exempt ten days.
South Carolina, exempt.
South Dakota, exempt.
Tennessee, not exempt.

W. K. Kellogg's Corner

Message No. 4.

Uses 'Em All Alike

KELLOGG'S Toasted Corn Flakes is packed for no one but the consumer, who buys it in the Kellogg carton, which bears the signature of W. K. Kellogg.

This guarantees the consumer the quality and the dealer a "square deal." He gets it in no other brand of corn flakes, for other flakes are sold to SOME dealers lower than to him.

Kellogg's Toasted Corn Flakes has but one price to the trade and one quality to the consumer.

That's what "KELLOGG" means in the corn flake market.

Made from selected white corn.

The Genuine has this Signature

W. K. Kellogg

When you see a sign that says:

"Agency Whitman's Chocolates and Confections"

you have the *one store* in that locality that is selling the best in the best way. At this store you can buy the Famous Fussy Package, Mallo-Caros and a hundred other distinctively Whitman packages.

The Fussy Package

For lovers of hard and nut-centered chocolates. No bonbons or cream centers—here are the contents:

Chocolate-covered Molasses Blocks, Caramels, Nut [illegible] Nougat, Hard Nougat, Almond Rock, [illegible] Cream Walnuts, Cream Pecans, [illegible] Walnuts, Assortment, Almonds, Nut Molasses Chips, Filberts, Pecans; Bonbons of solid Chocolate and Fussy Nut Brittlets.

Half one, two, three and five pound boxes. One dollar a pound everywhere; sent postpaid if no agent is convenient.

Mallo-Caros

Marshmallows covered with choice caramel. A new chewing combination that everybody likes; dainty, smooth, with a deliciously characteristic flavor that cannot be described. Our regular 25c package sent prepaid for 30c where we have no agent.

Really inexpensive, emphasizing the completeness of the Whitman line—not all low price candies, not all high priced, but the *best* of both.

Remember, Whitman's are never sold through jobbers—but through our exclusive agents, usually the leading druggist in each locality.

Whitman's purchased from these agents are direct from us—guaranteed fresh, pure, perfect.

Write for Booklet "Suggestions"

STEPHEN F. WHITMAN & SON, Inc.
Established 1842
Philadelphia, U.S.A.
Makers of Whitman's [illegible] Chocolate

Money Commands Respect

"THE MILL will never grind with the water that is passed." The money you spend is gone.

The money you save is the reserve power to help you on to greater things or to keep you from misfortune.

Are you close fisted—do you save money naturally or does it run through your fingers?

We have a plan that helps you *save*. We do not take your money to speculate with it. We make our fees by lending our own money on mortgage in New York City. We sell you these mortgages or guaranteed mortgage certificates based on them, in amounts of $200, $500, $1,000 and $5,000, and so get back our money to loan again.

The mortgages are all first mortgages, the best in the world, and the certificates have all the advantages of the guaranteed mortgages. The payment of the principal and interest is guaranteed absolutely by the Bond and Mortgage Guarantee Company with its Capital and Surplus of $7,500,000. We stake our own reputation on the satisfactory character of these mortgage certificates. Our capital and surplus amount to $14,000,000.

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Handsome $1.00 KEISER CRAVAT and SCARF PIN To Match — by MAIL POST PAID

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(With Old English Engraved Initial Enameled in Color to Match the Cravat)

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paid from first year's earnings of 8% net. Quarterly dividends of 2% each April 1st, July 1st, October 1st, January 1st. Money loaned to Farmers on Real Estate security. Deposits in Banks on Directors. Shares, $1.00.

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R. S. & A. B. LACEY, Dept. 35, Washington, D. C. Estab. 1869

Texas, exempt.
Utah, exempt.
Vermont, exempt ten days, based upon reciprocity.
Virginia, not exempt.
Washington, exempt.
West Virginia, exempt.
Wisconsin, exempt.

After being legally equipped the automobilist is ready to run his machine on the public avenues of travel, and the legal aspect of automobiling now has to do with the method of travel. The manner in which a motorist must run his automobile is prescribed by law. He must not exceed the speed limits, which vary materially in the different states of this country. The rates of speed allowed are a matter to be ascertained before entering a state. Where the automobilist is allowed twenty-five miles an hour in the open country in one state he may be allowed only twenty miles an hour in another jurisdiction. For example, in the State of Alabama the maximum speed limit is placed at the ridiculously low rate of eight miles an hour. Usually in the outlying districts not built up an automobile may lawfully be operated at a rate of speed of between twenty and thirty miles an hour and it would be practically safe for the driver, while operating in any state, to comply with this rule; but when driving through cities, villages and towns greater care should be exercised and seldom should the speed be greater than ten miles an hour. In many states, like New York for example, the law provides two rates of speed in cities, villages and towns. In the closely built-up sections the legal limit is ten miles, while in the sections not closely built up fifteen miles an hour is allowed. Of course, the authorities do not always arrest those who violate the speed limits by a slight excess of the rates prescribed, as is the case in New York City, where fifteen miles an hour is really allowed in the ten-mile limit. In other words, the police usually allow some leeway, except when a special crusade is ordered against speeders.

Zigzag Driving Unlawful

The automobilist must also be on the lookout for municipal and local speed regulations. In many states municipalities are authorized to enact ordinances prescribing speed rates lower than those provided for in the state law. Seldom is it, however, that these speed limits are less than ten miles an hour. In certain localities, however, eight miles an hour has been prescribed. In some states municipal authorities are prohibited from reducing the speed limit established in the state law. It is the tendency of modern automobile legislation to make the automobile speed rates uniform throughout the state, and it is quite likely that in the near future local regulations will be entirely eliminated.

No matter what the speed limit may be in any state, an automobile driver may not lawfully operate his machine at a dangerous rate of speed or in a dangerous manner. If the law provides a speed limit of ten miles an automobilist may get into trouble if he operates his machine at a rate of only five miles an hour if he does so carelessly or negligently, as, for example, if a chauffeur drives while being in an intoxicated condition or zigzags his machine through traffic in such a manner that other drivers do not know what course to pursue. A recent English case has held that zigzag driving constitutes a violation of the law. Then again, an automobile driver should not be guilty of thoughtless inattention while operating his machine. It will be seen that the speed limits are not the only guides to be complied with by automobile drivers in operating their cars. Before automobile legislation was ever thought of it was a common-law misdemeanor to drive any kind of vehicle at a great speed, putting other users of the public avenues of travel to danger. Now as to the results which may happen if a proper speed rate is exceeded.

The speed trap is decidedly a contrivance of modern invention, which has come into existence as a result of the development and general use of the automobile. It may be defined as a method employed by police authorities to test the speed of automobiles and to catch or entrap and arrest drivers thereof who have exceeded the speed limits. An automobile driver who violates the speed law is very apt to be caught. But where speed traps have existed in the past, the operators thereof

150 Tapering Round Red Rubber Fingers

Beat Your Own

You *must* soften your beard to shave with *comfort* for the reason that a softened beard offers less resistance to the razor—therefore less "pulling." Every barber demonstrates this by *rubbing in* the lather. HE DOES IT WITH HIS FINGERS:—this is always mussy and often unsanitary.

You have imitated the barber's method in spite of its untidiness and then have had to wash the lather from your hand before you could use your razor. Neither your fingers nor the barber's can soften the beard quickly, neatly or thoroughly.

The Luxury Lather Brush has 150 Tapering Little Round Red Rubber Fingers, sterilized and sanitary, which take the place of the five human fingers and work the lather into the beard far more thoroughly and effectively because their little tapering ends penetrate *between* and *around* the hairs, while the broad-pointed human fingers merely pass over them. These velvety rubber fingers soften the beard *scientifically*—they get the lather right down into the beard *where* the razor cuts. This *saves* the edge of the razor and makes it cut better. It makes certain a clean, comfortable shave in *half the usual time* without even wetting your fingers.

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LATHERS BETTER THAN YOUR OLD BRUSH: Made of choicest Beau Blanc French Bristles banded with PURE Badger Hair in just the right proportions to give elasticity and best lathering qualities. Bristles are vulcanized in hard rubber—can't pull out. Open handle of hard rubber at right angles. As handy as a hair-brush and you can hang it up

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Used with shaving stick, powder, cream or mug, the LUXURY gives more satisfaction in shaving than any other toilet article ever devised.

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This book tells the correct way to apply lather and use a razor. Send your dealer's name.

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This suit is a refinement of the prevailing fashion, for those who take pride in their clothing; who expect shapeliness and wear; who usually pay more for a suit.

We make one perfect model only (of specially selected fabrics).

This simplifies work, saves greatly in the cost of making and marketing.

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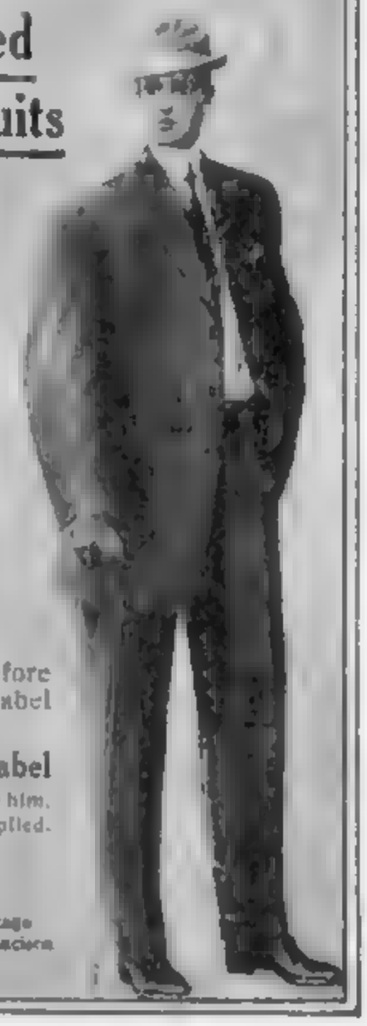

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You can use this cooker for 10 days free. After it has demonstrated its convenience and the excellence of the food you can prepare with it, you can decide whether you want to keep it. We will send you a book with full directions, showing how you can cut the cost of living in two.

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Shoots through one-half inch pine and more. Compressed air—no smoke—same as rock drills, air brakes, etc. More powerful than any other air rifle. Practical gun for small game. Can be used where cartridge guns cannot. Ammunition costs about 15c for 1000 shots. Sold by dealers. There is no substitute. Price, prepaid east of Rocky Mountains $[illegible]. On the Coast and Pacific Possessions $[illegible]. Circular free.

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STUDENTS ART MAGAZINE

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have not always been just and fair to automobile drivers. They have often exerted too much activity in the direction of entrapping as many automobilists as possible by encouraging violations of the law.

Several justices of the peace in rural districts have been convicted of keeping fines exacted from automobilists caught in their speed traps. All things considered, it may be said that the legitimate speed trap has been a necessity in order to keep down excessive speeding. Speed traps have been on the increase and, no doubt, will be operated as long as the automobile is used. They prey upon technical violators principally and, aside from the great annoyance and inconvenience caused to automobilists, to be caught is not a very serious matter, since it means merely a fine of a few dollars.

Many of the automobile clubs and associations have attempted to warn automobilists of the location and operation of speed traps.

Speeding may have very serious results. No automobilist wants to be accused of homicide, though if an automobile driver should be so unfortunate as to kill a human being while exceeding the speed limit he may find himself involved in very serious legal difficulties. The killing of a person by one who is engaged in an unlawful act may constitute manslaughter, even though the person causing the death was otherwise exercising due care. It has been held in several cases in the United States that a speed of twenty-five miles an hour in a city where traffic is congested constitutes negligence *per se*. No automobile driver has a right to maintain such a rate of speed. If he should kill a person while operating his car at this velocity he would be guilty of manslaughter. In England it is held that an automobilist has no right to take a chance, and if he kills a person while taking a chance he is guilty of manslaughter.

The Rules of the Road

Motorists should ever have it on their minds to be extremely careful of the safety of other persons using the public highways in order to insure themselves against the possibility of being compelled to face a serious charge of homicide, which may be said to be the most serious automobile offense. It might be mentioned, however, in New York City a chauffeur who killed a child was accused of murder in the first degree, which was the first case of its kind on record. In this case it was charged that he operated his machine regardless of human life. A conviction of manslaughter was obtained and a prison sentence of seven years was imposed.

We will now take up the rules of the road. Every one is, or should be, familiar with these. It is needless to say that automobiles meeting and passing should pass to the right of each other, which is contrary to the rule in England, and that when overtaking and passing an automobile should pass to the left of the preceding vehicle. A preceding vehicle should, however, give way and allow an automobile approaching from the rear to pass. This rule has been sanctioned by the Court of Appeals of the State of New York.

Motor-vehicle drivers should keep to the right of the center of the highway and never depart from this rule unless emergency requires it. If this rule is violated and a collision occurs the automobilist who was on the wrong side of the road will be deemed responsible for resulting injuries unless he can show that he was compelled to take the other side of the highway for some good cause.

Proper precaution should be taken by automobilists not to frighten horses and other animals. This is a duty which is not only imposed by the statutes, but by the common law. Drivers of motor vehicles should stop if they are causing animals to become frightened and they should also stop their engines if the noise causes fright.

We have fairly well covered in a general way the law which governs automobile travel on the public highways. We will now consider the relation of employer and chauffeur.

A great many automobile owners do not drive their own cars, but employ chauffeurs for this purpose. The chauffeur should be engaged only after a great deal of care and investigation. To engage a reckless automobile driver may involve the employer in a great deal of litigation and make him liable to pay heavy damages, for while the chauffeur is acting in the employment

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are being decorated with Alabastine this spring and thousands of the best decorators are using Alabastine exclusively because they realize that Alabastine is the only material which supplies the steadily increasing demand for a decorative material with a flat, soft, velvety effect which is desired by the most discriminating people.

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is flat, dull finish—has no glaze, and if properly applied does not rub off, crack nor blister.

In attractiveness, cleanliness, durability and economy it is far ahead of paint, wall paper or kalsomine. Alabastine has greatest covering power pound for pound.

Alabastine is more artistic than wall paper—More permanent than kalsomine—More beautiful than paint

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Alabastine is a powder, only put up in 5-pound packages, and is ready to use when mixed with cold water. It is prepared in many beautiful tints and handsome colors—any carpet or curtain can be better matched or contrasted with the soft, velvety Alabastine colors. By intermixing, a myriad of excellent tints can be secured.

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We ask you to send for our question blank so that we may know more about your rooms. Fill it out and return to us. We will then have our decorators prepare for you a scheme for colors. We will prepare these by hand in Alabastine so you may see exactly how the colors will appear. We will supply suitable stencils for the decoration of your rooms **free to all users of Alabastine.** And we will tell you what tints to buy to produce the effects we suggest.

No charge will be made for this service. It is to our interest to see that Alabastine is used with the most charming effect.

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LOOK FOR NAME IN SHOE

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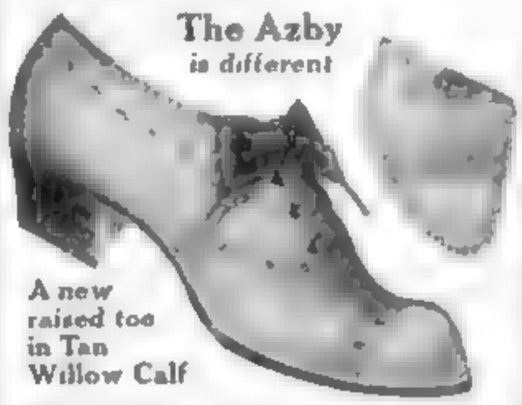

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are just as necessary for the preservation of health as sanitary plumbing. The [illegible] of your walls are not pleasing to the eye, but [illegible] them. Other wall coverings are objectionable because [illegible] or another. The only finish that overcomes all difficulties is

The Modern Wall Finish

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Neither paint nor varnish, but a scientific combination of the best ingredients of both. Has the decorative possibilities of [illegible], because of wood paper, and can be [illegible] absolutely clean as new. WHY NOT TRY IT? There is not a room in the house [illegible] Keystona. You can get it in [illegible] and colors at [illegible] paint dealers sell Keystona.

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The [illegible] make it impossible for any [illegible] a liquid, flat, washable wall finish that will do what [illegible] Keystona.

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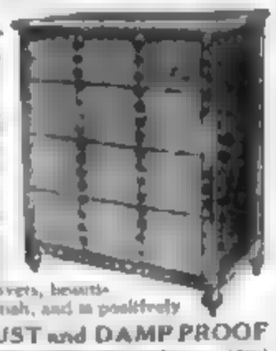

[illegible] 15 Days Approval [illegible] rivets, beautifully finish, and is positively

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of the owner the owner is responsible for his negligent conduct. If, however, the chauffeur commits an injury while he is driving contrary to the authority of his employer the chauffeur only is responsible.

The owner of an automobile should investigate thoroughly the chauffeur's record, and mere letters of recommendation should not satisfy the owner of the chauffeur's qualifications. If a chauffeur has been convicted many times of overspeeding this alone should be sufficient reason not to employ him, because it shows a disrespect for the speed limits, and a man who will not respect the law is very apt to take chances. Moreover, if the chauffeur should again be arrested and convicted and the employer should pay his fine a very substantial penalty would have to be paid, since third and subsequent offenses generally entail fines of from one hundred dollars to three hundred dollars

Owners, however, are to a large extent responsible for the present conditions with respect to chauffeurs. They have allowed chauffeurs to purchase their supplies and parts, and this has created opportunity for graft. Many owners do not go over items of expense and ascertain whether proper charges have been made by garage keepers and supply houses. It is very generally known that garage keepers and supply houses allow chauffeurs a certain commission on supplies purchased and services furnished. This is not for the best interests of the employer and it should be discouraged. A chauffeur who will take secret commissions should not be employed. Other forms and species of graft also exist among chauffeurs.

One instance of fraud which a chauffeur committed and which stands out conspicuously as an example of carelessness on the part of an owner happened in New York City not long ago. A chauffeur in need of money went to his employer and stated that the transmission in his car was badly worn out. He called his employer over to the garage and pointed out to him a worn-out transmission which was then on the floor beside the car. The employer, convinced that the transmission was worthless, drew his check to the chauffeur's order for four hundred and fifty dollars and told the chauffeur to buy a new transmission and put it in the automobile. After the employer departed the chauffeur took the worthless transmission and threw it in the junk heap of the garage. It was not taken out of the car at all and the one in the automobile was in perfect order and always had been.

THE EASIEST PROFITS

(Concluded from Page 6)

when it was put into operation was a broad human principle that facilitated management from top to bottom

The capable production engineer is far more than a systematizer.

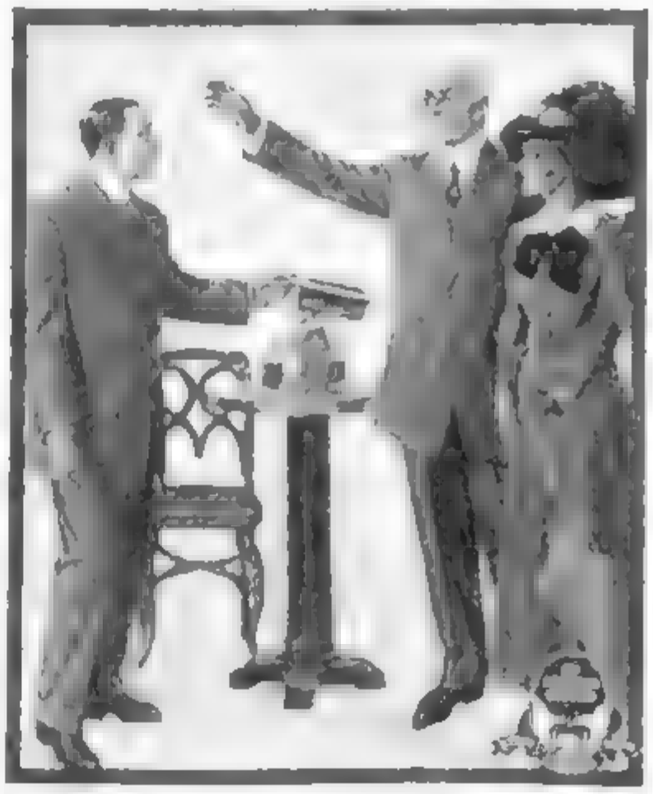
Nine times in ten, after making his study and drawing up a scheme of administration, he stays with the latter until it is installed and running smoothly. If the new-fangled routine were all drawn up on paper and handed to Bill Jones in the boiler-room, with the statement that by following that method the company could save three per cent of its fuel costs, Bill Jones might not think the matter important. But when there is somebody right on the job to insist that about forty dollars a week is being wasted up the chimney Bill Jones is interested.

He may also be called upon to take charge of business enterprises on behalf of creditors or heirs, to lay out large plants where capital is creating them from the ground up, to apportion different kinds of manufacturing among a number of plants following a large consolidation, to advise as to increase of capital, or find the valuation of property in disputes or settlements.

So he is more than an expert in accounting, costs, industrial chemistry, systems, or any other restricted specialty. In the course of the year he employs many such experts, and supplements their work with broad administrative experience drawn from manufacturing, trading, banking, Government business. For in dealing with production he is dealing with pretty much all industry.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of articles by Mr. Collins on business economies.

GUARANTEED
Kirschbaum Clothes
ALL WOOL HAND TAILORED



SHOWING a portion of the [illegible] painted by Geo. McManus, "THE MAN WHO OWNS BROADWAY." The [illegible] is clad in oils as the male character [illegible] wears the KIRSCHBAUM "Dixie" Model, Cut-Out and the "West End" Two Button Sack Suit (right).

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SUPPOSE we told you that we have made the best suit that the same money can buy. Would you go to your dealer, and ask for it,—and accept *none* other?

The Kirschbaum $18 "True Blue" Serge
"A New Suit For Any That Fades"
will prove our claims.

Guaranteed fadeless and unshrinkable and tailored according to the Kirschbaum high standard.

Ask your dealer for this suit. *Look for the Kirschbaum label*—the identification mark of the best clothes made at the price.

If your dealer hasn't this suit, write us to-day. We will forward the Kirschbaum **"Book of Fashions,"** showing complete Spring and Summer styles for Men and the "Student line" for Young Men.

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Crash!!—another wax record gone to smash!

If you own a [illegible] of an Edison phonograph get one Improved Wax Record from your dealer. Or let us mail one to you free, postpaid, and a catalog with it. [illegible] Drop it on the floor. Kick it across the room. Carry it [illegible] Then play it!

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New York
Prices in Canada plus duty
Address 364 Yonge St., Toronto

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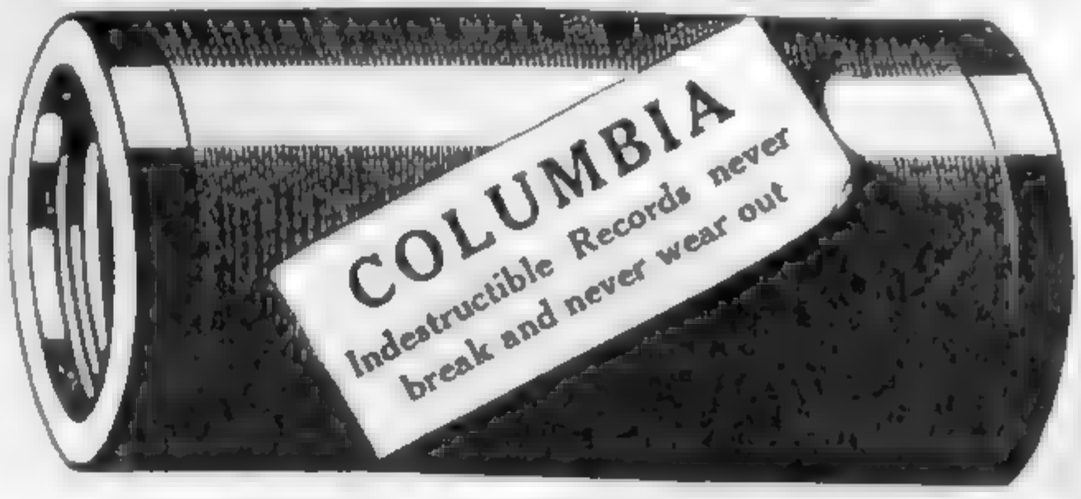
[illegible] 50c at [illegible] Dealers [illegible] or [illegible] right.

Sold by Dealers Everywhere
DEALERS WANTED [illegible]



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Its appearance indicates high standards; its durability and efficiency result in the greatest degree of economy. Manufacture of "ELECTRIC" Hose is protected by basic patents. It is made of alternating *tubes of pure rubber* and *braided seine twine*, vulcanized by tremendous pressure into a unified fabric.

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Send for our "Garden and Lawn Cyclopedia"—a booklet of great value to every home owner

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Wilmington, Del.

THE LORDS AND THE LAND

(Continued from Page 4)

From the total ownership of land and houses—which includes the large number of small landowners as well as the great, and those who own houses and shops but not the land—last year's income-tax revenue was only half of the income tax from business and the professions and salaries. The small incomes of every class, up to some eight hundred dollars a year, are exempt by law.

If the peers were men of unblemished personal honor and of long and glorious descent there would be reason for the awe in which they have so long been held. But, in spite of a carefully maintained tradition to the contrary, the peerages are not old!

The system of peerage is ancient; but the present-day beneficiaries of the system do not trace back anciently. Old families have vanished and new families have sprung up, and the change has been so gradual as to be unnoticed.

Of the dukedoms, the oldest is that of Rothesay, created in 1398. Six dukes were created in the nineteenth century; thirteen in the eighteenth. No marquis' title is older than that of Winchester, of 1551; twenty-one marquises are of the nineteenth century and one, Linlithgow, of the twentieth. And so with the other orders.

Nor are all the Lords lordly from other standpoints. The brewing interests are represented, and the advertisements of the brews of wealthy peers stare us in the face on New York streets. Heavy campaign contributions at opportune moments explain the creation of certain lordships; a while ago two hundred and fifty thousand dollars was sufficient. A considerable number are peers as a heritage of frail female friendliness with royalties. Numbers of those who are descendants of men enrolled for real public services are without personal distinction of character, or may possibly be known only as the men married to or divorced from American fortunes.

But at least such a body should be small. Privilege needs a limitation of numbers. But peers are really common. There are thirty-two dukes, thirty-seven marquises, two hundred and thirty earls, eighty viscounts and four hundred and twenty-four barons, besides twenty-four bishops, two archbishops, and three princes of the blood. Really, American heiresses should not find the market price of peers so high as they do.

A Means to an End

In England one must always go back to the beginning. When William the Conqueror seized England no one doubted his right to dispose of it as he chose; and he gave it away in great sections, with accompanying great titles, to his followers who, in turn, parceled out considerable of it.

The system, thus established, still continues. Families come and families go, but huge estates go on forever. And the system of entailing these great estates to the eldest son is an important factor.

The Budget is not, in all its parts, upheld by the mass of even those who believe in a change in taxation; and, although the Lords have belatedly agreed, for the sake of current revenue for the nation's exchequer, to offer no opposition to its now becoming a law, it will not in any case long remain a law, but will be replaced by something more statesmanlike—if the Liberal party can find a really statesmanlike leader.

Its new taxes on tobacco, beer and tea are oppressive to the common people; its death duties, so prospective heirs believe, are calculated to make many a man die beyond his means. In so far as it starts the opening wedge into land taxation it is opposed by those who sympathize with the small owners. In short, it is an unwise measure intended for a wise end. And, too, the author of the bill is the object of much dislike and distrust, the more so because, expecting that the peers would pass the bill unchallenged, he put in certain license-law clauses that had been once rejected.

At the recent election, as I found in various sections, the great peers with the other great landowners used their immense power over their tenantry with utter unscrupulousness in the effort to secure the election of members of the House of Commons favorable to them. Money was spent prodigally—and not all of it was set down in the campaign expense reports that the

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EVERY motor boat that leaves [illegible] Thrall Motors are sold. [illegible] simplicity, strength and durability. The 3 H. P. Thrall weighs only 60 pounds, but is equal to other 4 or 5 H. P. Motors weighing 3 to 5 times as much.

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The GOTHAM [illegible] athletics sports outdoor [illegible] country [illegible] Ba ly [illegible] all ish [illegible] of cool fabrics—white, tan and light blue. [illegible] Direct on receipt of price. [illegible] Blue Book of New York Hats [illegible]

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If there's a stream on your land install a
NIAGARA HYDRAULIC RAM
and pump the water where you want it
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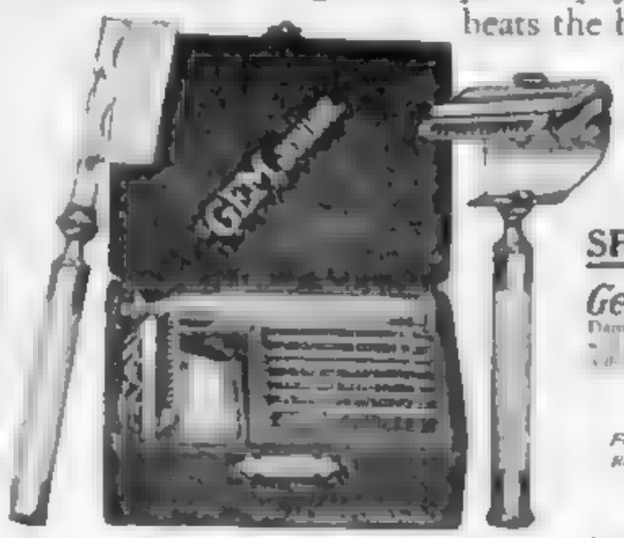
Good Bishop Gray, who shaves each day
Without a fear distressful,
Shaves with delight—as well he might—
And always is successful.
No money he on barbers spends,
But on GEM JUNIOR he depends.

THE GEM JUNIOR ministers to your shaving needs safely, quickly, cleanly, efficiently, comfortably. It is the "Dean of all Safety Razors," and sermons upon its many virtues are preached wherever it is in use.

Its blades are of finest tempered steel, with Bar in front to draw the skin taut and raise the hair for the cutting edge. Blade always at correct shaving angle—its good temper keeps *yours* good. The GEM JUNIOR beats the best barber in speed and efficiency.

Made Self-Shaving Popular.



Blade Ready For Stropping | $1.00 Outfit Complete | Razor Ready For Shaving

GEM JUNIOR Set [illegible] and seven [illegible] $1.00

Extra Blades, Set of Seven, No. G 7—35 Cents

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Roughness, wind-burn, chapping or unhealthy conditions of the skin are relieved almost instantly, and the continued use of Hinds' Cream will keep the complexion clear and the skin free from annoying blemishes.

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is a dainty, snow-white lotion, delightfully cooling and soothing to skin roughened by exposure or affected by any irritation. It requires no massaging—dries in quickly—and is not a bit greasy or sticky.

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Send postal today for free trial bottle and booklet.

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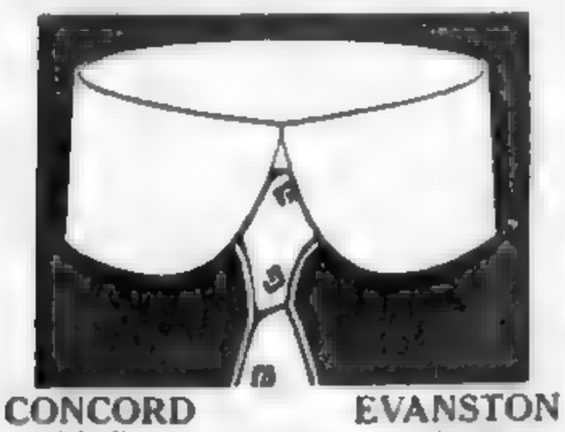

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Visit New York and See the Most Wonderful

City in the World $10.00 will pay all your expenses for a [illegible] visit, including hotel bill, meals, guide to see the wonderful buildings, mill tenaires' homes, old churches, Wall Street, Stock Exchange, Coney Island, etc. Special attention [illegible]. Write for particulars to Travel Department of Home Market Club, 105 Waverly Place, New York City, or The Inquirer, 58 Washington Square, New York City.

law demands. Worst of all, there was close espionage and then wholesale threats of eviction—a deadly threat held over the heads of many who would literally have no place to turn to if put out of their homes by their overlords, for they could neither buy nor rent nor find employment. The ballot is secret, but tenants none the less fear that, though they seem to vote in secret, they would be found out and punished if they voted against their masters. Selling provisions and beer at the merest nominal rates, to avoid bribery charges, was but a tiny election peccadillo; and another was that of the peer's candidate, who laid many a bet with his would-be constituents that his rival would be elected. Not all the peers are cruel or corrupt; many are excellent and kindly landlords; but they felt that they were fighting for their lordly lives.

Such things as election corruption and oppression, it may be mentioned, it is not deemed good form to say much about in England. The highly respectable newspapers that print long stories of alleged corruption at Albany or Washington would unpardonably shock their readers if they should detail such methods as are freely followed in England when they are deemed needful. The Englishman cannot help being a bit of a Pharisee. He thanks the Lord—and with difficulty leaves the "s" off the word—that he is not as Americans are.

Never before, so I learned, was the system of plural voting so widely taken advantage of. The privilege of voting for a member of Parliament is granted, in the counties, to each owner of a freehold estate of the annual value of ten dollars, and any man may legally vote in many parliamentary districts if he has the needful property in them. Wealthy men have, therefore, obtained many election rights, either in their own names or those of trusted agents, and at this last election trains and automobiles were unceasingly used in carrying repeating voters from place to place, the custom of spreading the election out over some three weeks or so giving ample opportunity for this scurrying of voters from point to point.

The Perquisites of Dukedom

Some of the richest members of the nobility were not ashamed to write letters to this or that society or charity stating that, in view of the intended land tax, they must really reduce their gifts; one duke thus cut an annual subscription of twenty-five dollars in two; another, owning six vast country estates and one in London, refused a usual small subscription altogether on account of the threatening Budget; and it also turned out that, because the nation had begun paying old-age pensions, this great peer had reduced a few personal pensions to old retainers from a three-dollar-and-fifty-cent rate to one dollar and seventy-five cents.

A few examples will point out some features of the land system under which the Lords have flourished and for which they are hated

In the heart of Cardiff are the magnificent castle and grounds of the Marquis of Bute, rated at an annual value of one hundred and fifteen dollars less than that of a tailor's shop a stone's throw away.

One of the seven magnificent and costly palaces of the Duke of Northumberland, with two hundred and twelve acres of land, pays rates on a valuation of only thirteen thousand five hundred dollars; but he recently made a demand of twenty-two hundred and fifty dollars an acre when land was needed for the expansion of a near-by town; and in that town is a thirty-five-acre patch, with homely and ordinary buildings, valued for rates at fifty-five thousand dollars.

Recently, in the heart of London, a lease expired on property for which the Duke of Westminster had been receiving two thousand dollars a year, and, of course, this sum was the only basis of tax upon the duke for that land, although it had become of enormous value. To renew the lease the tenant had to pay twenty thousand dollars a year, and also to hand over a lump sum of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and to erect new buildings, at his own expense, to the value of another two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. The duke was thereupon expected not to pay taxes on the newly-found value of the land nor upon the costly new buildings, although they were his property, but only upon the new

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Pennsylvania lawn mowers run true and easy because all bearing parts are drilled and reamed to fit—not simply cast.

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PARTICULAR FELLOWS who wouldn't think of wearing the *ordinary* shiny waterproof collar are delighted with our Challenge Brand because you really can't tell them from linen. They have an absolutely perfect linen finish and texture, that has given a new meaning to "waterproof collars."

Challenge Collars fit like linen too and are not in the least affected by dust or bad weather. They are far more convenient than linen—they save laundry bills—can be cleaned with a rub.

Sold by dealers everywhere, Collars 25 cts., Cuffs 50 cts. Our new "Slip Easy" finish permits easy, correct adjustment of the tie. Let us send you our latest style book—free.

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BOSTON, 65 Bedford St. PHILADELPHIA, 900 Chestnut St. CHICAGO, 161 Market St. SAN FRANCISCO, 718 Mission St.
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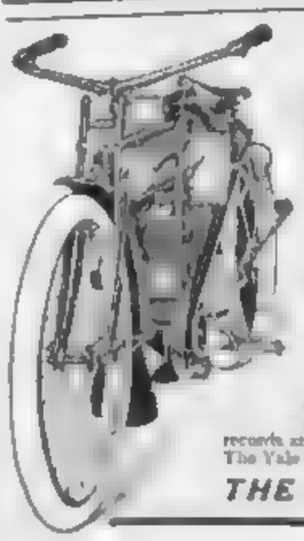

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The Yale qualities which have made this splendid motorcycle the choice of [illegible] unfailing reliability; instant readiness for sure, swift, silent service on city street and country road alike.

6½ H. P. Twin cylinder $300 F. O. B. Toledo

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Ride a Yale—They Never Fail

The Yale is operated at lower cost than any other motorcycle—39c per machine was the 1909 average. It holds the world's record for endurance. A Yale motor ran continuously for 132 hours in a closed shop without [illegible] and its [illegible] records and this unparalleled feat possible.

The Yale literature deserves thoughtful perusal by every intending motorcycle buyer. Write for it.

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—carrying out in nature's own way the beautifying, softening, refining of the skin until the perfect complexion appears—

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The object of this school is to make [illegible] experience in all forms of magic, [illegible] card tricks that can be performed [illegible] apparatus or [illegible] preparation. To [illegible] system [illegible] amateurs, I will send on receipt of 50c the baffling, mysterious

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Send for it to-day and learn about other equally bewildering tricks that will greatly increase your ability as an entertainer. Write me personally

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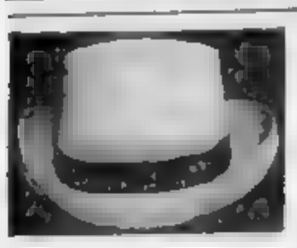

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Write for **free** catalog of other low priced Panama and Mexican hats.

FRANCIS E. LESTER CO., Dept. B 4, Menlo Park, New Mex.

income; and even as to the lump sum of a quarter of a million he would merely have to pay a tax upon the interest of it. One cannot wonder that the Lords fight fiercely against publicity and against land taxation; nor can one wonder that the suffering people clamor that if the Lords would but pay their fair share there would be national relief and prosperity. And it is no wonder that leaders demand taxation of such "unearned increment."

The mansion and grounds used by the Duke of Devonshire, in London, covering one hundred and sixty-three thousand square feet, pay only one-tenth as much in rates as property immediately adjoining covering but one hundred and fifty-three thousand square feet, which is used for hotels and business. Lansdowne House, with ninety-three thousand square feet, pays on rental valuation of twelve thousand five hundred dollars; whereas a famous hotel close by, with twenty-six thousand square feet, pays on rental valuation of eighty-five thousand dollars. The wealth that is to come, as "unearned increment," to these dukes or their heirs, whenever they care to sell some of the land, will be immense.

But it has not been sufficiently considered by those who would change the laws that all the landowners of England are not large landowners. The half million who own less than an acre are mostly people who live on their own property, and they are at present assessed heavily, for rates, on the basis of being their own tenants; and any law that is aimed at landowners as a class might fall upon them crushingly.

Lancashire, with its myriad cotton mills, its patient, saving, industrious population, is ahead of any other county in its proportion of individual owners of land. It averages one owner to each ten acres; whereas delightful Devon, so beloved of Americans, has but one owner to fifty acres, and Northumberland but one owner to ninety.

And any law aimed at the landlord of London might easily work undeserved hardship, for the dukes do not own it all, there being thirty-two thousand individuals possessing land in the great city. It is only fair to add, too, that, although the dukes are not among the most unselfish and progressive London landlords, they at least do not own the evil slums.

An Indication of Indifference

The seriousness of the general land situation in England is extreme. All history tells that reforms, if justly demanded and too long and too arrogantly refused, come at length with disregardful swiftness. The people are getting so ready to take titled and obstinate John Bull by the horns that there may be little opposition, lest a worse thing befall them.

There is an immense and subtle bribe that explains the long hesitation of popular leaders, throughout many decades past, to force extreme measures against the peerage. That is, the holding out to them the tantalizing temptation of becoming members of the privileged body themselves. It takes marvelous self-control to turn aside from the ever-dangling lure.

The other day I saw the peers and commoners and the King and Queen go to the opening of the new Parliament. Huge crowds had gathered for the show; but the peers, in spite of ermine and jewels and haughtiness, drove through masses silently disapprobative. There was everything to point out the glory of the ruling classes. Everything spoke of centuries of durability, of permanency, of strength; even the costumes were remindful of the peers and parliaments of many centuries; soldiers and police, in interminable lines and in reserve, and even batteries of artillery drawn up close at hand, spoke of power over the people. But the people, different from their wont, were not impressed.

Even the coming of the King and Queen caused nothing but perfunctory and scattering cheers, though the sensible-looking elderly gentleman and the sweet-faced lady beside him would ordinarily be welcomed with shouts of joy when moving through the streets with formal pageantry. But the people were in doubt as to what the King would say; what stand he would take; whether he would side with or against the peers, with or against the people; and so they let him pass by in ominous quiet that told that a change was at hand.

BIGGER VALUES IN
National Cash Registers

are made possible by the 34% INCREASE in our business last year over any previous year

We expect a ***greater*** increase this year than last. It is through this greatly increased output that the present ***better values*** are possible.

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Shows amount of each sale to everyone.
Adds all cash received into one total.
Shows total number of customers waited on.
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Do not be deceived in the belief that National Cash Registers are high in price.

Let us send you our Catalogue, which will convince you that National Cash Registers are ***low in price—much lower*** than you think.

Over 800,000 are in use, because they ***save more*** than they cost.

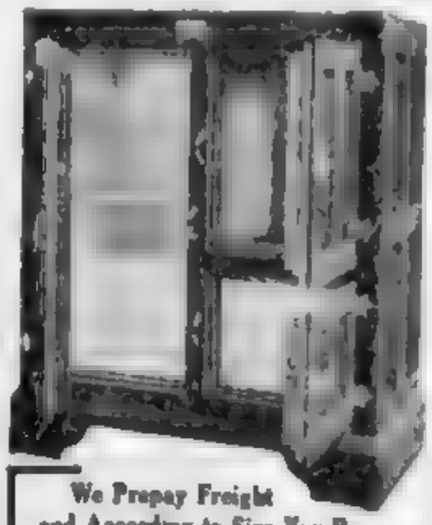
Prices as low as $15. Easy monthly payments.

The National Cash Register Co.
Executive Offices, Broadway and 28th Street, New York, N. Y.

You Can Now Buy a Refrigerator At Wholesale Factory Price

DO YOU want a high grade refrigerator? **A Retail Proposition at a Wholesale Price.** We have it. We have decided to sell [illegible] high grade refrigerator line [illegible] from the factory to the user. This means wholesale factory prices to you. This means you can save from 25 to 40 per cent, or from $5.00 to $25.00, according to size, by purchasing this high grade refrigerator. **Let us explain how:**

The Sanitor Sold to You Direct



We Prepay Freight and According to Size You Buy

—We Save You $25.00
—We Save You $20.00
—We Save You $15.00
—We Save You $ 5.00

First you write for our free refrigerator folder which gives photographs, full particulars of our selling plan and wholesale factory prices. You select the particular size refrigerator for your needs to fit the space you have for it and we ship it right to you from the factory, **prepaying freight charges.** Thus you cut out the middleman's profits and keep them for yourself. Thus your saving is considerable, yet that saving isn't all, for we give you a better refrigerator than you can buy elsewhere at the price.

First—the outer casings of our refrigerators are **not oak "finish"—but genuine oak—all oak—heavy oak**—put together to last a lifetime.

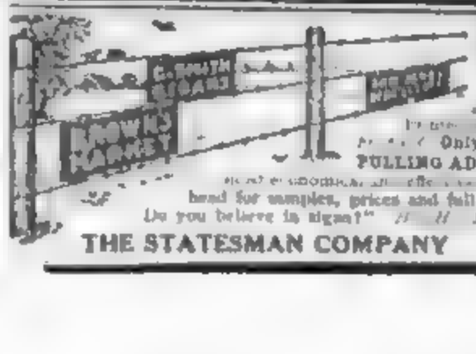
Secondly—the interior of our refrigerators is lined with porcelain enamel, which is guaranteed to be indestructible, absolutely sanitary, and easily kept clean. That's the reason why our refrigerator is called "Sanitor."

A 30 Days' Free Trial is Given with Every "Sanitor"—With the Privilege of Returning it to Us if Not Satisfactory and Receiving Every Cent of Your Money Back.

Sanitor Refrigerators Last a Lifetime—always keep your food pure and fresh, always protect your health—always insure greatest economy in ice bills. Our various sizes enable you to get just the particular refrigerator suitable to your requirement and which fits the particular space you want to put it.

When writing be sure and ask for handsomely illustrated folder No. 41.

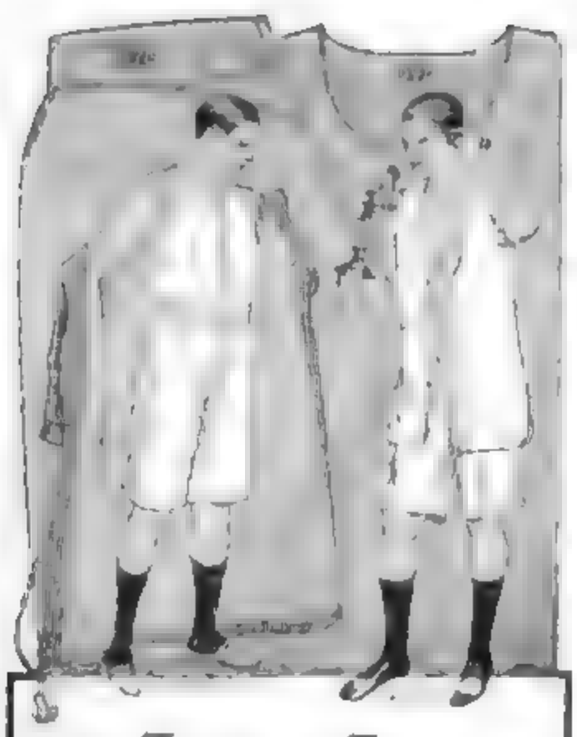
Sanitor Refrigerator Co.
1330 Corn Exchange Bank Bldg. Chicago, Illinois



Boom Your Trade with STATESMAN WEATHERproof Signs

Tack on trees, barns, anywhere. Our "easy process" makes them proof against weather exposure for 1 to [illegible] years. [illegible] Only signs possible to hang on wire fences [illegible] PULLING ADVERTISEMENTS [illegible] Do you believe in signs? [illegible] Ask for booklet.

THE STATESMAN COMPANY 71 Jefferson Avenue, Marshall, Mich.



Take only This
Red Woven Label

MADE FOR THE
B.V.D.
BEST RETAIL TRADE
(Trade Mark Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.)

On Loose Fitting
Coat Cut Undershirts, Knee Length Drawers,
(50 Cents and upward a garment)
and Union Suits.
Pat. April 30, 1907
($1.00 and upward a suit)

It insures to you positive satisfaction in quality and durability of materials, accuracy of size, correctness of fit and honesty of workmanship.

There are many different kinds and makes of Loose Fitting Underwear. The Original—The Value-Giving Quality Kind is identified by

The B.V.D. Red Woven Label.

Unscrupulous retailers may tell you: "This is a B.V.D. (or a B.V.D. Style Garment), but that it does not bear the B.V.D. Label" or "this is a B.V.D., but it is made with our own label." In such instances you are being offered a substitute for

Genuine B.V.D.
The Quality Underwear.

We do not make a single garment without the B.V.D. Red Woven Label. Don't accept a substitute, if you want Loose Fitting Underwear satisfaction.

The B.V.D. Company,
65-67 Worth St. New York

Surely you want this beautiful Desk-Table for your home

An ingenious combination of a table and desk. With the drawer closed it is a handsome, finely proportioned, well-built table. You can change it in an instant to a Writing Desk—with ink-well and pen tray—by simply pulling the drawer open. Underneath the writing desk lid is a compartment for stationery and letters.

The "Cadillac" is equally valuable for both the city and country home. Solid Mahogany, Solid Quartered Oak, Walnut, Mahogany and Quartered Oak in all popular finishes.

Covered by four Patents. Look for our mark on the under side of the lid and insist on the dealer furnishing a "Cadillac."

Write for free booklet F, in which full descriptions are given.

If dealer does not carry, we will see you are supplied.

THE CADILLAC CABINET CO., Detroit, Mich.

WHICH WAS GEORGE?

(Continued from Page 25)

"Rats!" said Miles, and rang for his breakfast.

George smiled provokingly

"Got a date with—er—Maud today?" he asked.

"None of your business," said Miles.

"I bet," said George, "that you still think it was Maud you took driving."

"I bet I don't," said Miles. "Directly you know there are two of 'em it's a cinch to see the difference."

George in his turn blushed.

"Not so easy as you think. . . . I . . . " and he went into a paroxysm of mortified laughter at the recollection. "The day Mary arrived in Rome," he said, "I went around as usual, and there she was in the reading-room writing, and I thought she was Maud, and sneaked up behind—there wasn't a soul about—and put my hands over her eyes, and made a terribly gruff voice, and said 'Who is it?' . . . And she'd never seen me, didn't know me from Adam, and hadn't even been told about Maud and me. . . . It was frightful. . . ."

"What did she do?" asked Miles, thoroughly interested.

"She jumped up and gave me one look shaped like a pair of Louis XIII rapiers—and then she saw that I was only a blimmed idiot that had made a mistake, and she sat down and laughed until I had to get water for her. . . . And then Maud came in and Miss Derby. . . . And it took me most all day to square myself with Maud. She said that either I didn't fancy her enough to know her when I saw her, or that I had an incurable habit of making up to strange women, and that she'd never have any peace if we got married and I was out of her sight for a minute."

"I don't see how you ever did square it," said Miles.

George smiled knowingly.

About eleven o'clock George and Miles drove to the hotel where Miss Derby and the March twins were staying, and sent up their cards. The ladies had a tiny parlor on the second floor, and here the young men found them. But George hung back, for he wished to see Miles put to confusion.

A stranger could only have told the March twins apart by an application of the Bertillon system. And on this occasion their identity was perfected by an identity of costume and expression. Mary, of course, had told her story to Maud and Miss Derby, and the eyes of all three twinkled with mischief and amusement. George, immediately behind Miles, mum as a mouse, was prepared to make himself thoroughly obnoxious. And Miles knew all this very well. It was perfectly plain, like good black print on very white paper. To make confusion as certain as possible, the sisters were not standing close together, and each stood with her back to the light.

But, as luck would have it, the moment Miles entered the room his eyes had lighted on Mary. He went straight to her, holding out his hand.

"I owe you an apology," he said, and now it was Miles who was brimful of mischief, "for ever having mistaken you for anybody else."

"That," exclaimed Maud, "is positively the last straw to my feelings."

Miles turned to her.

"Maud," he said, "people like you aren't affected by straws. I know that—now, anyway."

Something in this enigmatic speech must have had a meaning for Maud; her expression softened. And she gave him her hand. And he stood talking with her, easily and seriously, an experience they had never before had together.

"Why," thought Miles, "they're really exactly alike, after all. That is, Maud seems to George exactly as Mary seems to me. And the reason I didn't see it before was because I was jealous and a fool." Then and there he resolved to "make it up" with Maud by every means in his power.

Meanwhile, Mary, Miss Derby and George had withdrawn somewhat and were chatting volubly—at least, George and Miss Derby were. Mary was smiling, a little absently, perhaps, but with a wonderful tranquillity and sweetness.

Miles did not know it at the time, but, as a matter of fact, the garrison which he was

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They slide easily, silently and almost noiselessly on hardwood floors, linoleum or tiled floors. Will not rip or tear the best carpet.

Cannot mar or mark hardwood, marble or tile floors.

Slips easily over the edge of a rug.

Cannot get out of order or squeak.

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Suitable for every size and kind of furniture in the house, office or store.

Try one set on *your* desk chair and you will want them on everything.

Made of guaranteed, indestructible Nickel Steel. Sold by Hardware, Housefurnishing, Furniture and Department Stores.

Four Sizes. All Sizes same price.

If your dealer does not have them, tell us his name, send 15c for a Sample Set and we will send them postpaid with name of our nearest dealer.

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Dealers: Write for Sample, Trade Prices and name of nearest Distributor

You Can Be Your Own Boss

The well-drilling business offers great possibilities for big quick money making. Two South Dakota men made over $ in private boiling wells. G. A. Joyce, of Buffalo, Minn., earned $717 in 78 hours with our machine. Many owners of

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are earning $20 to $100 a day. In another case the machine was paid for out of one day's earnings with $ over. We will arrange for easy payments. Waterloo outfits being ordered everywhere. Many imitators, but none can equal or excel. Write today for full particulars.

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THE HAND VACUUM CLEANER

cleans thoroughly with the minimum of physical effort. HOUSEWIVES SNAP IT UP

There is a big margin for salesmen and women.

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Every home needs one. Forged steel. Guaranteed 10 years. Low priced. Big profits to agents. Sample Free. Write us.

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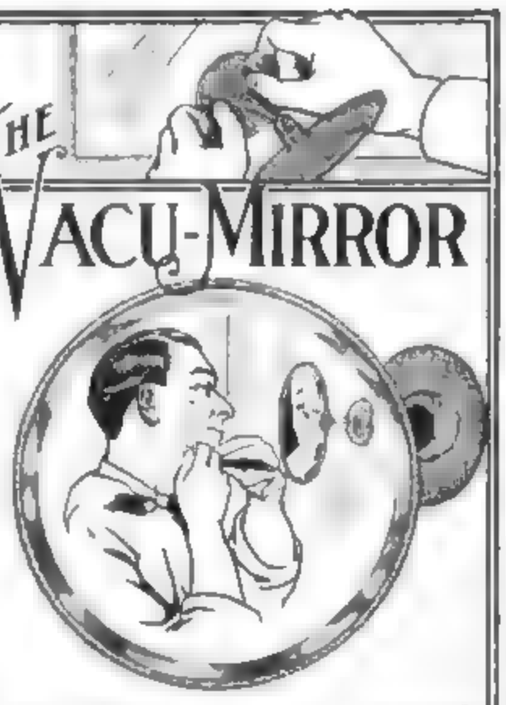

The greatest luxury ever invented for the man who shaves.

The man who is accustomed to the daily misery of shaving in a poor light will find more satisfaction in the Vacu-Mirror than in anything he ever used

No matter how dark the room, the Vacu Mirror shows the face from every angle in the full light of day. It is instantly attached to any electric lamp. Then place it in a room where the light is always good. By simple pressure the Vacu-Mirror clings to the glass with a suction which cannot be removed without effort. It is adjustable at a touch to any desired angle.

The man who travels will find the Vacu-Mirror a comfort that, once used, he will never be without. Equally useful for Woman's Toilet.

Six inch heavy, plate mirror, beautifully nickeled closed, brass frame.

We want you to try the **Vacu Mirror**, at our risk. If your dealer hasn't it, we will send prepaid for $5.00. If for any reason you don't want to keep it, return at our expense and we will promptly refund money. Write for booklet.

TO DEALERS.—The Vacu-Mirror is proving the greatest selling toilet article since the safety razor. Send for terms.

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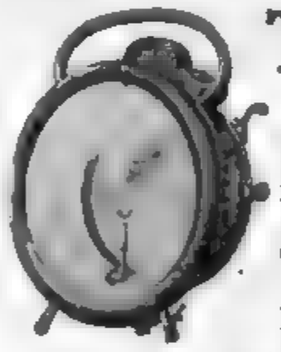
The Solar



You can't buy Solar quality at a lower price—or better quality at *any* price.

In Solar Lamps you get not only beauty, but absolute reliability and dependability at all times—the cheapest accident insurance you can carry.

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We make every variety of lamps for automobile, motorcycle and bicycle, as well as generators. Our catalog tells about them.

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Wear Last Summer's Suit

You can make it look like new in a few minutes with the

NAP-ARISA

Simply work it over the worn spots and that glossy disappears in no time.

The rocking motion of the Nap-Arisa causes hundreds of tiny hooks to pick up the nap of the cloth. That's what removes the shine from elbows, seams, sleeves etc. It's simple—a child can use it. Never gets out of order.

Prove what we say for yourself. Send 50c. in stamps or money today and try the Nap-Arisa. Satisfaction guaranteed or your money back.

The Nap-Arisa Brush Co.
115 Broad St., Boston, Mass.

Marsh Land I am prepared to pay a fair cash price for one or more large tracts of marsh or flood land on the Delaware River. Give particulars, including size, location, owner's name, and best price.

Address, Marshland—Room 501—325 Chestnut St., Phila., Pa.

to besiege at arduous length, and to starve out if necessary, was already very hungry.

No, not for an eternity of seven days did it occur to Miles that there was even a remote, if dazzling, possibility of this. On that day the possibility dawned, though he could not have said just what caused it to. Enough that they were leaning upon the parapet of a bridge in the winter sun—warm and comfortable that day like a cloud—looking into yellow Tiber, and that Miles' knees began to tremble.

She had not spoken for some time, and the voice that Miles was listening to was that of his old grandfather Treadway—a voice from the grave. The voice was saying with its homely, emphatic, Down-East accent and intonation: "There's a time to shet your mouth, there's a time to evade and there's a time to speak up. . . . Which time is this now? . . . Which time is this now?"

"Mary," said Miles suddenly, as if answering a question of vital importance, "it's time to speak up. . . ." And then, although he was confused by his own absurd beginning, and although his knees shook so that the parapet of the bridge became a necessary support, and though his teeth occasionally met with a grating sound and his tongue seemed to be turning somersaults, he spoke up.

After his speaking there was a little space of silence.

Then Mary spoke up, but in a whisper that had a happy sound and was a little amused with it, too. She said:

"And we've gone and presented eternity with seven whole days that we can never get back."

"And," said Miles, no longer trembling, but humble and in awe as before a shrine, "it's gone and happened on a bridge in plain sight of both shores."

They laughed—a whispered laugh.

"My grandfather," said Miles, "used to say 'There's a time to shet up, a time to evade and a time to speak up,' and that when you couldn't decide which of those times it was, why, then it was the time to 'cut loose and bust things.'

"And this—this is that time," he finished.

"But—but," said she, "this is not that place."

Miles took out his old watch and told her the story of it, and showed her the bright and beautiful jeweling of the inner case. He told her how he had always carried it, and how—but this very modestly—he had fought for it; and how it had been a kind of talisman, and that he had gotten to care for it as one cares for people. "And I promised my grandfather," he said, "that only my wife should ever see the inner case."

He closed the watch and it slipped from his fingers—whether accidentally or on purpose is unknown—and made a little splash in the Tiber.

The girl gave a little, pitying, sorrowing exclamation.

"My darling," said Miles placidly, "that was only an old watch and some rubies and sapphires. And its only mission in life was to hide whatever beauties it had."

But, womanlike, it seemed wicked to her that so great a value in cold cash should have slipped forever out of the world.

"It would have supported a family."

"But," said Miles, "I would pay as much for a hair of your head. And, what's more, I could."

Then he told her how rich she and he were to be, and how potent for good and for carrying happiness.

But she only laughed.

"Money," she said, "never worried Maud and me very much. But—but—we wanted to be loved for ourselves alone."

"Do you mean to say——"

"Yes—yes, I do. Isn't it awful? I don't know how much it is, but we've each of us got enough to tempt Satan."

Then Miles laughed till the tears came.

"And—and," he said, "I wanted to be loved for myself alone."

"And you are," she said.

"And you are," said he. "And—and God is very good," he said. "But—He—He oughtn't to let people build bridges that can be seen from the shore."

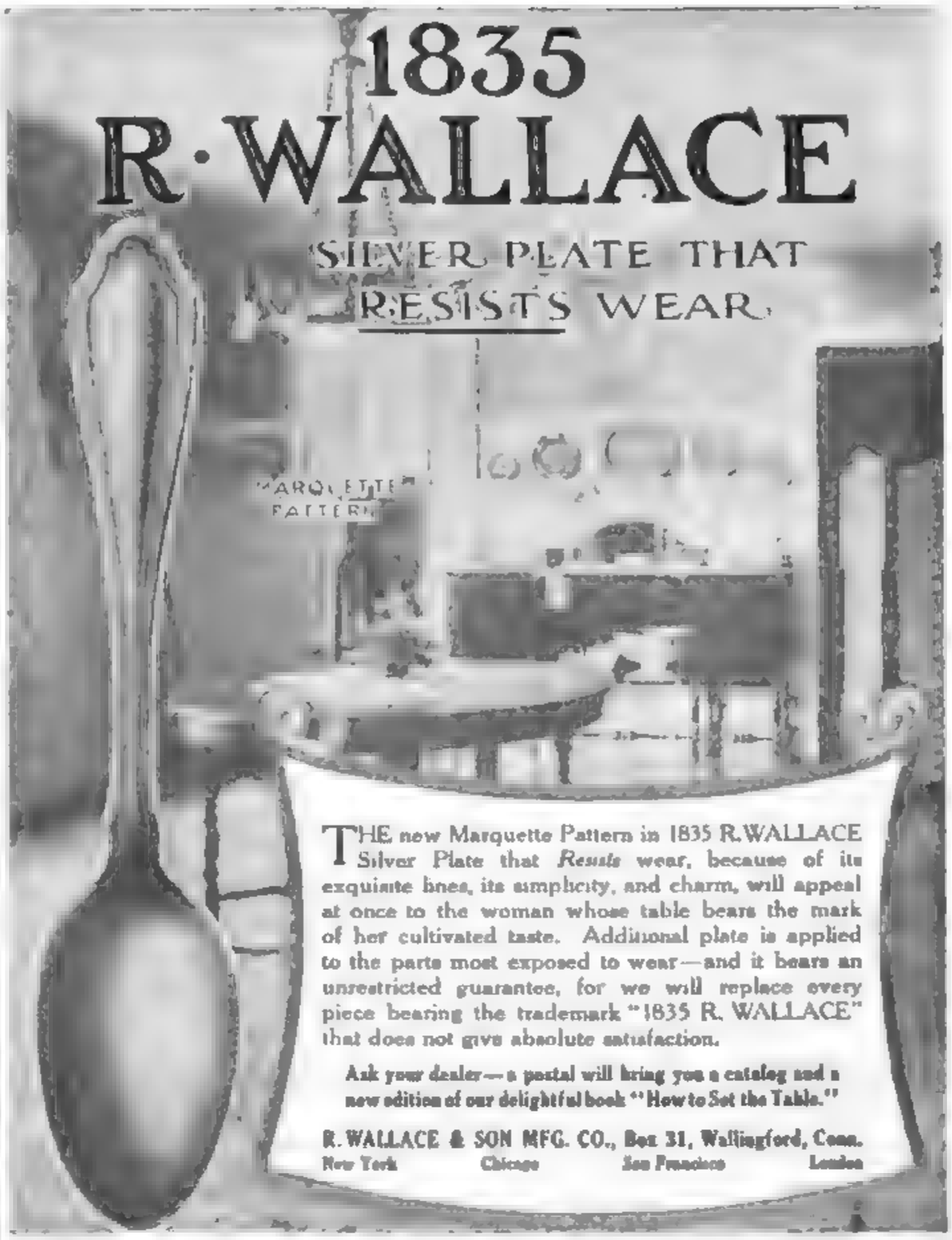
IX

GEORGE, half-dressed for dinner, was brushing his hair into immaculate smoothness and singing.

"Geordie," said Miles, "shut up and listen. Isn't there any way that we can circumvent your pride and make things

1835 R·WALLACE

SILVER PLATE THAT RESISTS WEAR



THE new Marquette Pattern in 1835 R.WALLACE Silver Plate that *Resists* wear, because of its exquisite lines, its simplicity, and charm, will appeal at once to the woman whose table bears the mark of her cultivated taste. Additional plate is applied to the parts most exposed to wear—and it bears an unrestricted guarantee, for we will replace every piece bearing the trademark "1835 R. WALLACE" that does not give absolute satisfaction.

Ask your dealer—a postal will bring you a catalog and a new edition of our delightful book "How to Set the Table."

R. WALLACE & SON MFG. CO., Box 31, Wallingford, Conn.
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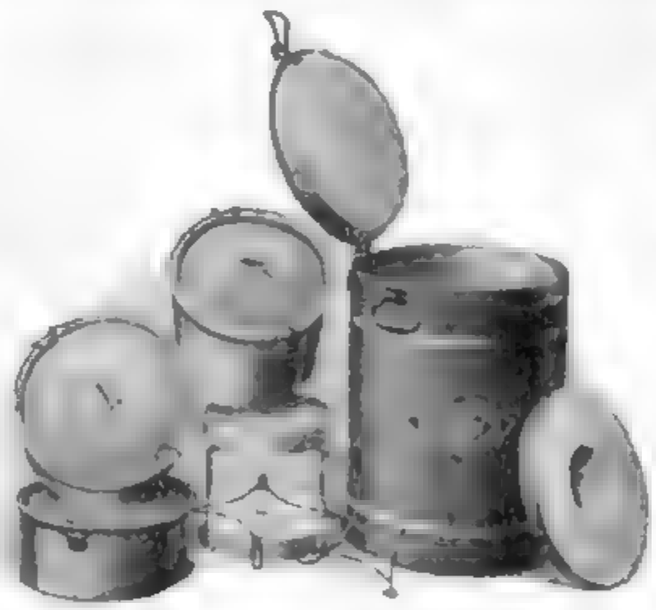

One of the Vac-Jac Products

YOUR cooking troubles and your kitchen fuel bill will be reduced 80 per cent by the use of a Vac-Jac fireless cooker.

This is true only of

The Vac-Jac

because—

It is the only fireless cooker using a vacuum as an insulation. You know how perfectly this works in the vacuum bottles.

It is made entirely of rust-proof metal; can be scalded inside and out and is always fresh, sweet and clean.

It has no wood to warp or swell.

It has no pads or cushions to become soaked and filled with odors of food.

It is compact and easily handled and takes up less space than any other cooker.

It cooks more thoroughly than any other method of cooking, cannot scorch or burn food; never over-cooks; makes tough meat tender; preserves all flavors; and keeps all cooking odors out of house and kitchen.

It does not heat the kitchen in hot weather.

It bakes, boils, roasts, stews, perfectly.

It saves at least half of your time in cooking.

It makes cheap meats good.

No matter what your experience with cookers, fireless or otherwise, the Vac-Jac is the one perfect cooker that you've wanted. It will pay for itself in a few months.

Ask your dealer for it or send direct to us for descriptive booklet and price.

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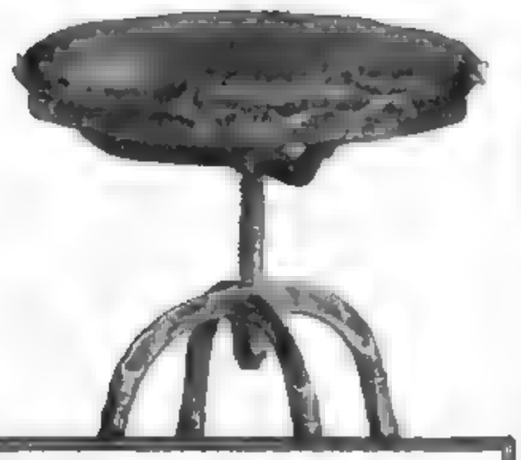

The Tragedy of the Worn-Out Office Stool

Old—Worn-Out—Thrown-Out. . Likewise the man whom IT wore out.

Here you see it—the silent story of day in and day out routine, worry and grind—of the *job* that became a *rut*.

Be the master of your calling—don't let it master you. No matter how old you are, where you live, what you do or how little you earn, the International Correspondence Schools of Scranton have a way by which you can win Promotion and Independence.

This is not fancy—it is *fact*, supported by thousands of letters received from ambitious men and men who have made their mark through *I C S help*. On an average, 300 students every month report advancement. During August the number was 387. To learn how *you* can achieve similar success, *mark the coupon attached.*

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BORATED TALCUM
TOILET POWDER

Superior to all other powders in softness, smoothness and delicacy. Protects the skin from wind and sun. Prevents chafing and skin irritations. The most comforting and healing of all toilet powders.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder is as necessary for Mother's baby as for Baby's mother.

It contains no starch, nice powder or other irritants found in ordinary toilet powders. Dealers make a larger profit by selling substitutes. Insist on Mennen's. Sample Box for 2c Stamp. Gerhard Mennen Co., Newark, N. J.

NEWSPAPER WORK for men and women. Practical instruction by assignment given in editorial, reportorial, advertising and business branches. DAY PATH INSTITUTE, Springfield, Mass.

easy for you? . . . I I'll adopt you if necessary. . . . Couldn't you" -and he chuckled, though deeply distressed and disappointed—"Couldn't you forswear your horrid parent, Geordie, and become my 'Beamish Boy'?"

"Couldn't do that," said George.

"I'll found all kinds of a magazine," said Miles, "and make you editor."

"But I'd be a wretched editor."

"Why?"

"Because I don't want to be any kind of a one. You can't do a thing well that you don't really want to do at all—can you?"

"But," said Miles, "I can't stand by and see my future sister-in-law, whom I love like a sister, go hungry in her affections while you're learning how to write, or otherwise hungry when you do finally get married."

"Why should she go hungry?" said George. "She's got oceans of money."

"What!" exclaimed Miles, "you know that?"

"Of course. Why shouldn't I? She told me long ago."

"Then you knew all along that there was enough money to get married on."

"She told me when we were first engaged," said George. "But I told her no girl had enough money for me to get married on—unless I had some myself."

"Well, there's one thing certain," said Miles with confidence. "You'll make a success at literature."

"Why is that so particularly certain?"

"Because you're such an idiot. Here," said Miles, "are two people, a girl that loves you enough to marry you, a friend that loves you enough to do most anything for you and you make us both miserable."

"The only check that poor people have upon the predatory rich is pride," said George. "It's intolerable to think how smug and self-satisfied the rich would become if they were allowed to play Providence whenever they felt like it. Aren't you finding that out? Finding that you can't do what you want to with your money because I—humble, poverty-stricken, insignificant I—won't let you? And don't you see how wholesome a series of such checks must be for you in the long run?"

"I can understand your wishing to discipline me," said Miles. "But why make Maud toe the mark?"

"Would you have a man—a man," exclaimed George, "take everything from his wife? Railroad tickets, smokes, pocket-money—every blessed thing? When I'm able to support her—why, then, if she's got something over it doesn't matter and wouldn't be humiliating."

"Oh, of course," said Miles. "If you consider nobody's feelings but your own! The fact that you are denying the girl you love—and have, doubtless, sworn to pamper and cherish—the one privilege she would really like to have, and that while you're merely engaged to her, doesn't argue well for your keeping your promises when you do get married. It isn't once in a thousand years that a rich person has the chance that she has to be happy—to pick out another person and give that person—everything. . . . But then, of course, this sort of thing runs in your family," and he hummed very provokingly:

Georgie, Porgie, Pudding and Pie,
Kissed the girls and made them cry——

Meanwhile, George had finished dressing.

"Ready?" he said.

Miles stood up and they went out together.

While they were waiting for the lift George looked up suddenly.

"Miles," he said, "it would be awful if you were right."

"I am," said Miles, "absolutely."

"I do sort of see," said George, "that the question seems to have another side, and that, maybe, I am pig-headed and an ass, and selfish and——"

Miles took a coin from his pocket and poised it on his thumbnail.

"Geordie," he said, "my old grandfather used to say 'There's a time to shet up, there's a time to evade and there's a time to toss up!'"

He looked inquiringly at George.

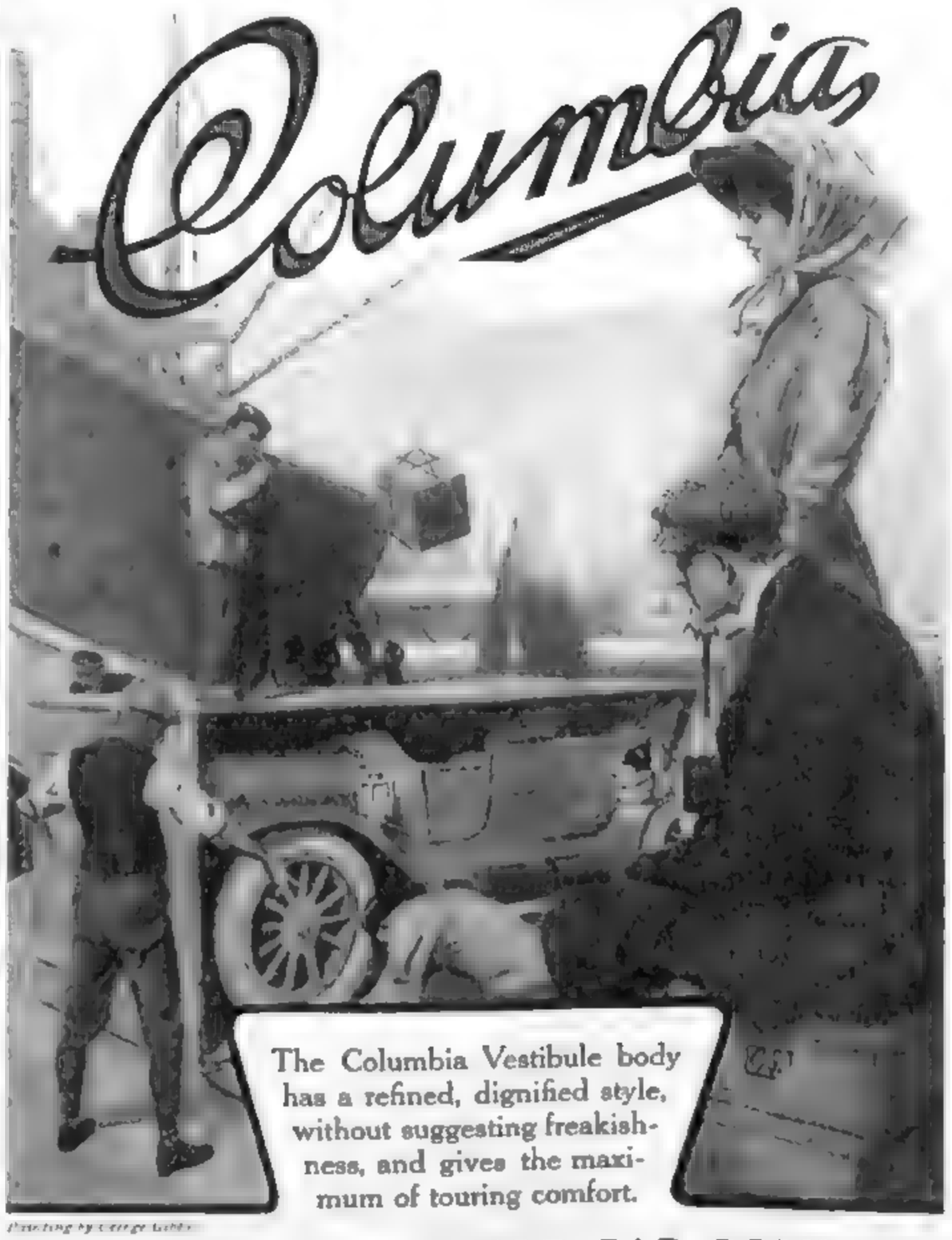
George nodded assent.

"Heads," said Miles, "you are a noble, righteous, beautiful and generous man. Tails, you are a priggish, self-centered, unenlightened, stupid, selfish ass——"

Here he tossed the coin.

"Well," said George eagerly, "which am I?"

(THE END)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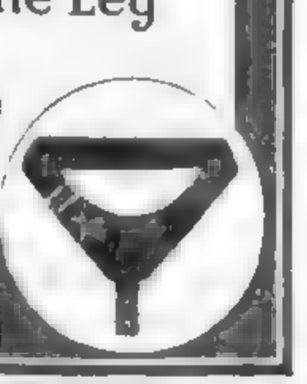

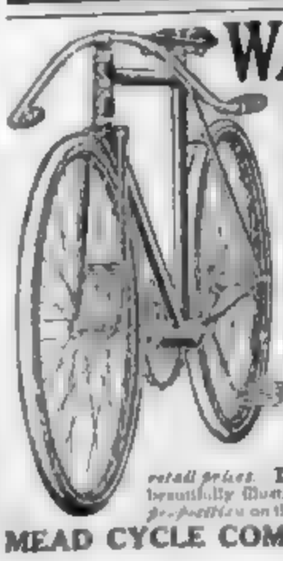

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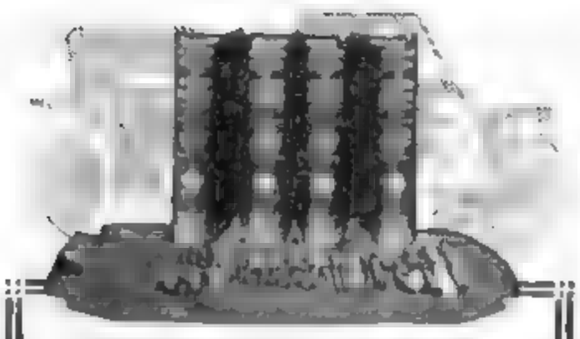

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INSURGENCY IN THE NORTHWEST

(Continued from Page 13)

up an organization that shall defeat La Follette and his nominees this fall. La Follette must have a legislature that will send him back to the Senate. A state ticket is to be elected, and Representatives for Congress, some of whom are insurgent, as it stands, and some of whom are standpatters.

The man who has been picked to make this organization and to make the fight against La Follette is W. D. Connor, an experienced politician who was formerly a La Follette man. Connor is planning a campaign that shall have for its vital principle the indorsement of Taft and the fetish of party regularity. Indeed, the campaign, in the Republican party in Wisconsin this fall, will be predicated on the record and personality and political acts of Taft, on behalf of the Stalwarts, and on the record and personality and political acts of La Follette, on behalf of the insurgents. The issue that will be raised is that if the voters of Wisconsin indorse Taft they cannot indorse La Follette, who is Taft's bitterest enemy in the Senate, and if they indorse La Follette they must be opposed to Taft, Cannon, Aldrich and the rest.

Oddly enough, many of the men who are heading the movement against La Follette are men who were formerly ardent supporters of La Follette. Among these are Senator Stephenson, La Follette's colleague in the United States Senate; J. O. Davidson, the present Governor; Connor, before mentioned, and several others. It is likely that Davidson will be the candidate of the Stalwarts in the primaries against La Follette for the Senatorship. La Follette will have a candidate for Governor and so will the regulars. Also, there will be regular and insurgent candidates for Congress in practically every district.

The Influence of the Administration

This new Stalwart organization, being built on the foundations of the old machine which was all-powerful for many years until La Follette put it out of business, has in it many men who are in the same class as Stephenson, Connor, Davidson and the rest—that is, former La Follette men who have been alienated from La Follette by his arbitrary methods. With La Follette it has always been the idea to rule and brook no interference. If men, no matter how powerful, in his organization opposed him he threw them out. He was and is the supreme head, and all under him are privates. He is the only officer, the captain-general. That is the way he is going into the coming fight.

So far as the general sentiment in the state, among the Republicans naturally insurgent, is concerned, it does not differ from any of the group of states where the insurgent movement is strong. There is the same distrust of Taft, the same antipathy to Cannon and Aldrich, the same resentment over the tariff bill. There are eleven Representatives from Wisconsin in the House, ten of whom are Republicans. Of these Republicans three, Cary, Lenroot and Nelson, voted against the tariff bill. In the Senate, La Follette voted against the bill and Stephenson for it. The fight promises to be very bitter. The opposition to La Follette has a thorough understanding with the Administration, and all Administration influences will be brought to bear to defeat every La Follette man who is nominated. When this article was written it was the intention to oppose every La Follette man who announced himself as a candidate. Of course, after the primaries the great fight will be for the legislature, which shall have the naming of La Follette's successor in the Senate. The primaries will be held in September, but the fight will not stop there. It will be a cut-and-slash affair, with no quarter granted nor asked. If there is any possible way that the regulars, not only in Wisconsin but in the Congress and in the Administration, can defeat La Follette, he will be defeated.

There are active contests between the insurgents and the regulars in both Dakotas, where the same division of sentiment as to Taft and Aldrichism and Cannonism exists. A full state ticket is to be elected in South Dakota, but no Senator. In

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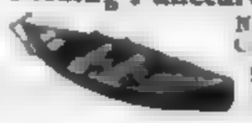

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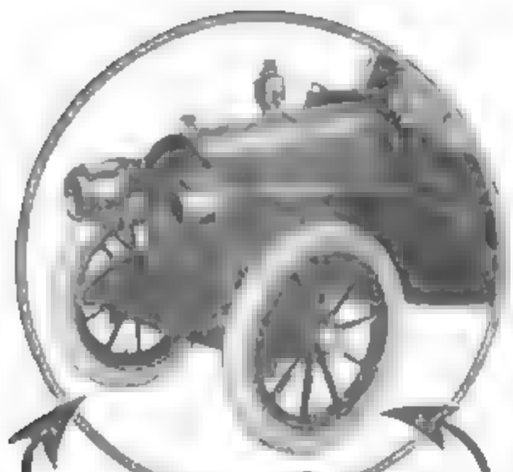

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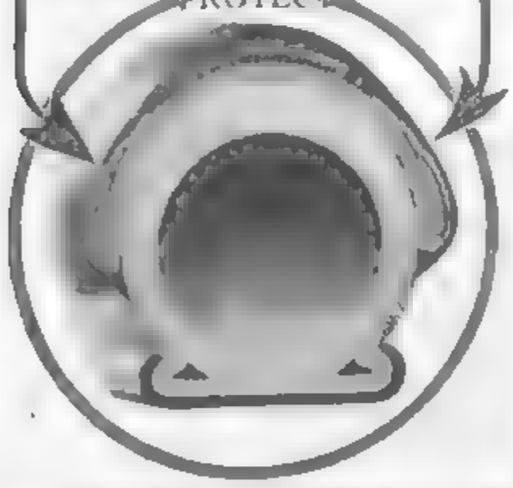

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North Dakota Porter J. McCumber, who has been Senator for two terms, is a candidate for reelection. The two South Dakota Representatives, Burke and Martin, voted for the tariff bill, but Martin is inclined to be insurgent on the question of Cannonism There will be insurgent candidates against these men, both of whom are classed as regulars. Indeed, there was a conference of the insurgent leaders not long ago when steps were taken to cut down the number of insurgent candidates and concentrate on one man each against Burke and Martin in the primaries.

Hanna and Gronna, the two North Dakota Representatives, split on the tariff vote, Hanna voting for the adoption of the conference report on the tariff bill and Gronna against it. Former Representative Thomas Marshall is likely to be a candidate for the Senatorship against McCumber. The four Senators from the Dakotas voted for the tariff bill, although Gamble and Crawford, of South Dakota, are classed as insurgents at home, inasmuch as they are against the regulars and standpatters in South Dakota, and Crawford defeated Senator A. B. Kittredge on that very issue. They seem to be insurgents in South Dakota and regulars in Washington.

The fight in the Dakotas will be as wicked as elsewhere in the insurgent group of states. There is the same disappointment in Taft and the same denunciation of the tariff. Aldrich and Cannon are the same irritants they are in the other states. Then, again, there is a large body of standpatters and regulars who will go to the last ditch against the insurgents. In fact, sentiment in one of the insurgent states is the same as sentiment in each of the other insurgent states. The people think the same way, talk the same way and are preparing to vote the same way. There will be more politics in the Middle West this year, in Indiana, Iowa, Kansas, Nebraska, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Illinois and the Dakotas, than there has been for many years—and somebody is going to be hurt.

Editor's Note—This is the last of Mr. Blythe's articles reviewing present political conditions in the Western states.

A Provident Parent

THE mother of two boys, who kept them at work while they were still at school, was more than repaid for her self-sacrifice.

When the older lad left high school, at fifteen, he owned a typewriter and knew how to do good work upon it. In their small town there was just one young lawyer struggling to build up a practice. This boy applied to him for a job, and the lawyer told him that he would hire him at sixty dollars a month, provided he spent two years in Chicago studying stenography and law, and getting some of the hayseed out of his hair. Furthermore, if he wanted to leave his wages in his employer's care until he was twenty-one, the accumulation would buy an interest in the office.

This proposition was submitted to the mother. She approved of it and promised to board the boy until he was twenty-one, letting him keep his earnings intact. While he was studying in Chicago she undertook to send him four dollars a week, on condition that he brought back to her the four hundred dollars when he returned. He agreed, and during the two years away from home boarded with a milkman, getting his room free for helping with deliveries in the morning. Every night he carried newspapers, earning enough to pay his board. At the end of two years he took home four hundred and fifty dollars. Today he is a partner in a profitable law practice.

The younger boy left school about the time the other came home. He had a kit of cobbler's tools and knew how to do simple repair work. Getting a job in a shoestore, he served without wages the first six months, living at home. The mother agreed to board him until he could get into business for himself. Canvassing for cobbling jobs, he did the simple ones at home nights and took the harder ones to the store, where the work was done by a skillful shoemaker. At the end of six months, however, he had learned to do all this work himself, and when the shoedealer began paying him wages of five dollars a week he was earning as much more nights. In two years he saved seven hundred dollars, and that, with business acquaintance, enabled him to set up shop for himself. Today his store clears a thousand dollars yearly, apart from living expenses.

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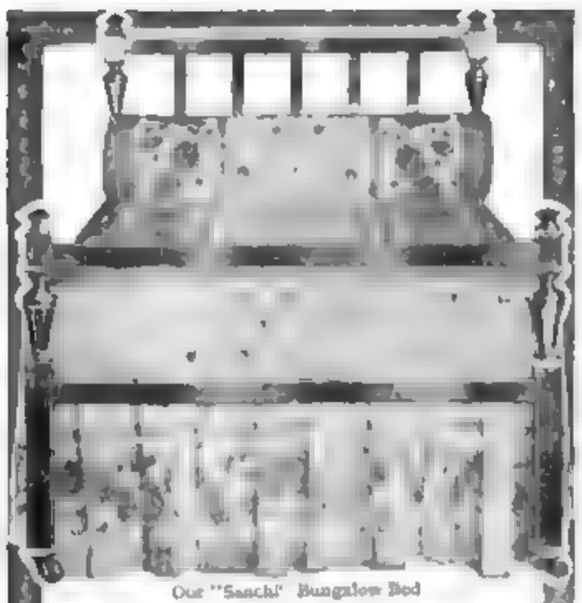

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YOUR house is not a home unless your furniture *fits*. Harmony gives beauty, dignity, restfulness—all that a home ought to mean. The perfect bed for one chamber may *spoil* another one.

That's why we offer you 94 styles, in three widths and two finishes of

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Among them you can find exactly the design and size your chamber needs. Bungalow beds—like the above—for small country houses and city apartments. Flanders beds, Colonial beds, 4-post beds, Louis XVI beds—beds that harmonize with the furniture of every "Period." *Beds that fit.*

All alike in one respect—solid brass quality—age-proof, climate-proof, sanitary, permanently beautiful and strong. Tap any one of them with a pencil and it will *ring like a bell.*

That's one test that marks genuine brass tubing from short-lived imitations. Remember it—try it—protect yourself against shams. Or learn how to get full value for your money from our 64-page booklet. Write for it today and we will send you samples showing the amazing difference between solid brass tubing and veneered iron pipe.

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ALCOHOL STOVE

$1.50

"Generates its own gas"

This new Alcohol Stove arouses tremendous interest among housewives wherever seen.

Burns Denatured Alcohol—(obtainable everywhere)—the quickest, surest and cheapest method of cooking heat ever known. Absolutely no smoke, no soot, no odor, can't possibly explode. Cost for fuel is but trifling.

The Alpha will operate any standard kettle, pot or pan, up to 6½ in. in diameter of bottom. For cooking a modest meal—heating water for any purpose *quickly*—the "Alpha" simply has no equal. Frame and burner made of best cast iron neatly japanned; tank and connections of polished brass. The very low price at which it is made only to enable us to introduce the "Alpha" line.

Send your Dealer's name and $1.50, and we will send the stove promptly—prepaid.

"ALPHA" Alcohol Iron

"Generates its own gas."

The "Alpha" Alcohol Iron is a little wonder. Weighs about 2 lbs., and it will iron *anything* beautifully. Fuel costs a trifle. Ideal for Summer home, traveling, camping, motoring or boating. Can be put in the corner of your bureau drawer or trunk. When you see how the "Alpha" Iron works, you will use it altogether. Send your dealer's name and $2.00 and we will send the iron promptly—prepaid.

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THE BETTER MAN

(Continued from Page 15)

"The dear child is mad about him, I assure you. It is positively refreshing to see such devotion. But, as I said before, you know what her conscience is; it was the same with her Aunt Margaret. Personally, I consider that one's conscience can be too morbidly troublesome. What do you think?"

"Yes," he replied absently, "of course." Then, half to himself: "She was meant to be a great lady."

Shortly afterward Agnes and Dunster returned from a moonlight ride. The girl was radiant. As they entered together she was laughing up at him. The Englishman—lean like a greyhound, with finely-chiseled features—had an air of distinction that offset his stoop and languid walk. Murray studied him, and in an indefinable way he felt boorish and out of place.

"I'm only fit for the chuckwagon and punching cattle," he reflected in bitterness of soul.

Thinking it over in his bedroom that night he discovered much that substantiated what Mrs. Leland had said. Trifles that escape our notice, on occasion, often assume a tremendous significance in the light of after events; and he recalled how he had frequently of late detected Agnes gazing at him with a troubled air. It must be true; he was the fly in the ointment; he had been unconsciously keeping her from accepting the happiness within her grasp. And then he remembered with a rush of tenderness what his own hopes had been only three short years before. Surely she had cared then; he would have staked his soul on it, though never a word had been spoken between them.

"She was a child," he told himself; "nothing more than a kid. Pshaw!"

He was engaged on several windmill problems during the next three days, but on the evening of the fourth he came to a decision. To Agnes' amazement and secret perturbation, he asked for an interview—requested it formally, through the medium of a note.

"Where have you been keeping yourself lately, Jim?" she opened up on him lightly, as soon as she entered the room where he was waiting.

"I don't know. That is, I've been busy," he answered.

She had purposely kept him waiting, because many a man who had set out with steady resolve and debonair exterior to conquer a woman has grown first nervous, and then has degenerated into an irresolute, spineless creature, compared with whom a jellyfish would be adamantine, in the course of the half-hour he has been kept dangling about until the female should be ready. And Miss Crosby knew this. Somebody must have told her, because she was only lately from school.

He was nervous—a thing so beyond her knowledge of him that she grew alarmed. And the rush of blood to his head when he saw her in the doorway made objects misty for quite ten seconds. There was, too, a peculiar husk in his voice wholly unlike any tone he had ever employed.

"Agnes—that is, Miss Crosby—I've got to go away," he said.

"Go away?" She gripped the arm of a chair.

"Yes. I came to tell you I would have to resign. Things are in first-class shape, and as soon as I've gone over to Mexico to receive those steers for you there won't be much to do until next year. Wilkins can run the ranch easily. He knows the work and is steady. I'd advise ——"

"But, Jim, what does it all mean? Why are you going? I thought—we all thought—you were a fixture here. Why, the Lazy L wouldn't be the Lazy L without you, Jim. Where are you going? You have done so well. Aren't you satisfied?"

"Yes, ma'am, you've been right kind to me," said the boss. He did not trust himself to look at her, but twirled his hat in his hand, his eyes cast down.

"Then what's the matter?"

"I've got a chance to set up for myself. It's a better thing, and I'd be a fool ——"

"Oh!" she exclaimed.

She was pale when she got up from her chair and walked to the door.

"My aunt will give you your check as usual, Mr. Murray," she said with praiseworthy hauteur. Thereupon she left him.

"Agnes," he said once, but she did not hear. He could not see the tremulous lips as she ascended the stairs, else, it may be, the Lazy L would not have lost its range boss.

He told me of his intended departure, because he and I had slept under the same blankets many a night on top of a roaring bad day with the cattle; and a man soon knows a man under the moon and stars, with the howling of the wolves echoing all around like the tortured screams of souls forever lost. But why was he leaving? Murray avoided a frank explanation, talking vaguely and at random of sundry projects in which some chimerical Eastern capitalists had enlisted his services. His going troubled us sorely. We had never had such a boss, and he was deliberately turning his back on a fortune. Besides, I thought I had fathomed his motives; and I spoke with the freedom our friendship gave me.

"So, you're going to let the Englishman run you off? You're quitting cold?"

"Wilkins," he returned, "if any man but you were to hint at that I'd pulverize him. Quit? Dunster couldn't beat me at anything on earth, from breaking a horse to playing dominoes. Not much."

He was thoroughly angry, and I liked the set of his jaw.

"But you're laying down? You're throwing off on us?"

"It's her happiness, Wilkins," he urged. "Perhaps the boys will think I'm showing the white feather. You know better; and I can stand it. But I'm between her and her happiness; so, of course, there is only one thing to do."

"But you're ruining your chances in life. You're leaving the work of years. Man, this is childish moonshine. Have you anything in mind?"

He made an impatient movement with his hands. "No," he said; "what does it matter?

"You see," he added, "it comes down to this question—What is best for her? So there is nothing else for me to do. You can see that yourself."

"Yes," I said, staring at him, "of course."

He rode south one dawn through the dust and the low-hanging haze, and there was none to see him go. And that night at supper I began to suspect that he had gauged the situation accurately, because Agnes was extremely vivacious. I had never seen her so brilliantly alive, nor so exuberant. She showed me considerable attention as the new head of the Lazy L; and for the most part the Englishman was content to sit near at hand and admire her sparkling animation. Once he whispered something, and she laughed and colored.

He came upon her unexpectedly in the sitting-room next afternoon.

"No, don't run away, please," began Dunster, when she would have escaped with some rambling excuse. There was silence for the space of a minute. He paced about and coughed, and she composed herself in a rocking-chair.

"Miss Crosby," he went on, "what would you say if I told you that I have behaved like a beast?"

"I would not believe you, Lord Dunster," she said clearly.

"It is true," he said. "Look at these, please."

"Why, this is a contract—a contract to pay ——" She could not finish.

"Precisely," he said gravely, "a contract to pay the firm of Stone & Webb ten thousand pounds out of any marriage portion I may secure. You see, dear lady, what a beast a man can sink to. Ten thousand pounds out of —— Oh, say something—tell me what a cad I am ——"

"I didn't think there were real men who —— But why do you show me this? Why?"

"Because I want you to know. I came here in an effort to marry the owner of the Lazy L. You see, I did not know her then—not the real woman. And now ——"

"What do you want me to do with these?"

"And now, all that is over. Miss Crosby—Agnes—I love you." He was very earnest as he advanced and possessed himself of her hands. "I came to America a thorough scamp—nothing less. Please don't turn away. It is best to be straight. It's the only sporting thing to do; what? Honestly, I disliked the idea; hated it. But—well, our affairs are in such rotten shape."

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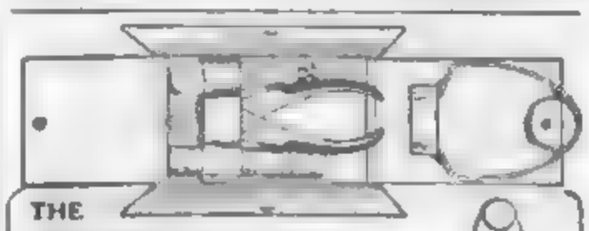

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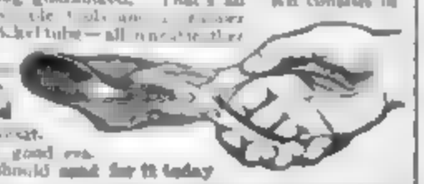

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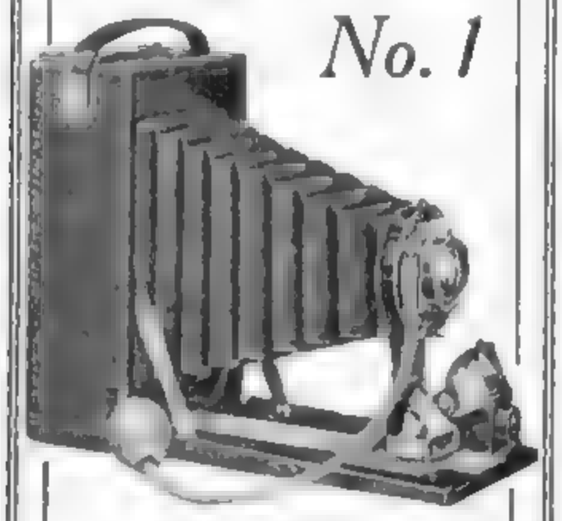

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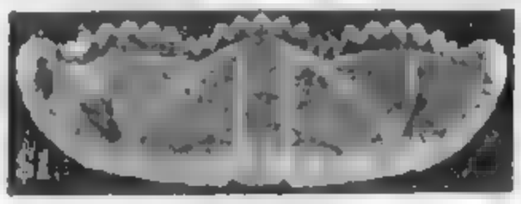

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"Please don't go on, Lord Dunster. Here is your contract."

"I say, chuck it into the basket there. Do. But what I wanted to tell you was this. Let's cut your fortune. Just be you and I'll just be me—hang it, you know what I mean. I don't want a penny of your millions. Tell me!"

"I haven't millions. Oh, please——"

"If you'll marry me I'll try my best to be decent and all that. I shall, indeed. We can get along without touching your money. I've got some pictures, and old plate, and a lot of junk we can get rid of. What?"

She looked him straight in the eyes, a genuine admiration and friendship shining in her own. But that was all, and he dropped her hands.

"Don't be hurt. You have made me very proud. You're always so fair and honest; so clean-minded. Yes, you are, in spite of that. I had always thought—oh, you must know what most of us think of Englishmen. It's just as mistaken, I suppose, as your ideas of us."

"I assure you, my dear lady, that we admire you Americans immensely for your push and aggressiveness and—and all that; what?"

"Yes," she said, a trifle wistfully, "and all that."

"You have not yet given me my answer," he said.

"I was hoping it wouldn't be necessary," she returned gently. "Is it?"

"May I ask you something? It's quite none of my business, you know; but may I?"

"Perhaps," she said with hesitation.

"Is it Mr. Murray?"

He waited, but there was no response.

"Aw, he is, if I may say so, something of a man."

There were tears in her eyes as she looked up at him.

"And, of course, this accounts for it."

"Accounts for what?"

"His goin' off the way he did; what?"

She seized his arm in both hands. "Oh, did he? Is that why? Do you really think that is why?"

"Most certainly." Then thoughtfully: "It was a generous thing to do. I doubt—I doubt if I could have done it."

"Where are you going?" she cried.

"To send him a letter. It'll bring him back, I take it; what? I'm off."

"Wait. Please wait. You must do nothing of the kind. It is ridiculous, Lord Dunster. Here is paper and a pen, and Reb is doing nothing. He might just as well carry it. But you must not dream of such a thing. I forbid."

When Reb had saddled up and was disposing of the note inside his shirt that it might not become mixed with his cigarette tobacco, the two stood on the veranda together.

"I suppose my aunt arranged all this, Lord Dunster?" she asked sharply.

"Aw—er—really, dear lady, she is not to blame. She knew nothing of that awful bargain; what? She merely asked me here, you know."

Dunster was packing up his belongings four days later, when a swirl of dust caught his eye, coming from the South.

"Hello, Murray," he called cheerily through the window. "I'll be down presently. Wait a bit."

Then he perceived that the range boss was not regarding him at all, but that his gaze was fastened on a window closer to the ground. Therefore he did not descend for some minutes, and when his foot touched the top step he caught a murmur of voices that sent him back to his own quarters in a fluster. There was a sound between a laugh and a sob, a distinctly feminine sound, and it was cut off short in the middle, but it sufficed.

It was the hour of midnight and all the household had long since sunk to sleep. His lordship took the candle Mrs. Leland had always insisted on placing in his room regarding it as a sacred British institution—and stationed himself in front of the glass. He was in his pajamas, and his lean, stooped figure did not show to the best advantage in that costume.

"Seven hundred years of thoroughbreds behind you," he muttered, regarding the shape with an impersonal disfavor, while the candle flickered and cast shaking shadows. He suddenly snuffed the light—"And he is the better man."

"Ay," he added in bitter self-reproach, as he crawled into bed, "and as good a gentleman."

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Broad and flat at the ends to tie into a neat, shapely bow without crushing.

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THE MAN QUESTION

(Continued from Page 19)

The raising of good men, like the raising of good vegetables, is a question of environment, heredity and care. The environment of Europe is little and overcrowded. Life there is dog-eat-dog even more than it is as yet in America. The cumbersome and parasite-burdened social system is ruinous to any even development, so that when you speak of the English type, the French type, the German type, and so on, you are simply committing an absurdity. All these people, crowded and anxious and hurried where they are not wholly hopeless and resigned, live in an unrecognized and undeclared war, the war of wild Nature. Each does the best he can. There is no task so hard as that of killing a man. He will endure almost anything. His body is the most marvelous machine in the world, able to roast in stoking the furnaces of ocean liners or to freeze in the igloos of Arctic exploration. But all the time men are just animals, and all the time a species begins to deteriorate when its environment begins to be overcrowded. The first herds of Texas cattle that were driven to the Montana ranges nearly doubled in weight in two years' time. Ten years after that the northern ranges were so much overpastured that sometimes cattle starved in thousands. There is a lesson in this for the Government at Washington. Our American range is rapidly getting overstocked. Just as the price of cattle food or range land went up, prices for human food and farm lands are going up. And our human product soon will deteriorate.

To be perfectly frank with Alicia, therefore, we would suggest that she look at this thing in a purely scientific manner, and ask herself, when she starts out to secure a specimen of the vanishing *genus homo*, what is the best range for men and where the good ones are most apt to be discovered. What is the man-producing environment of Europe and European life as compared with that of this country, and, if there be a difference in type, what form does that difference assume?

Improved by Transplanting

As a matter of fact, we are importing Europeans so fast that we are losing our American type. But at one day and age of the world this was the best country for raising cows, corn and men that ever lay out-of-doors. As Professor Shaler, of Harvard, was fond of pointing out, the North American continent surpasses all others in its favorableness for physical life. Practically all species, whether animals or men, have improved distinctly by transplanting from Europe to America, and this improvement is frequently noticeable even in the first generation.

About the best type in the world existed in the last generation in Virginia and Kentucky. It was something in the soil, the water or the life, no one can tell what. The Kentucky regiments in the Civil War averaged tall. None of them, however, surpassed or, perhaps, equaled in sheer hard-drawn muscle and brawn those grand regiments that came from upper Maine, Wisconsin, Michigan, all the pine countries. Something about the lumbering interests always attracted powerful men. If one could have the pick of all the old cowmen of the plains one could assemble the finest body of cavalrymen ever seen, who could have made Napoleon's cuirassiers take to the tall corn; and if one could have had the pick of the young men of the pine-timber days he could have gotten up infantry regiments that would have made Cromwell's Ironsides jump into the sea. Their sort of invincibility would not rest on tradition or fiction. It would come out of good food, air, exercise and a part-taking in the world's work.

Of late years some of our best physical specimens have gravitated to the enterprises found in our larger cities. The first or second generation city-man is apt to be a good deal of a fellow, just as was the first or second generation frontiersman in a different day—and for the same reasons: he had the health and courage and confidence to take a chance. I don't think the street crowds of New York men measure up favorably with those of Chicago. It has been said that in the blocks around

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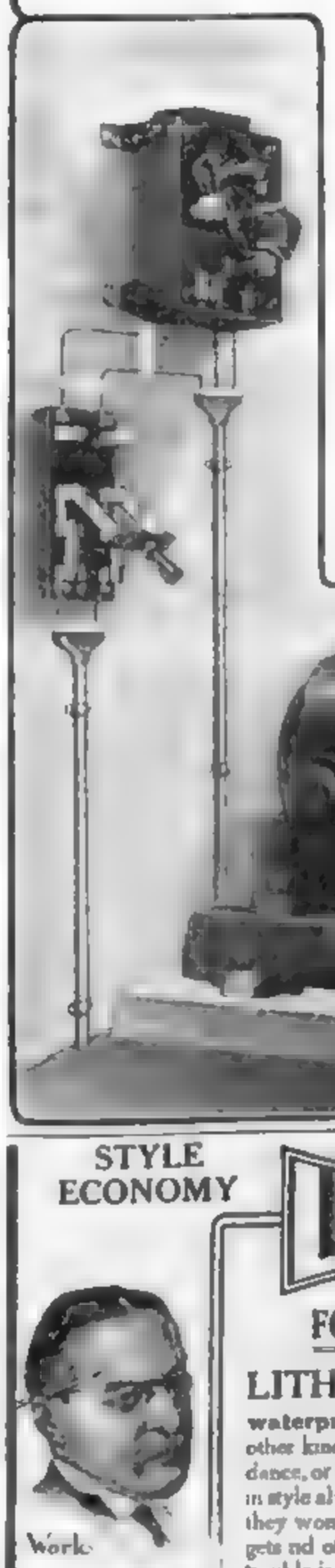

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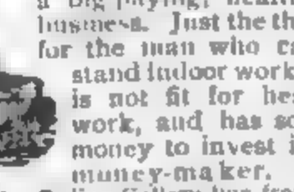

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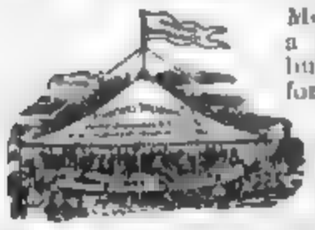

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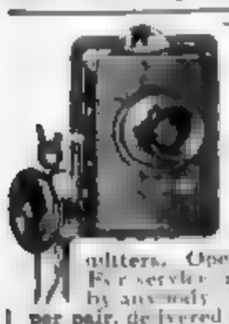

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the Grand Pacific and the Board of Trade, what is called the Chicago Rialto, the average physique of the men who frequent that section is better than in almost any other business locality of that city, and better than that of any other city of America. One would doubt that today and would rather seek that highest average in the cities of the Pacific slope, the Puget Sound country, or Alaska. There, even in these commercial railroad days, one can see something of the old American life under which the boldest went into the newest of the lands and won them through sheer physical stamina and the zeal that comes out of physical hardihood. I always admired the Seattle crowd, the Tacoma or Portland crowd; to less extent the San Francisco crowd.

In Europe all hope for an improving physical average is past and gone, unless we shall except the vast and undiscovered country of Russia, where some of the world's problems are yet to be worked out. Somewhere in the remote and mysterious East the Aryans, the Cimbri and the Celts started in their great west-bound movements. The Atlantic stopped them, and there the human currents have mixed and eddied and circled and turned. At first the best of these broke across the Atlantic. All these, mingling, will for the time halt at the Pacific; and meantime, before the sea of mankind moves on west to Russia and Asia again, we shall have in this splendid North American environment, the United States and western Canada, for a time yet at least, the finest specimens of manhood the world can produce. Perhaps western Canada, with its large influx of splendid western American outdoor men, and its general appeal to the strong and hardy either side of the sea, will for the next fifty years have the best physical average to be found on the earth's surface, because it is the last, yet the most accessible, of this continent's frontiers, and the frontiers have ever called men. Environment still has opportunity to remain environment, is not wholly grown artificial, still offers something of light and air and food and ground to stand on, still encourages that stature of soul which goes with stature of body. Really, we should feel disposed to counsel Alicia that, according to all the doctrines of chance, she ought to look about her at home and not go abroad in her quest for some man to support, aid and comfort.

The Future American Type

The American type will change rapidly enough, physically, morally, mentally and temperamentally, and we have no right to say that it will improve. There is such a thing as too much of success in business, and in time we shall reach that success. The American average is not so good, physically speaking, as it was fifty years ago, in spite of our improved appendicitis facilities. At least, so say the army men. Taking us as we stand today and in comparison with the average men of Europe we seem still to be taller and more blond, although we are getting shorter, thicker and darker with each generation. We do not carry so much superfluous flesh as Europe, and, therefore, still have more ginger and eagerness in our carriage. Less formal and stiff even in our military life, more individual and more practical, we care less for the clothes or the uniform and more for the body and brain that go into them. In our outdoor sports and employments we average many more hours to the year than does Europe. We have more opportunities for outdoor sport, and outdoor recreation is more general as well as more possible than in Europe, contrary to the accepted belief that life abroad is more leisurely and less hurried. It is true that you may find in Europe thousands of men who after three o'clock in the afternoon seem to have nothing to do but to sit about and drink beer; but if you go there the next day you find the same men, and this is about all the exercise and all the recreation they are apt to get. That sort of life may build up a tranquil, peaceful and docile humanity, but it will not produce an eager and aggressive type.

Good army officers, great captains of industry there are in Europe, of course; but, after all, it is the private soldier, the average man, who wins military, commercial, social or governmental battles. Our private soldier, our National Guardsman today is not so good a man as was his father before him. We are a race of shotgun

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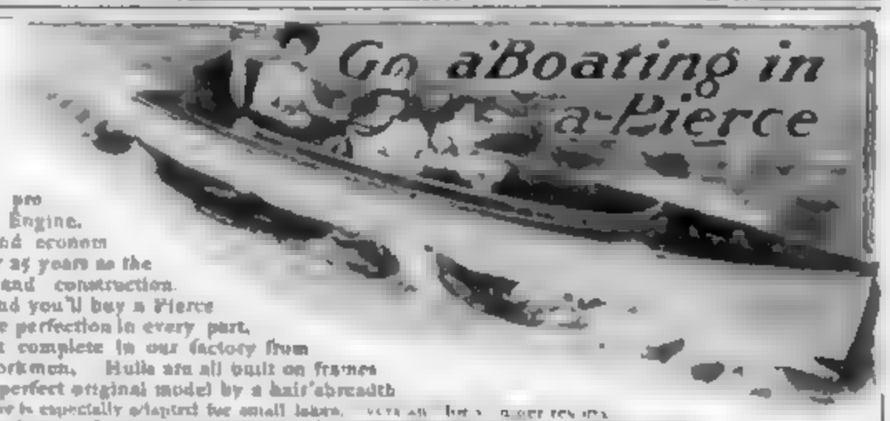

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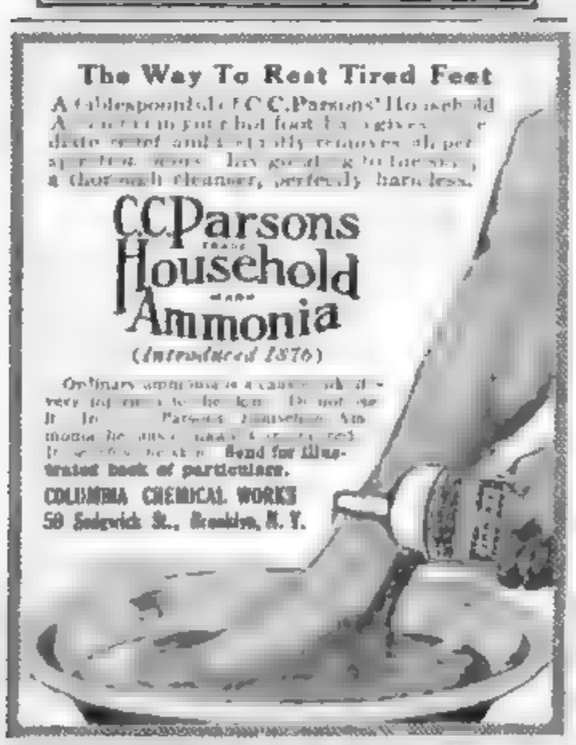
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shots, but by no means a race of rifle shots. Let Europe lay those unsafe, if flattering, unctions to its own soul. We dare not risk them. Neither dare we risk much longer our absorption in mere money-making.

On the contrary, since we have still a big strip of country left here where a man can promenade without getting stepped on, it behooves us, for the sake of Alicia, to inquire whether we are going the right way to raise men in America. No country ever raised a better crop than good, normal, healthy, manly men. The running mate for Alicia ought to be that sort. If by any chance he should fall by the wayside in the hot race of American business life Alicia will be taken care of, let us hope, by her sturdy sons—that is to say, unless she shall still insist on taking her alimony or inheritance and going abroad to buy her a nice little duke to manicure.

THE VARMINT

(Continued from Page 22)

"Very well run, indeed, Stover; excellently well run. Take your breath. Very fluent, very vivid, very persuasive—a trifle free, a trifle—but, on the whole, a very creditable performance. Very! I was sure, whatever you did, Stover, you wouldn't bore us. Now, let us see how the same passage will appeal to a more prosaic, less richly-endowed mind."

Then Red Dog rose and, unfeelingly, brought the scene back to Rome and the deliberations of the Senate.

But this was a detail that did not interest Dink in the least. He had clashed with The Roman and not retreated. He had his first moment of triumph, attested by the admiring glances of the class and the muffled whisper of Straus, saying:

"Gee, you're a peach!"

The session ended with a solemn warning from The Roman.

"One word," he said in his deepest tones, "just one word to the wise. We have journeyed together for two whole terms; there is only one more between you and reassignment. Candor forces me to say that you have acquired not even a flunking knowledge—not even a flunking knowledge." He turned and raked the awed ranks with the sweep of a pivot gun, and then took up again in cutting, chilled, spaced syllables: "I have, in the course of my experience as a teacher, had to deal with imbeciles, had to deal with mere idiots; but for sheer, determined, monumental asininity I have never met the equal of this aggregation. I trust this morning's painful, disgraceful, disheartening experience may never, never be repeated. You may go."

And Stover, who had brazenly planned to remain and converse, went swiftly out with the rest, little imagining that he whom he had ranked as a deadly, unforgiving foe sat a long while chuckling over the marvelous route Dink had gone, murmuring gratefully to himself:

"Wherever the wind blew him, Cæsar initiated the orators."

VIII

IN THE hallway the Coffee-colored Angel jabbed him with his elbow, muttering: "You laughed at me, you miserable Rinky Dink. I'll fix you for that."

He disappeared swiftly. Before Dink could frame a reply he was surrounded by an admiring chorus. The Tennessee Shad and Macnooder shook hands with ceremony.

"You'll do," said the Tennessee Shad.

"You certainly will!" said Doc Macnooder.

"You've made a hit with Lucius Cassius," said the Tennessee Shad.

Dink shook his head; he knew better.

"You must always recite—always," said Doc Macnooder, from his great knowledge of the nature of masters. "Whether you're prepared or not recite."

"I will," said Dink.

"And say, Dink," said Macnooder, "keep that outfit we sold you. There'll be more hayseeds in the fall."

Dink had thought of that; he had thought of something else, too, which he craftily hid in his own memory.

"Next fall I'll show them a thing or two," he said gleefully. "I'll make souvenir crockery sets the rage."

The Coffee-colored Angel and the petty annoyances of the Green House forgot, he

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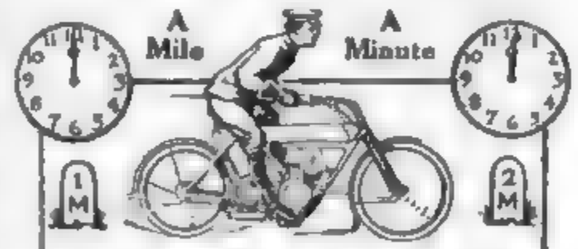

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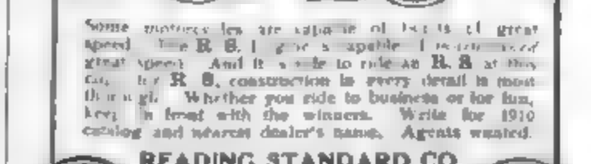

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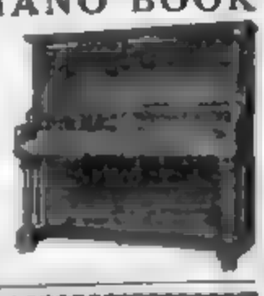

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went with a hitch and a kick, loping along, while his delicately-balanced imagination, now soaring above the gloomy descents of the morning, swam joyfully in the realms of future triumphs.

In this abstracted mood he passed Foundation's gloomy portals, Laloo standing in his door, gazing down the road, and took the leafy path that led to the Green.

All at once he heard a battle-cry and, turning, beheld the Coffee-colored Angel and the White Mountain Canary spring from their concealment and bear down upon him with unmistakable intent. Now, whether in a former existence Dink had been parent to the fox, or whether the purely human instinct was quicker than the reason, before he knew what he had done he had bounded forward and burst for home in full flight, with his heart pumping at his ribs. Easily distancing his pursuers, he arrived at the Green before it dawned upon him that he had been challenged and had run away.

He stopped abruptly with clenched fists, breathing deep.

"Now let them come," he said, turning.

But the Coffee-colored Angel and the White Mountain Canary, having abandoned the hopeless chase, had gone another way.

Angry and ashamed, Dink went to his room, vowing terrific vengeance. He planted himself before the mirror and, doubling up either arm, felt of the well-hardened muscles.

"There were two of them, and I didn't have time to think," he said. "I'll fight 'em—any of 'em."

Reassured by the scowling ferocity of his reflected countenance, he turned away. But, passing near the window, he saw the Coffee-colored Angel and the White Mountain Canary coming militantly up the stone walk. A moment more their steps sounded on the stairs. He went hastily to the door and turned the key. An instant later the door was tried, and then the contemptuous face of the Coffee-colored Angel loomed through the transom.

"I knew you were yellow the moment I looked at you," he said scornfully. "Pah!"

Dink did not answer. He was all in a whirl. His action in locking the door, so contrary to his heroic resolutions, left him in confusion.

"I wonder if I really am afraid?" he said, sitting down all in a heap. The look in the Coffee-colored Angel's eye had brought him an unpleasant creeping sensation in the region of the back.

And yet the Coffee-colored Angel, bone for bone and inch for inch, was just what he was—only he had fled from him, inadvertently, instinctively, it is true, yet feeling the running menace at his back.

"I'm a coward!" he said, staring vacantly at the opposite wall. "I must be a coward! If I weren't I would have opened the door."

Now, Dink had never fought a real fight. He had had a few rough-and-tumble skirmishes, but a fight where you stood up and looked a man in the whites of the eyes, a deliberate, planned-out fight, was outside his knowledge, in the mists of the unknown. And so his imagination which later should be his strength—recoiled before that unknown as it had recoiled the moment he stepped from the stage to face his new judges; as it had recoiled in the hushed parlor before the closed door of the head master's den, and again at the thought of stepping into the batter's box and risking his head against the deadly shoots of Nick Carter, of the Cleve. He had never fought, therefore he was aghast at the fear of being afraid.

"Well, I won't run again," he said desperately. "I'll have it over with—he can only lick me."

But he did run again and often, despite all his resolves, impelled always by the psychological precedent that he had run before.

The Coffee-colored Angel and the White Mountain Canary made a regular ceremony of it, raising a hue and cry at the sight of him, and bursting into derisive laughter after short chases.

Dink was miserable and now thoroughly frightened. He slunk into the solitude of his own company, avoiding the disdainful looks of his House mates. He knew now he was a coward and should never be anything else. He did not blame Butsey, who scarcely spoke to him. All he thought of was, by roundabout ways, to put off the dreadful hour when either the Coffee-colored Angel or the White Mountain

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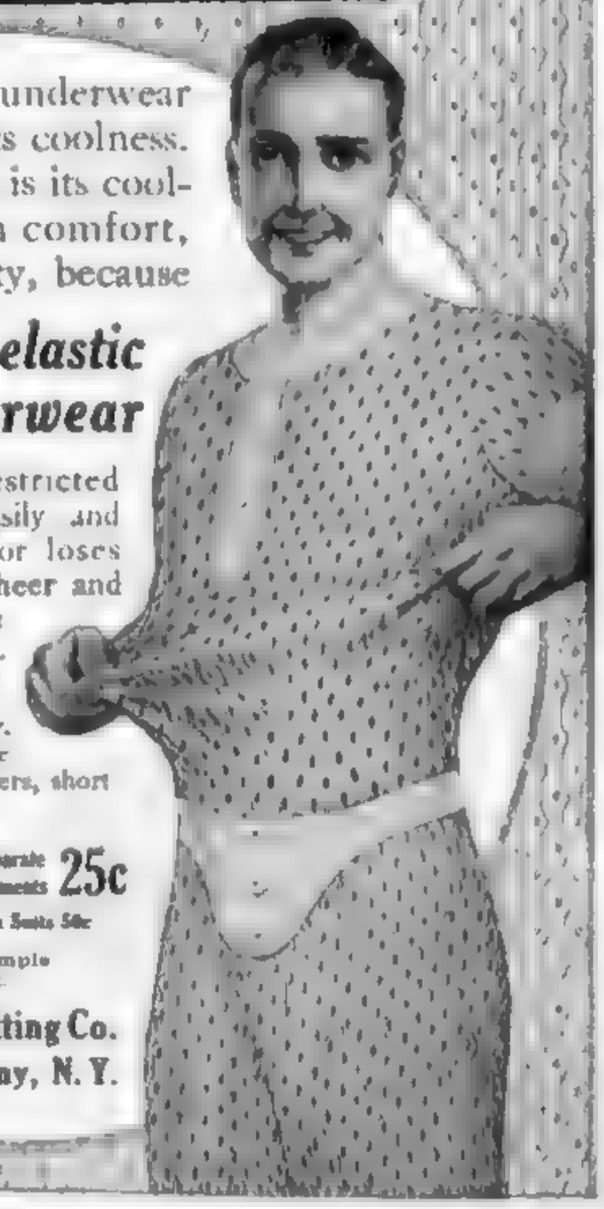

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Canary should catch him and beat him to a quivering, senseless pulp.

Then the unexpected happened. One day, cutting across fields to avoid his persecutors, he was suddenly shut off by the White Mountain Canary, who rose from ambush, jeering horribly. Cut off from the Green, Dink returned post-haste up the village, when all at once the Coffee-colored Angel closed in on him. Only one way of escape was open to him, down an alley between two houses. With the Coffee-colored Angel at his heels he dashed ahead, turned the corner of the house and found himself caught in a blind area.

Then he turned on the Coffee-colored Angel and slathered him, drove him hither and thither with terrific blows, knocked him head over heels, caught him by the throat and beat him against a wall, rolled him on the ground and rubbed him in the dust, tore his clothes, blacked his eyes and left him beaten and supinely, passively inert.

He walked out on his tiptoes, like a terrier, head erect, his chest out, fists still fixed, tears in his eyes—tears of pride and relief. He had fought a fight, he had received terrific blows and minded them not. He had thrashed the Coffee-colored Angel: he could thrash or take a thrashing from any one. He had his first thrill, the thrill of conscious courage, comparable only to first love and first sorrow. He had licked the Coffee-colored Angel—he was not a coward!

At this highly-auspicious moment the unsuspecting White Mountain Canary perceived the despised object of his chase and, raising a shout, triumphantly bore down upon him. With a rush he cleared the intervening space and then, catching sight of the new Dink, stopped as though he had been jerked in by a rope.

* * * * * * * *

A few moments later the group on the Green House steps were lazily working out a French translation, which Beekstein, the Secretary of the Department of Education, was reading to them, when suddenly, in the fields opposite, two figures appeared, zigzagging wildly.

"Here comes the Dink again," said Stuffy Brown. "They'll get him this time."

"Who's after him?" said Tough McCarty. "He's a disgrace to the House."

"It's the White Mountain Canary," said Susie Satterly.

"Hello!" said Cheyenne.

"What?"

"I'll be darned—no—yes—dinged if it isn't the Dink chasing the Canary!"

As they sprang up, amazed, Stover dove at the fleeing tormentor, caught him, and the two went down in a heap, thrashing to and fro.

"Well, I'll be jig-swiggered!" said Cheyenne.

"I'll eat my pants!"

"The Dink!"

"Who'd have thought it?"

At this moment the awful wreck of the Coffee-colored Angel limped up. A chorus broke out:

"The Coffee-colored Angel!"

"Shot to pieces!"

"Massacred!"

"Kicked by a horse!"

"What bit you?"

"Dink," said the Coffee-colored Angel, taking a tooth out of his muddy mouth. "I caught him."

Presently they saw Stover arise and loose the battered White Mountain Canary, who broke wildly for shelter.

"Well, anyhow," said the Coffee-colored Angel, "Dink's swallowed the Canary."

"What's he up to now?" said Cheyenne.

They watched him approach the fence, deliberately take off his coat, remove his collar and necktie, tighten his belt and methodically, slowly, roll up his sleeves

"Here he comes," said the Coffee-colored Angel, moving swiftly away. "Why, he's crying!"

Dink came up the path, choking with rage and the knowledge of his own tears, and in front of them all threw down his coat.

"You thought I was afraid, did you? You thought I was a coward!" he sobbed. "Well, I'll show you whether I'm afraid of you, any of you, you big bullies! You big stuff, you, come on!"

And suddenly advancing, he squared off and struck Tough McCarty a wild blow, crash on the nose.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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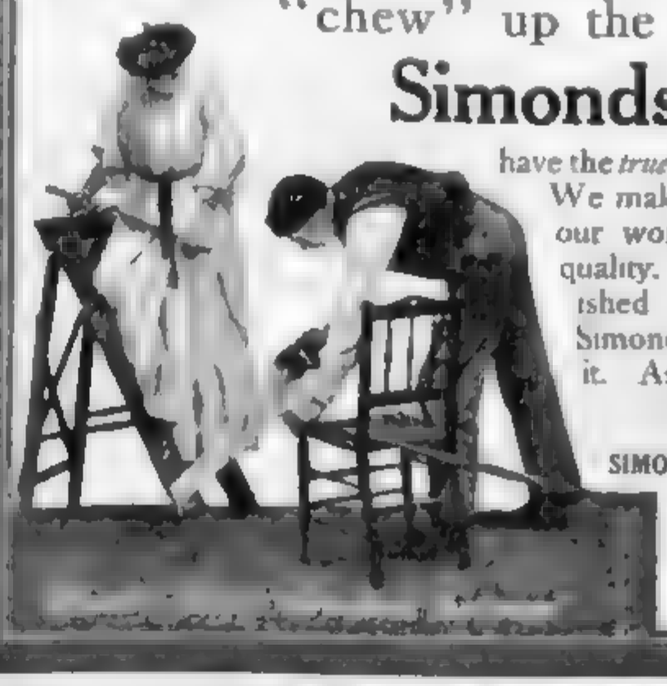

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A DAY IN DES MOINES

by W. D. Nesbit

FOR fifty years Destiny busied herself developing the farms of Iowa. With commendable forethought she placed Des Moines right in the heart of this fortunate kingdom of farms.

She populated the state with people who know how to do the best with perhaps the best natural advantages on earth.

Now Destiny, at the appointed hour, has turned her attention to Des Moines, and finds that Des Moines has been doing some growing on its own account.

Des Moines is planned on a liberal scale. 100,000 people live in a city built upon 54 square miles of land. This means that there are front yards and back yards and breathing space, and flowers, and gardens. People in some cities show the effect of their cramped homes and cramped lives. They have the appearance of people who drudge. Des Moines people look like people who live. The day I was in Des Moines an automobile show was on. And a big one. In a new Coliseum—almost as huge a building as the one in Chicago, and, except that one, the largest Coliseum west of New York.

The exhibitors told me the show was a success—because they sold machines.

The management said the show was a success—because the paid admissions covered expenses and showed a profit.

The show itself told me something. We must amplify our vision, we must enlarge our perspective; we must take Des Moines into account.

In the old days prosperity floated down the Mississippi Valley; now it is marching up the valley. Des Moines is the capital of the agricultural domain of that valley.

The "Des Moines spirit" is doing it.

The Des Moines spirit is the kind that does not wait for "the other fellow" to do his part. It knows the "other fellow" will do it, and begins work. They say that "Des Moines does things"—and she does.

Clean, paved streets, macadamized boulevards, public buildings that are modern and artistic, an excellent street railway system, telephone service that serves, railroad service that asks what Des Moines wants and sees that it gets it—all this is the breath of the Des Moines spirit.

A Des Moines man is not frothily enthusiastic about his city—he is solidly confident. It is this that impresses the visitor immediately. The Des Moines man does not romp in a wild orgy of figures about town lots and bank rolls and end up with you four miles from nowhere on a desolate town site. He shows you casually that he and his fellows raised the money to build the Coliseum, that they raised the money to build the Y. M. C. A. house, and the Y. W. C. A., too. He shows you the concrete bridges thrown across the Des Moines River, and you see for yourself where the city is razing the old "river shacks" to make a park and to provide a site for the new city hall. All over Des Moines you see the city growing—residences, factories, business houses, club houses, hotels, new streets, railway sidings—all the pulsing energy that accomplishes things without overdone talk or underdone toil. I didn't see anybody in Des Moines who wasn't either well-to-do, well-off or rich. I understood it when I partly understood Iowa.

A day in Des Moines, after you have reached that city on a journey across the state, shows you that the firm of Nature & Destiny has worked well. Iowa farms are gold mines. Under them are coal mines, and other mineral resources. All this is a territory which today demands goods two-thirds in excess of the capacity of Des Moines to supply.

Des Moines has parks, has one church to every thousand people, has splendid schools, has three colleges, theaters, and all that "great" cities offer.

The laboring man rents his cottage for from $10 a month up. The man who buys and builds gets enough land to justify the use of a lawn mower on his yard.

Des Moines is governed by the "Des Moines plan"—the commission form.

The Greater Des Moines Committee might be called the commercial commission of Des Moines. Apparently it has solved the problem of making a city grow without the debilitating after-effects of "a boom."

Des Moines has found the way to make a city and to preserve a citizenship.

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THIS advertisement is aimed at the man who is looking for a Certainty. There are "Opportunities" all over the country, but in Des Moines, Iowa, the man of Ginger, Grit and Gray Matter finds the *Certainty*.

Iowa An Agricultural Empire

DES MOINES is the distributing center of the largest body of fertile land under one government in the world. The state of Iowa has developed more agriculturally than any other state in the union. United States census statistics prove that Iowa has more prosperous people than any other equal area on the globe. The per capita wealth of the United States is $1,318. The per capita wealth in Iowa is $1,826.

Two Thousand Million Dollars of taxable wealth has grown right out of the soil of Iowa in the last fifty years. There are 2,250,000 people in Iowa—all making money and buying things with it.

• • •

Des Moines Is the Heart

THE light of Des Moines has been hidden to some extent under the agricultural bushel of Iowa. The agricultural prosperity of the state demands that Des Moines meet its needs. Result: Nowhere else in America for the business man is there today such a City of Certainties.

Here is the point: Des Moines is the Agricultural Capital of the United States. Iowa needs merchandise of all sorts; today her people buy most of their supplies from beyond the borders of the state.

There is nothing that can be worn, nothing for use or ornament in the house, nothing for service in town or country, that the people of Iowa do not buy.

Had the advantages of Des Moines been known widely, there would have been less room for you today —and fewer *Certainties*. The men who locate here in business must logically succeed with those who are succeeding now.

The remarkable combination of soil, climate, people, markets, railways, and general prosperity make Des Moines the City that Does Things—the City of Certainties.

• • •

Combination that Makes Certainties

IOWA is the richest commercial field in America today, and Des Moines is its heart. The state is not only prosperous, but wealthy. The country banks in the state are owned mostly by the farmers; every resident of the state has an average of $200 in the savings bank.

Last year the agricultural products of Iowa were worth $621,000,000—exceeding the crop of many *groups* of states.

The soil of Iowa is the richest in the world. Intensive cultivation, such as is practiced in Japan, would increase the value of the farm products $50,000,000—enough to feed an empire such as Japan.

The Iowa hen can take her eggs to market and buy all the grains, vegetables, nuts and fruits (except oranges) raised in southern California every year—and have $50,000 left as a nest egg.

Railways Give Their Best

NINETEEN railways center in Des Moines. They feed the state from Des Moines. A Des Moines merchant or manufacturer has any point in the state within immediate reach, and is only 8 hours from Chicago or St. Louis. Des Moines will become the industrial center of the Mississippi Valley.

In Des Moines there is no trouble over freight rates. The Greater Des Moines Committee has a railway rate expert, employed by the year, to secure fair treatment and fair play for shippers. Des Moines is not discriminated against.

The railways appreciate the *present* of Des Moines, as well as its future of Certainties.

• • •

The Greater Des Moines Committee

THE Greater Des Moines Committee is an association of business men. It is not "booming" Des Moines, but it is directing its growth.

There is here what is called elsewhere "The Des Moines Spirit." This is the spirit of the people of Des Moines, who believe in themselves and in their city.

The Greater Des Moines Committee is the crystallization of this spirit. It is a sane, practical organization, devoted to calm, conservative encouragement of and assistance to people who want to know why they should locate here in business. It invites merchants, manufacturers and other men of energy and enterprise to come and help take care of the tremendous certainties of Iowa.

• • •

A Certainty for You

WE are not selling town lots, promoting irrigation schemes, disposing of vacant orchard lands, dealing in farms nor selling factory sites or business locations. We are not selling anything, but we are telling in an unexaggerated way the sureness of success in Des Moines. *This city today is not supplying one-third of the things demanded in its trade territory.*

The manufacturing concerns of Des Moines last year showed a profit of 20 per cent, *plus*. Prosperity is a habit here.

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Our Fabrics Are Good Fabrics

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Catchers' Mitts

are used by the great backstops of the big leagues.

The kind with patented moulded pockets. Finest materials and workmanship. Guaranteed by the Reach trade mark to give lasting satisfaction.

The Reach Base Ball Guide now ready. Ten cents at dealers or by mail.
Send for Free Base Ball Catalogue.

THE A. J. REACH CO., 1705 Tulip Street, Philadelphia

Manheim MENDLESS HOSE

Six Months' Wear Guaranteed

The finest, lightest, softest, handsomest guaranteed hose—the greatest money's worth.

FOR MEN—Light weight in nine shades, medium weight in five shades; new fashionable fast colors. Sizes 9 to 11½. Six pairs in handsome box with guarantee—**$1.00.**

FOR WOMEN—Light and medium weight in black, light and dark tan, fast colors. Sizes 8 to 10½. Six pairs in handsome box with guarantee—**$1.50.**

SIX Pairs For $1.00

INSIST on genuine Manheim Mendless Hose. If your dealers can't supply you, send $1.00 for Men's or $1.50 for Women's, giving size of shoe and color (or colors) desired and we will forward six pairs prepaid.

MANHEIM HOSIERY MILLS
Box 101, Manheim, Pa.

Reference: Keystone National Bank, Manheim, Pa.

(Splendid Terms to Dealers)

Thousands of dissatisfied office men

work along year after year, their incomes growing only by "raises" so small as to be hardly appreciated when distributed over a year's expenses. We want to get in touch with men with "steady jobs" who desire to earn more money. We do not want you to give up a steady job until you are convinced that it will pay you to do so, but until that time we can increase your income.

In whatever spare time you have we want you to act as the representative of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. For this we will pay you a weekly salary and a commission on each order sent. Even if you have time enough only to work among your fellow clerks in luncheon hour, it will pay you to try the experiment.

When you have become convinced that you can earn more money at this work than you now earn and, at the same time, be your "own boss," we will talk to you about giving up your present position.

Drop us a line, stating about how much time you can give to the work, and we will send you full details. There is no expense or risk to you.

Circulation Bureau THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

Fine Baby Chicks 8 cents each—Shipped safely anywhere. Eggs for hatching $4.00 per 100. Mammoth Turkeys. Imported Pigeons. Illustrated Catalogue Free. Culver Poultry Farm, 4072 Main St., Benson, Nebr

PATENTS THAT PAY Protect Your Idea! 2 BOOKS FREE: "Fortunes in Patents—What and How to Invent" and 61-page Guide Book. Free report as to Patentability. E. G. WOOMAN, Patent Lawyer, 624 F, Washington, D. C.

Why not a prosperous retail business of your own—now?

There are big possibilities for men with limited capital in a profitable line, concerning which I will be glad to give complete information. Write today for 200 page, illustrated book—and stories of truly exceptional successes. A chance to grow from a small beginning into a big department store. The book is free for the asking. EDWARD B. MOON, 3 W. Randolph St., Chicago.

A Remarkable Announcement and What Came of It:

¶ Imperfect as any illustration must necessarily be, even the picture of the Hupmobile shown below furnishes you with an answer to this question:—

¶ "If I had $750 to spend, where could I possibly find a car that would match the Hupmobile in value?"

¶ Keep that thought in front of you for a moment and then study the facsimile of an announcement which we made some nine months ago.

¶ We are told that this advertisement elicited more replies than any automobile announcement ever published.

¶ Be that as it may, more than ten thousand people wrote to us, making eager inquiry about the Hupmobile.

¶ Apparently the vast majority had asked themselves the same question:—

¶ "Where can I possibly get a value like this for $750?"

¶ Prior to the appearance of the advertisement of nine months ago, the Hupmobile had proven a superb selling success.

¶ The advertisement was one result of this success.

¶ It was intended to inform the public that instead of building five hundred cars, we would be compelled to build five thousand.

¶ Then came the terrific influx of ten thousand inquiries—and once more we were compelled to increase our production.

¶ Instead of the five thousand Hupmobiles which you will see that we promised less than a year ago, the public has forced us to build 7,500—and still their appetite is not satiated.

¶ Some five thousand Hupmobiles have passed from the factory into the hands of satisfied owners in every section of the country.

¶ The Hupmobile has crossed the seas, and attracted the enthusiastic notice of foreign experts. It has even brought them to Detroit to witness the building of the Hupmobile, and to inspect the plant capable of producing a car so wonderful.

Exit the horse—enter the
Hupmobile
4 Cylinder, 20 H. P.—$750
Five thousand Hupmobiles for 1910 (instead of the one hundred and fifty planned six months ago) began to be delivered July 1st from the splendid new Hupmobile plant in Detroit
Hupp Motor Car Company [Dept. P] Detroit, Michigan

4 cylinders
20 H. P.
Sliding gears
Bosch magneto

$750
(F. O. B. Detroit)
including three oil lamps, horn and tools.

Hupmobile

Hundreds of people were undoubtedly impressed nine months ago by the mere smartness of the Hupmobile—its beauty, its generous size, the obvious strength of its construction, the clean-cut appearance of the power plant, the very evident use of the best materials.

It took very little motor judgment or experience to see that $750 had never bought such value before.

But in the nine months that have elapsed this first judgment has been supplemented and confirmed by a series of performances which are little short of remarkable.

The Hupmobile has repeatedly shown itself to be the peer of cars of twice its power and even four and five times its price.

It won cups and perfect scores, for instance, in the Baltimore and Detroit reliability and endurance runs.

It carried off the palm in the Buffalo fuel economy contest.

At San Francisco it made the fastest time and a perfect score in the 200 mile annual mud plug.

In its class it won the six hour race at Brighton Beach.

Crossing the desert in the Phoenix-Los Angeles race the Hupmobile took its place among the larger competing cars.

It climbed to 9,000 foot elevations in the Colorado mountains; topped the peaks of the Adirondacks; was the second car to ascend Mount Greylock, Massachusetts, under its own power.

In the dead of winter—through the season's deepest snows and severest cold—three Hupmobiles were driven from Detroit to New York; while in the West a tour, under conditions equally severe, was made for 800 miles from North Dakota into Canada.

The Hupmobile is today without an equal in its class, as it was the day the first Hupmobile left the factory at Detroit.

It remains the most remarkable car the industry has produced.

It is prized alike by the man who owns but one car—the Hupmobile—and the man whose private garage houses the costliest types of American and foreign manufacture.

It has made possible the joys of motoring to hundreds who, of necessity, awaited the coming of such a car as the Hupmobile.

Your ideals of motor car construction may be high; but you will find them realized in the Hupmobile.

If you have the engineer's love for fine machinery—the expert's admiration for skillful workmanship—you will take your hat off to the Hupmobile.

Take the trouble to write for the literature and the details—as those ten thousand did; you will find yourself repaid in the end.

If you don't care to write a letter, send the coupon.

HUPP MOTOR CAR COMPANY, Dept. P, Detroit, Michigan

Licensed under Selden Patent

Hupp Motor Car Company
Dept. P, Detroit, Michigan

Send catalog and booklet on Detroit-New York winter run.

Name .....

Address .....

FAIRBANK'S SOAPS
ARE GOOD SOAPS

Fairy Soap

Fairy Soap looks and *is* whiter than any other soap; moreover, it will retain its whiteness long after other so-called white soaps have turned yellow.

Fairy Soap is made from edible products and has a clean, delicate, refreshing smell; many other soaps have a strong, greasy, soapy—and, oft-times, rancid odor.

Fairy Soap is the best soap you can buy for the toilet and bath—no matter what you pay. Yet its price is but 5 cents.

Order Fairy Soap—the handy, floating, oval cake—today, and learn by use why it is the soap of soaps.

Fairy Soap was granted highest possible awards at both St. Louis and Portland Expositions.

"Have you a little 'Fairy' in your home?"

Gold Dust

Several so-called "washing powders" are only sal soda. You can buy sal soda at your grocer's under its real name for much less than you can these powders.

Others contain naphtha, ammonia or some other liquid cleanser which evaporates the moment the powder is exposed to the air.

Gold Dust is a *true* washing powder. It is a mixture of vegetable oil soap and purifying ingredients which insure prompt and efficient cleansing action. It softens hard water, does its work quickly and well, and injures nothing. GOLD DUST will do more work and better work than any other washing powder on the market.

For washing dishes, scrubbing floors, cleaning woodwork, oil cloth, silverware and tinware, polishing brasswork, cleaning bathroom pipes, refrigerators, etc., softening hard water, washing clothes and making the finest soft soap.

"Let the Gold Dust Twins do your Work"

Sunny Monday
Laundry Soap

Most yellow soaps contain from 20 to 40 per cent. rosin. Sunny Monday *(N. R.) is white, and contains not an ounce of rosin. Which would you prefer to use on your clothes—a soap containing about one-third rosin (a cheapening ingredient) or Sunny Monday *(N. R.) wherein the cheap rosin element is replaced with expensive fats and vegetable oils?

Sunny Monday *(N. R.) does the work with scarcely any rubbing and actually does double the work of any yellow rosin soap. Its *dirt-starting* quality is permanent and lasts until the cake is worn to a wafer.

*N. R. means "No rosin." Sunny Monday Laundry Soap contains no rosin. Rosin cheapens soap but injures clothes.

"Sunny Monday Bubbles will wash away your troubles"

THE N. K. FAIRBANK COMPANY—MAKERS—CHICAGO